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Containing

Vols. I. AND II. ORIGINAL PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. III. { THE SEQUEL OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.
{ GLEANINGS—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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VOL. II.

Original Papers.

CALCUTTA:

SAMUEL SMITH AND CO. NARE STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

ON SWIFT'S LIBELS, AND HIS IDEA OF A FREE PRESS.

Swift may be considered as the most eminent libeller in the English language. The powers of Junius, indeed, were not inferior, but they were exerted during the short period of three years; whereas Swift's shafts were thrown at short intervals for more than thirty years, and in three successive reigns. If he had suffered according to the estimate of such offences which prevailed in those days, it would not be easy to calculate the amount of fine, imprisonment, and pillory, which would have been heaped upon him. That he escaped such punishments was not owing to respect for his sacred profession, but sometimes to the protection of powerful friends, at others to the dread inspired by his popularity with the citizens and populace of Dublin. But as he must often have been visited with apprehensions for himself, and with compassion for his printers and publishers, it might have been expected that one who claimed unbounded licence for his own pen would have seen the reasonableness and equity of allowing the same latitude to others, and have on all occasions resisted interferences with the press, and constructions of the law of libel, to which his own writings were so obnoxious. A short review of his conduct will however satisfy us that he delighted in having all the *reciprocity* on one side; and that when his party were in power he advised measures of more rigorous restriction than a Tory House of Commons would sanction.

In 1713, in reply to Steel's Crisis, Swift published "The public spirit of the Whigs set forth in their generous encouragement of the author of the Crisis; with some observations on the seasonableness, candour and erudition of that treatise." The only part of this pamphlet which gave offence was an attack on the Scotch nobility and nation, ridiculing their *poverty* before the union, and not imputing to them any vices or bad qualities whatever. The sting of this reproach of poverty was, however, most acutely felt. Lord Wharton complained of the libel to the House of Lords as a breach of privilege, and Morpew the Book-seller, and Barber the Printer were ordered into the custody of the Black Rod. The former declared he did not know who was the author, and the latter refused to answer questions that might criminate himself. Lord Wharton proposed that Barber and his servants should be closely interrogated, and freed from personal consequences; but the Minister, (Lord Oxford) to screen Swift, directed a prosecution against Barber personally. The Scotch Peers went in a body to the Queen with the Duke of Argyle at their head, and required that a proclamation

should be issued offering a reward for the discovery of the author. The same demand was made by Lord Wharton in the House of Lords; and a proclamation promising a reward of £300 was issued. In the mean time no one was in doubt as to the real author. Lord Oxford secretly indemnified Morphew and Barber; discharged the prosecution against the latter; and quashed the offer of a private informer to discover the author.

In resentment of the oppressive and humiliating laws regulating the commercial intercourse of Ireland with Britain, British Colonies, and Foreign countries, Swift published, in 1720, "A proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures, &c. utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from England." The spirit and object of this pamphlet deserved the warmest approbation of every Irishman and of every just and intelligent Englishman; but in those days patriotism was a rare virtue among the Irish aristocracy, and the grand-juries of the county and city of Dublin had the baseness to present the tract as a seditious, factious, and virulent libel. On the trial of the Printer, Waters, the petty-jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. They were threatened by Chief Justice Whitshed, and sent back to reconsider their verdict *nine* times, till worn out by eleven hours confinement and want of refreshment they brought in a special verdict. Further proceedings were postponed from time to time, and on the arrival of the Duke of Grafton, discontinued. This conduct drew on Whitshed the severest chastisement from Swift's pen. To select only one sentence out of a multitude of attacks in prose and verse, take the following: "laying it therefore down for a postulatam, which I suppose will be universally granted, that no little creature of so mean a birth and genius had ever the honour to be a greater enemy to his country and to all kinds of virtue than he, &c."

In 1724, Swift published the Drapier's letters on the subject of Wood's Half-pence. For the fourth letter the printer, Harding, was thrown into prison, and the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carteret, who lived on terms of friendly intimacy with Swift, and knew him to be the author, issued a proclamation offering a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author.

"Two Kingdoms just as faction led
Had set a price upon his head,
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six-hundred pound."

Before the grand-jury met, Swift published a paper entitled "Seasonable Advice to the Grand Jury," exhorting them to remember the story of the league made by the wolves with the sheep, on condition of their parting with their shepherds and mastiffs, after which they devoured the flock at pleasure. At

the same time was circulated an apt quotation from scripture. "And the people said unto Saul, shall JONATHAN die who has wrought this great salvation in Israel," &c. 1 Sam. c. xiv. v. 54. In spite of Whitshed's exertions the grand-jury ignored the bill. The next grand-jury presented Wood's scheme as a fraud and imposition on the public; and finally his patent was surrendered, and he was indemnified by a grant of £3000 for twelve years.

In this case the only grievance was that the patent had not been issued by the advice, and under the authority of the *Irish* Privy Council and Parliament; that was, no doubt, grievance enough; but there was *no loss, or tax* occasioned by the difference between the intrinsic value of the copper coin, and that at which it was issued from the Mint; and nothing can be more absurd than the manner in which Swift multiplies the imaginary plunder that would result from the circulation of coin whereof a pound weight worth 13 pence had been coined into 30 pence. In England, at that time, a pound weight worth 18 pence, was coined into 23 pence. The following are specimens of the Drapier's political economy. "He has laid a tax upon the people of Ireland of 17 shillings, at least in the pound: a tax, I say not only upon lands, but interest of money, goods, manufactures, the hire of handicraft and men, labourers, and servants." "If it succeed in all the consequences naturally to be expected from it, it must sink the rents and wealth of the kingdom one-half, although I am confident it would have done so five-sixths." "For it is a maxim which no man at present disputes that even a connivance to admit £1000 in these half-pence, will produce in time the same ruinous effects, as if we openly consented to admit a million." "Is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom or William Wood should be a gainer, but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation for the sake of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment!"

In 1733, in a satire ridiculing the dissenters for pretending to the title of "brother protestants and fellow christians," the Dean introduced these lines,

"Thus at the bar the booby Bettsworth
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweats's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margin
Calls Singleton his brother Serjeant."

Mr. Bettsworth threatened to cut off the Dean's ears, and had a very angry altercation with him at Mr. Worrall's house. The inhabitants formed a guard for the protection of the Deanry; and sent a deputation requesting permission to take vengeance

on Bettesworth, who however, was amply punished by the satire of the Dean and his friends, and he acknowledged in the House of Commons, that they had deprived him of £1200 a year.

In 1736, Dr. Horte Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, was the author of a Satire in Prose, entitled "A new Proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille." Swift corrected it, and conveyed it to the printer, Faulkner. In this it was proposed that all disputes should be referred to the renowned Serjeant Bettesworth, with a fee of one fish *ad valorem*, and with right of appeal to a wooden figure in Essex Street known by the name of the Upright Man. Bettesworth complained to the House of Commons, and the printer was thrown into jail, not by the speaker's warrant, but by a Justice of the Peace, Hartley Hutchinson. The Bishop neglected to indemnify Faulkner which produced from Swift a severe expostulation.

Of the libellers of the Duke of Marlborough, Swift was one of the most effective and persevering. That he was sincere in his imputations, and that party spirit had really blinded his judgment, and perverted his feelings, may be inferred from the circumstance of his leaving some of the worst and most absurd of them unexpunged in his posthumous history of the four last years of the Queen. The Duke's professional skill he considers "problematical," and thinks "that *fear* which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action might probably be more for his army than for himself!" "I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intention of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before." How sensible the Duke of Marlborough was to such attacks may be seen from the following passage in one of his letters to the Duchess. April 16, 1711. "I know you are very indifferent to their (i. e. Harley, &c.) opinion of yourself; but the concern you have for me must in kindness oblige you never to say any thing of them which may give offence, since whilst I am in the service, *I am in their power, especially by the villainous way of printing which stabs me to the heart*; so that I beg of you as for the quiet of my life, that you will be careful never to write any thing that may anger them."

The "History" would have been published in Queen Anne's time, if she had lived longer. In 1736 he was inclined to publish it, but was dissuaded by the objections of his friends, Erasmus Lewis, Dr. King, Lord Oxford, &c. Afterwards, April 8, 1738, Mr. Lewis reports to him the opinion of his friends on the propriety of publishing the work, and after pointing out some objectionable passages, says: "Now I have mentioned charac-

ters, I must tell you they were clearly of opinion, that if those you have drawn should be published as they now stand, nothing could save the author, printer, and publisher from some grievous punishment. As we have no traces of liberty left, *but the freedom of the press*, [i. e. freedom from censorship,] it is the most earnest desire of your friends that you would strike out all that you have said on that subject." "I conjure you, as you would preserve the liberty of your person, and enjoyment of your fortune, you will not suffer this work to go to the press without making some, or all the amendments proposed." Dr. King writes, April 25, 1738. "In a word the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned in the greatest difficulties, if not in certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters."

Since Swift believed there was nothing but truth in his history, not being conscious of wilful falsehood or misrepresentation, it might be supposed that he could not estimate very highly that "freedom of the press" under which a man was liable to suffer "grievous punishment," or "certain ruin," from judges who restricted juries to finding the mere fact of publication. In a letter to Pope, January 10, 1721, he says: "However orthodox my opinions may be, while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak and write, and act during the current quarter." And in the fifth of the Drapier's letters he says: "It will sometimes happen I know not how, in the course of human affairs, that a man shall be made liable to legal animadversion where he has nothing to answer for either to God or his country, and condemned at Westminster Hall for what he will never be charged with at the day of judgment." Notwithstanding, however, his long experience of the uncertainty, partiality and severity of the law of libel, it is evident from his ironical proposition for a quarterly catechism by authority, that he had no serious remedy to propose, and murmured only against the administrators of the law. Indeed in his *Gulliver's Travels*, he has expressly declared that a man's opinions are a fit subject for judicial inquiry, and put into the mouth of the King of Brobdingnag a saw which has since been often uttered from the Bench. "He knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any Government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but

not to vend them for cordials." Now what makes a libel poison or cordial, is the taste, or opinion of the taker. If the pamphlet which a book-seller seeks to vend contains opinions repugnant to those of a particular customer,—if he thinks them poisonous, he will not buy them; *recalcitrat undique tutus*; and yet he might swallow them with more safety than M. Chabert drinks phosphorus, for he is provided with a surer antidote. If, on the other hand, the opinions are consonant to those cherished by his customer, if he thinks them cordial, he swallows them and remains the same man he was before. Thus some considered Swift's Proposal for discontinuing the use of English manufactures, his Drapier's letters, and his History of the four last years of Queen Anne, as so many virulent poisons: others considered them as intensely cordial. Why, therefore, not allow men to vend a drug the qualities of which are so doubtful, so various, and so harmless?

It will appear still more clearly, from the following extracts from his Journal to Stella, that he considered the law of libel rather too weak than too strong; and that however he might be provoked by the treatment of his own libels, he had no sort of toleration for other people's libels.

Sept. 21, 1711. "The Pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive."

Oct. 10, 1711. "A rogue that writes a newspaper called the Protestant Post Boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy missing his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll tantivy him with a vengeance."

Oct. 16, 1711. "I dined today with Mr. Secretary at Mr. Cotesworth's, where he now lodges, till his house be got ready in Golden Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messengers hands: the Secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord Treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others."

Oct. 24, 1711. "Lord Oxford told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of Lord Cutts who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander," [a scurrilous attack on Lord Cutts] "it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my Lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet." "The

Secretary St. John has seized on a dozen book-sellers and publishers into his messengers hands."

Dec. 13, 1711. "The printer told me yesterday that Morpew, the publisher, was sent for by that Lord Chief Justice who was a manager against Sacheverel; (Parker) he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets, among the rest mine of the Conduct of the Allies, threatened him, asked him who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this if he did not foresee what was coming at court."

Jan. 17, 1712. "The Queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to *prevent libels* against the Government; so farewell to Grub Street."

Feb. 26, 1712. "I have now nothing to do, and the Parliament by the Queen's recommendation is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two."

Mar. 10, 1712. "The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to *limit* the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time, for they come out three or four every day."

Oct. 28, 1712. "These devils of Grub Street rogues, that writ the Flying Post and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet: They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, *but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him.* He is a Scotch rogue, one Redpath. They get out upon bail and write on. We take them again and get fresh bail; and so it goes round."

Such was Swift in the high and palmy state of his influence with the Utrecht ministry; and with such qualifications must we understand the character which he draws of himself.

"Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone,
For her he oft exposed his own."

With what sentiments could Boyer, the "French Dog," and Redpath, the "Scotch Rogue," be expected to read such a boast! Their object was liberty; for her they exposed their own, while *he* stood prepared to swinge them, or give them a squeeze extraordinary. It reminds one of an epigram on Carnot. In a speech against the prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulship, he said that in professing such unseasonably hostile sentiments he signed his proscription; and in the epigram he is made to say something to this purpose. *Je signe ma proscription: ma foi, J'en ai bien signé d'autres.* But much must be allowed for the times

in which this otherwise strenuous assertor of liberty lived. The almost universal censure which the Duke of Wellington has drawn upon himself by stooping to prosecute the nonsense of the *Morning Journal*; the sharper contempt poured on *Scarlet*; and the pity felt for the weak jury-men, show how large a step the press has made towards its ultimate emancipation.

“ I DREAMT THAT YOU WERE TRUE.”

I dreamt that you were true
As day light to the morn,
But false you were as is the dew
The sun sips from the thorn ;
For two short months have fled, and found me
Forsaken,—with wild thoughts around me.

I dreamt that you were kind,
For all your words were sweet,—
Sweet as the cool, refreshing wind
On sunset lakes we meet ;—
But you are cruel as that breath,
—The desert’s—filled with pain and death !

I dreamt that you were fond,—
Your talk was all of love !
But there were icy thoughts beyond,
And chill, cold clouds above !
Why did you, Judas-like, deceive me ?
Oh ! why first win me, and then leave me ?

I dreamt your love, for me
Was warm, as mine for you ;
Your kisses were a sorcery
Deep spells that round me threw
And as I quaffed each witching smile
The poison pierced my soul the while !

Yet, let me dream on still—
Dream that your love is mine,—
I cannot teach my heart to chill,
I cannot every hope resign ;
And till you summon back Love’s token !
My heart shall have one chord unbroken !

R. C. C.

NEILL O'NEILL.



A MILITARY ANECDOTE.

One day after the return of our troops from Brussels, I was pacing Piccadilly "just thinking of nothing," as my countrymen say,—unless it was how to kill the evening, for which, miraculously, I had no engagement, when I heard a clattering noise on the pavement behind me. On casting a lingering, but by no means a very longing look in that direction, I descried; limping along, and trying to overtake me, an ancient Corporal who had lost both his legs by a single shot at Waterloo. I could not mistake him for a moment; and though one would imagine that two wooden instruments of locomotion would contribute very little either to the beauty or celerity of his progress, his noble, erect, and soldier-like figure, and his bold but not impudent expression of countenance gave him an air at once of dignity and grace, which redeemed his alternate limp and shuffle, the dire effects of timber toes, and enabled me readily to recognize my old Orderly Neill O'Neill—a name of which he was justly proud—a veteran of a hundred fights, who had battled by my side all through *my* share of the Peninsular Campaigns; and had lost his legs precisely when he stood in need of every kind of support.

Just opposite to Mrs. Grange's my old friend and comrade twisted up to me, and seemed to be charmed to rejoin even the small portion of the corps which I formed. With a look of mingled simplicity and archness, in which there was neither a touch of impudence nor servility, "May God and the Saints bless you," said he, "and may the virgin send your honour just such a pair of legs as I have!"

"I'm very much obliged to you, O'Neill," I replied, "but really I'm quite contented with my legs as they stand;" and at the same time I cast a complacent look at my own supporters, displaying an equal mixture of the Hercules Farnese, and the Apollo Belvedere.

"Lord bless your honour's own handsome legs," he rejoined, and long may you live to wear them! Many's the eye, black, brown, blue and grey, (St. Patrick's love to 'em all!) that's looked at them (not that its you that has the least taste of pride on that score though well you may) and thought—God forgive me! Sure is it myself that would be telling the secrets o' the ladies' thoughts, sweet innocent cratures! But it was n't that

way I was maning, Sir, at all at all, when I wished your honour a pair timbers like mine.

What was it then, O'Neill? "I asked: for I confess I was pleased with even an Old Soldier's flattery gross as it was:—the truth being that if I have, as O'Neill said "the laste taste of vanity," it is about the symmetry of my crural members."

"I know how you met with your misfortune," I added; "and I'm glad to see you make a jest of it."

"Misfortune! does your honour call it? Sure and if it was to do again, wouldn't I lose my legs twice, aye, and a hundred times over? It's only because yer honour don't know all the advantages of wanting legs that you trate my bit of an accident as a misfortune. I've gained by my loss in more ways than one."

"How, O'Neill?"

"First and foremost, ye see, I've no need of either shoe or stocking, not to mention the brogues, and that's so much saved out o' the pinsion.

"True, O'Neill—and then?"

"Your honour knows too, that I had always a bit of a liking to the cratur in every shape, both flesh and spirit. As for the drop, barrin 'I'd tuk an oath afore the Priest agin' that same, bad manners to me, if I'd care if it was the raal Inishown (the virgin's benediction on the potheen and the Devil's on the excisemen!) or that cut-throat Spanish *aguardiente* (as they call their brandy) but yer honour knows I always liked it, and many's the row I've got into by that same. I'm sure I've aften wished all the spirits were in the Red Sea—and that would make a good drop o' punch, sure, more's the pity to waste so much good water! but where's the use of wishin? what can't be, can't be, and nobody knows that better than a jontleman bred and born, like yer honour, that has travelled over all the world, and more."

"Well, but ——?"

"Sure you may say that, Sir. You see when I was a thrifle drunk—not to say dead drunk—plaze the Saints, I'll never be that, for I'll always be able to hould on by the wall—but, when I was jist merry I'd may be hit my shins agin a hard stone, or dip into one of the baggage waggon's ruts up to the middle, or get a thorn in my foot, your honour knows shoes were scarce in the Peninshula—or I'd be numbed with the could, and suow, and rain, and many's the time I've prayed for a cannon ball to end me. Now I don't care for stones, or thorns or coulds, or damp, snows or rains, and my wooden legs care as little, but not less than I do."

"You're a true philosopher, O'Neill: a Brahman couldn't be more indifferent to misfortune than you are."

"Is it of the Indians you're talking? and wasn't I in India too with Wellington and Baird, and all the heroes of the Peninsula, God bless them! when I was there, I'd been glad of my wooden legs, sure. If a scorpion came near our tent, I could have squashed him—if a tiger had sneaked up, I'd have put my leg in his throat. At home it's all the same. When my wife's angry, I shake the timber at her; when she's pleased, I crack her nuts with it. If the fire's bad, it serves me for a poker; and when my limbs get old, I cook a chop with them."

"You are very happy in your loss," said I.

"Nobody more. Would n't your honour now be content to lose your legs, to be just as I am? an' sure wouldn't any body, even the king himself, God bless him?"

What His Majesty's taste might be, I have of course no means of knowing; though I don't think he would feel disposed to lose a pair of legs that were once so much admired: as for me, the thing is out of the question, for I am already engaged to Mrs. Herbert, who took a fancy to me on account of my "fashionable length of limb." I gave a sovereign to my philosophical friend, who evidently did not despise money (as other philosophers are said to have done) and retreated into Mrs. Grange's to eat an ice of which I wish I could transfer the coolness and flavour to Calcutta.

F.

THE DISGRACED SOLDIER.

The silent square is formed; and now they bring
 One who is lost to fortune and to fame,
 A youthful Soldier. His once honored name
 Is stained for ever. Ah, what feelings wring
 His struggling heart! In vain to hide the sting
 Of fierce remorse, and soul-o'erwhelming shame,
 He wears a sterner brow. His spirit's flame
 Is early quenched, and never more shall spring
 To glory's lofty goal. The word is given—
 And the bold hand that late in battle waved
 A bright resistless blade, is firmly bound.
 Though 'gainst his blackening flesh the lash is driven
 With ruthless force—that stroke were lightly braved,
 But for the *soul's* immedicable wound!

D. L. R.

THE FATHER AND SON.

A TALE.

[The following Tale was the first of a projected Series of Imitations of the *genuine* manner, of our living Poets ; but lest the copy should be so unlike as to leave the original in doubt, the writer thinks it best to declare that *the Father and Son* is an attempt to imitate the style of CRABBE.]

In that low shop, which fronts the market-place,
 An still displays a show of gloves and lace,
 Lived *Edward Bolton* ; happy was his life,
 Blest with a darling boy, and blameless wife ;
 All were contented with the goods he sold,
 They cost him silver, but produced him gold :
 By Strangers trusted, by his neighbours lov'd,
 Blest by the poor, and by the rich approv'd
 He only sought a Vestry-man to frown,
 And rank among the Magnates of the Town.

That prayer was heard ; but when th' Almighty grants
 Aught not within the circle of our wants,
 He often punishes when he supplies,
 And proves his kindness most when he denies,
 Gives some fond wish, but takes, to tame our pride,
 Some real blessing from our thankless side.

For thirteen years had *Edward Bolton* been
 The constant husband of *Eliza Green*,
 When she was taken from him ; so bereaved,
 Much for his son, more for himself he grieved ;
 The Boy wept loudly—but the father said,—
 “ Weep not, my son, nor think that tears will aid ;
 “ Soon I must join her ; for a few short years
 “ I may survive, and thou shalt dry my tears ;
 “ On thee alone my future hopes depend,
 “ To me thou shalt be son, and wife, and friend.”
 — “ When I forget you, father, let me” — “ Nay,”
 The father said— “ swear not, but let us pray !”

Young *William Bolton* grew to twenty-one,
 An only favourite, and an only son ;
 Proud was the doating father, when he saw
 His *William's* manhood recogniz'd by law ;
 For he had seen his son's affections fixt
 (Though sordid interests had come betwixt)
 On *Mary Grey*, the loveliest and the last,
 Of a long line of honors overcast,

By poverty and debt, and all combin'd,
With vain pretensions, empty as the wind.

Old *Bolton* thought, and to himself he said,
"I for my Boy will win this fair young maid ;
"And should it cost me all that I have won,
"I'll gain a daughter, loving as my son ;
"For she *must* love me, when she knows I give,
"My boy, my all . . . and I with them will live."
He sought the Father, and his offer made ;
"I with my son will share my all," he said ;
"And when a few short years have roll'd away,
"I'll freely leave the rest to *Mary Grey*."

"I doubt not," said the Father of the bride,
"That all you promise may be ratified,
"Should you live single ; but you may be caught,
"With some young face ; and all will be forgot ;
"Or as a pious man you seem to be,
"Bequeath your earthly goods in charity.
"Hear my decision ; to the lovers give,
"All that you have—you only seek to live,
"And you can live with them, rejoiced to see,
"The rising of a new Posterity."

Bolton was weakly good ; he signed a deed,
By which the pair should instantly succeed,
To all his wealth ; the pair bestowed a room,
And the Sire dreamt of days of bliss to come.

Years past ; at first the Father was caressed,
And at their table was a constant guest ;
But soon the prudent wife began to say—
"William, your Sire grows worse from day to day ;
"He scolds the servants, and our friends amazed,
"At his odd ways, say plainly—"He is craz'd ;
"Our table let him leave, and keep his room,
"And please himself with gladness or with gloom."

Much more than this the matron urged with force,
And William yielded—though with some remorse ;
The parent quickly to his cell was sent ;
But yet the cruel pair could not prevent,
Their son a noble and a sprightly youth
From stealing in, his Grandsire's hours to soothe,
To wipe the eyes, more dim with tears than age,
And all his woes with boyish hopes assuage.

The child's affection rous'd the mother's wrath :
"Why is this hoary serpent in our path ?
"Shall he my boy encourage to conspire
"Against his mother, and against his Sire ?
"Hence let him go this night ; no more one house
"Shall hold at once thy father and thy spouse !"

Her husband went, the mandate to fulfil,
 And told the Sire—" 'Tis sore against my will ;
 " But I for you must not my wife forsake,
 " And God's command and my own promise break,
 " By which I'm bound unto my wife to cleave.
 " And for her brothers, sisters, *parents*, leave."

The Sire at first stood as if froze to stone,
 And then he found a voice : " My son ! my son !
 " 'Tis this the fruit of all my prayers and tears ?
 " Hast thou forgot the toils of fifty years,
 " And all for thee ? and am I to be drove
 " Hence as the price of my excess of love ?
 " Oh in the name of God, to whom my vows
 " Daily ascend for thee and for thy house,
 " Save me, who gave too soon thy heritage
 " From want, disgrace, and wandering at my age !
 " About the world I can no longer roam,
 " Or ask un pitying strangers for a home ;
 " Oh in thy house some shelter to me spare,
 " And every other evil I can bear ;
 " Nor downy bed, nor savoury food I crave,
 " No hand, to lead me gently to the grave ;
 " Bread, water, and a floor with straw bespread,
 " Shall be my food, my drink, my dying bed ;
 " Small are the wants of age, nor are they long,
 " But oh ! defer this last and bitterest wrong ;
 " Let me, though rarely, and at distance, see
 " Thy face—and this would be enough for me !
 " Say would'st thou help the lame, the sick, the old,
 " The poor, the friendless ? *All in me behold !*
 " Would'st thou that God should bless thee in the land ?
 " *Honour thy father* is his high command ;
 " But curses, if thou scorn my misery,
 " Will blast thee though I die in blessing thee !"

" Father,—my wife . . . " here *William* hung his head,
 " It is for peace and her . . . " no more he said ;

Remorse and shame oppress'd him,—when the Sire
 Resumed : " where will my boy that I retire ?

" What stranger will receive me, when my son,

" Rejects me—he, my first, last, only one !

" Without food, friends, or money, what have I,

" To do, but seek some corner out, and die !

" O God, forgive him !" pray'd the aged man,

And down his old meek face the large tears ran.

He took his stick, and mov'd towards the door ;

" My son," he said, " grant but one favour more ;

" Winter is near ; and if I'm doom'd in woe,

" To linger out till then my life below,

THE FATHER AND SON.

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CALIM
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"Fain would I have some shelter from the cold,
"Some suit rejected, or some garment old;
"Give me but this for all that I have given,
"And I will bless my Son, and bow to Heaven!"

In vain!—his last request the wife refus'd
And of ingratitude the Sire accus'd;
"Yes, ask new favours! it becomes you well,
"Who would have made my only child rebel;
"What mother would not do as I have done,
"And spurn an ingrate, if she sav'd a son."
"William," the old man said, "before I go,
"On me your horse's saddlecloth bestow;
"You spurn me as a parent; but at least,
"Oh, treat me not more hardly than your beast;
"And clad as he is, I will try to find,
"Some shelter from the cruel winter-wind."

The man was touched; he turned him to his child,
Who stood all tears to hear the Sire revil'd;
"Go to the stable, boy!.....Why dost thou whine?
"Haste! but first dry that foolish face of thine.
"Fetch me the saddle cloth! "the boy obey'd,
And on the table *half the horsecloth* laid.

"Why have you cut the cloth?" his father cried;
And then the old Man took it up, and sigh'd;
"Thou too, my Grandchild!.....I would not be weak"—
—But as he spoke a tear fell down his cheek—
"Dost thou too hate me?"—"Why hast thou not done,
"Even as I bade thee?" ask'd the angry son:
"Father, I would," the boy replied, "but I,
"Thought that you wish'd my Grand-father to die;
"If he has only this....with grief and cold
"He soon will perish, feeble, sick, and old;
"With more he might have lingered longer—but
"The rest is safely in my chamber put;
"When you are poor and old it is your due,
"AND, FATHER, I WILL GIVE IT THEN TO YOU!"

The man was touched and startled at the speech:
"Sire, at thy feet my pardon I beseech;
"Return, my father, never more to part
"Till death divides us....share my house and heart!
"And bless thee too, my boy! thy father's pride,
"Who but for thee had been a particide:
"O God! FROM BABES AND SUCKLING'S LIPS AT LENGTH!
"I know, I feel, THOU HAST ORDAINED STRENGTH!

4946 17.4.76

ON THE INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE INTO THE MOFUSSIL COURTS.

At a time when many problems of Government are being discussed and tried, it may not be either uninteresting or useless to call the reader's attention, to a point now seriously contemplated by our rulers, viz. that of substituting English for Persian in the proceedings of the Mofussil Courts of Justice. This plan, in our estimation has by no means excited the degree of attention it deserves. When we ponder on the many weighty considerations it involves, and the manifest and acknowledged difficulties with which it is surrounded, as well as the length of time which its accomplishment must occupy, we conceive that the commencement should have been made much earlier in the day.

The objects to be attained by the Government of India may briefly be reduced to the following points, viz. the redemption of the natives from their state of demoralization, so that by becoming elevated in feelings and principles, they may take a share in the Government of their own country, and unite cordially with their European fellow subjects in protecting and preserving the empire. To suppose that we can long maintain the kingdom without this approximation of natives to European habits appears impossible for many reasons; in addition to which civilization is making rapid strides among the natives themselves, and they will, whether we care or not, in progress of time acquire sufficient knowledge to render them dangerous, if the consciousness of power be not qualified by affection and loyalty. It is to promote this feeling that Government should most vigilantly look, and to cherish it, should be its peculiar care. To the natives the right hand of friendship and encouragement must be held out, so that when they do arrive at a state of powerful knowledge, they much look back with pleasure to the hand which guided them; that the progress of knowledge will go on is doubtless, and evil be the time, when the native shall recollect the slough he has cast, with feelings of hatred and disgust against the rulers who compelled him so long to wear the habit of slavish ignorance. That this wholesome feeling should be excited, few will deny; and to promote it, we must look to the general diffusion of knowledge, but more especially of the English languages which is the key to the stores of literature. A community of feeling between the British native classes of Society, can only be founded on their intimate acquaintance with

our habits, manners, and learning, and to these, as yet, the natives are comparatively speaking, strangers. The holding judicial proceedings in the English language, is the first and most necessary step, to effect this much desired object.

When the world in general look upon the period, during which the fairest portion of India has been under English controul, a cry is raised on all sides that nothing has been done to enlighten the natives. People are naturally astonished, but the mass are certainly the case, those who have witnessed the labours of the Missionaries in India, can testify that many and strenuous have been their endeavours—while the result has been very trifling. The world pre-suppose, that where industry and perseverance are used, success will follow, and arguing from the want of success, attribute the fault to a deficiency in those qualities. The fact is, that we have commenced the civilization of India at the wrong end; we have attacked the citadel of the fort without making ourselves masters of the out-works: and if failure has been the result, it ought not to be wondered at. The bigotry of the Mussulman is celebrated, nor does the tenacity of the Hindoo to his faith and the customs of his ancestor appear less conspicuous; the one excludes all others but those of his own faith, nay sect, from salvation; the other will not receive a proselyte, were he ten-times a king. Yet, until lately allendeavours, without any previous preparation, were turned solely towards the conversion of these men, the men called upon ex-cathedra to renounce the faith of their fathers and forthwith to believe in that which as myriads of learned divines have disputed about, its meaning, may without blame be termed difficult of comprehension.

It is no wonder that such calls were not answered, and that although the servants went out into the high-ways and hedges, there were few found who would attend the banquet. It has only been within a few years that the discovery has been made, and fully believed, that the natives have understanding as well as other people; and that if there be a difference, it is not in organization but education. People have likewise become convinced, that a blind belief in *any* system is not to be applauded; a lively faith must rest on conviction, and conviction can alone proceed from enquiry, comparison and deduction. When these points became established the system was in some degree changed, and the well wishers of India began to look for conversion through education, not education through conversion; the Bible was discarded as a necessary school-book, and means of learning were afforded to the natives without the absolute condition of studying in a work so inimical to their own faith. The new system has hardly had as yet full time to operate but it promises well.

Up to this time however, the study of English by the natives has been optional ; few have pursued it for the purposes of information, the lucre of gain has excited some, and hungry need compelled others. And what do the attainments of these persons generally amount to ? Something resembling the skill of a parrot who speaks by rote, they can copy out, not understand or speak English correctly. Some late instances however, in the native schools seem to give promise of better times. Now, if all Judicial proceedings be carried on in English we at once compel the study of the language by a large and influential body of men ; we give the people an interest to learn and understand those laws and proceedings which may every day be liable to affect their persons or fortunes ; we push the language forcibly into every man's house ; and the habits and manners will follow speedily. The Government have with profit followed the Roman maxim of sedulously refraining from interfering with the customs and religion of their subjects ; a leaf from the same book would with advantage teach them to imitate the Romans also in the uniformity of language in courts of justice.

That difficulties, great difficulties are opposed to the plan, we are not prepared to deny, and it is evident that some previous discussion must be made as to the time and manner of its execution, but the first should be as soon and the second as general as possible. Continued complaints have been made against the present method of conducting trials in the Mofussil courts of justice in as much as that Persian is not the current language of the country, and can seldom be understood by the parties concerned ; the complaint, however well founded it may at first sight appear is in reality groundless. The result of the trial is indeed recorded in Persian, but the Government Regulations direct the evidence of the witnesses and prisoner to be taken in the language they best comprehend, so that the prisoner must understand the evidence brought against him ; the Persian copies or translations of the depositions are absolutely necessary, as may be easily shewn. All trials in India are conducted by written proceedings so that in cases of Appeal, the superior authorities, may on reading the record amend, quash, or sustain the decision. It rarely happens that Judges in India have resided in more than four or five zillahs, if so many ; considering then the number of zillahs in the country, and that in each zillah three or four dialects prevail, it could hardly be expected that the Judges of the court, which exercises a controul over the whole country, could comprehend many of the trials without Persian translators. We are not therefore inclined to fall in with the cry against the use of Persian in the courts, although it may certainly give room for fraud on the part of the native officers in translating. It has its

advantages as well as its faults. Those however who take the opposite view of the case, must by parity of reason object to the use of English as foreign to the country, yet surely were the proceedings in English, such opportunity of fraud could never be given.

The introduction of the English language must be slow and gradual. At first there will be no doubt a great deficiency of persons fit for the situation of subordinate officers; yet with the demand the supply will increase. As inducements are held out, persons will speedily qualify themselves for much desired appointments and the difficulty would daily decrease and soon be completely removed. It is well worthy of remark too, that the measure would accomplish that desirable object of opening means of employment to many Indo-Britons, who now from false delicacy looking to this line alone for subsistence, disdain to engage in any mechanical undertaking or trade. As the required number of qualified officers could not be obtained at once, it might be at first advisable that depositions should still be taken as at present but that the judges should record their decisions in English, and that none but copies of these decisions be filed as evidence in any court. An objection might be made, that the writers in the offices, would not have time to get ready all the copies required. To this it is answered, that it is not difficult to appoint writers who could receive certain fixed fees for making copies. At present Government servants alone make copies of record; but although they are forbid to receive any thing, yet they get paid at a certain rate by every one according to the work performed. It would only be necessary to legalize the present custom and extend the privilege to others than officers of court. The introduction of printed forms would considerably abridge the labour of the inferior officers; this we believe, has been effected in some places in the interior. It is very clear, if the English language be introduced, the present system of writing depositions two or three times over, in fact, once in each court into which the case is brought, must be abolished, otherwise the number of writers required, would be inordinate; neither does it at all appear why this custom has so generally obtained, since but one object is effected thereby, viz. that of swelling out the papers of the case to a most formidable bulk, tending to confuse the judge rather than elucidate the truth. As soon as Darogahs can be procured who can write English, the depositions at the thanahs must be the ground work of the trial before the magistrate, and subsequently if necessary before the Court of Circuit. It is likewise evident, that where so much writing is dispensed with, the superior courts must be confined to revisions on points of law only, not on facts. This, we conceive would be no small improvement on many accounts. It will be

granted, we suppose, that persons at a distance cannot have the same advantages of observation as those on the spot ; neither can a judge, from reading the written depositions of a case, come to one-half as satisfactory or correct a conclusion as he who tried it *viva voce*. In this country too, where exaggeration in giving evidence, not to say perjury is so prevalent, a knowledge of character must be of great assistance in valuing the weight of a witnesses' testimony. Such being the case, and the facts are self-evident, it certainly appears proper that the decision on facts should be left to the court which originally tries the case ; —making the superior court competent to direct a re-trial on any special grounds which might be pointed out subsequently and to quash all orders made contrary to law. This plan would most effectually take away from the natives the power they at present possess of ruining each other by protracted litigation, while no one could be injured by the limitation of his rights of appeal to rational and legal objections. Besides this, the superior courts would thereby be relieved from the multifarious appeal cases which are now constantly referred to them. Taking all these things together, the introduction of English into the courts will certainly facilitate the administration of justice.

The change in regard to transfers of real property, bonds, engagements &c. offers greater difficulties than any other, and deserves deeper consideration. As nothing can be worse than the present system in regard to deeds, advantages might be taken of the contemplated plan to reform the whole code. It is not our intention to enter into the catalogue of the present grievances ; but for example we point out the cases of *Ism-i-furay*, when the real purchaser of a property conceals his name, and causes that of his son or some other person to be inserted in its stead. The Musselman custom of *By-mokasa* deserves to be mentioned, for by this a man absorbed in debt may convey the whole of his property to his wife, and the conveyance stands legal and valid to the prejudice of previous creditors. Legislative enactments might easily remedy these evils, and as the Government have thus far interfered with the Hindoo and Musselman law, as to the protecting persons the transition to things, especially where benefit accrues, would be an easy matter, a law declaring that a deed should be taken and accepted to be binding on the person, whose names were written in the deed and none others would be sufficient in the first case ; in the second a provision rendering the *By-mokasa* subject to the conditions of any common deed of transfer would obviate its bad effects. To return however to the proposed writing deeds in English, it is obvious that so great a change, affecting such important rights as those of property could and should not be made without ample notice : a period of ten years might be fixed after

which no Persian deed should be allowed to be drawn out, and in the mean time, as an inducement, deeds executed in English might be allowed on stamped paper of half the prescribed duty. Courts in India, are in fact more courts of equity than strict law, but making allowances for errors in a new tongue, an enactment stating that the intent of a person executing a deed should be considered in preference to strict words, might be necessary.

We have thus drawn up the heads of a proposition which it seems essentially necessary to carry into immediate effect. We have not entered minutely into the subject for fear of trespassing on the reader's attention, as well as with the hope that local experience will suggest to others the necessary remedies for difficulties not anticipated. Deeming the introduction of English into Judicial proceedings as a plan that must sooner or later be adopted, it is sufficient for us if this paper induce other persons to turn their attention to the same subject.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST PAGE OF MY JOURNAL.

If ever one I love should cast
Her closing eye this page upon,
Oh ! let her think I feel at last
As when the book was first begun.

That *now* as then when cheeks were pale,
And eyes were wet unused to weep,
I mourn the fate, and curse the sail,
That bore me from her o'er the deep.

Perhaps a smile her lip may wear
At many a jest I wrote in sadness,
Perhaps, a sweet regretful tear
May dim her eye and cheek its gladness.

Oh ! when I think a tear or smile
May light or shade that face for me
It soothes my exiled hours awhile,
And cheers and charms the dreary sea.

W. H. F.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself ;
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.

O thou pale orb that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou sees't a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here, to wail and weep !
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy woe, unwarming beam ;
 And mourn in lamentation deep
 How love and life are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, and far-off hill,
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly fluttering heart be still,
 Thou restless power, Remembrance cease.
 Ah ! must each agonizing thrill,
 For ever bar returning peace ?

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptured moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !
 And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast,
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh, can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie through rough distress !
 Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 With ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom.

The morn that warns the approaching day,
 Awakes me now to toil and woe ;
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harassed out with care and grief,
 My toil-worn nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief.
 Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief
 Reigns haggard wild, in sore affright
 Ev'n day all bitter brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O ! thou bright queen, who, o'er the expanse,
 Now highest reign'st with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent marking glance
 Observ'd us fondly—wandering stray !
 The time unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high
 Beneath thy silver gleaming ray.
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set,
 Scenes never, never to return
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 . Again I feel, again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn
 Life's weary rule, I'll wander thro' :
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

F.

TOM PIPES ON SEA PHRASES.

MASTER,

You must know that when I was a Prisoner of War in France, there was a long lantern-jawed son of a Mounseer, that was always coming fore and aft to our berth, and thof I'm not much of a scollar. I could make out well enough that he was a-telling the other yellow skinned lubbers long yarns about as how all the words we used aboard our ships were taken from their outlandish lingo. Now you know, Master, that can't be no how seeing as how we speak plain English, and them swabs chatter a gibberish that neither sailor nor saint can make out a word on. Why the deuce can't they learn to speak like us? Howsomdever, as I've no prejudice against them, (though I hate the French as every honest Englishman, that *is* an Englishman, is bound to do) I'll just send you a yarn that the lanky lubber twisted me off one day, that I might as he said "make dem Englis acquaint dat all de tongue dey speak is take from de langage Franchaze." I can't make out half of his infernal crinkum crankums but you are more book-larned, and perhaps you will take a spell at it over your grog.—I remain your's

THOMAS PIPES.

SARE, Your nation is tree times oblige to the politesse of my contrée in much things: bot especially because de French give to de English de termes of marine. De English phrases maritime are absolutely deprive of de common sènsè, and do not mean nothing: bot in our langage dey are tree times expressive, superb, magnifique and very pretty. You shall see. Aboard is *à bord*: afloat is *à flot*: dat phrase mean nothing in your tongue, bot in our's it will say *on de wave*. Adrift is *en dèrive*, dat is when a vessel goes from de bank or rivage: but I will put de reste in two, tree columns for you.

English.	French.	English.	French.
Luff	Lof	Taut	Tendu
— to	—tout	Tompson	Tampon
Avast	Baste—stop!	Bonnet	Bonnette
Capstern	Cabestain, head ortop.	Bowline	Bouline
Awning	from Aune, an ellmeasure.	Bowsprit	Beauprés
Ballast	Lest	To Brace	Brasser
Batten	Baton, a staff	A Brace	Bras
Windlass	Vindas	Square	Quarré
Belay	Bonlà, enough dere!	About luff	Boute lof
Bend	Bander, to tie.	Buoy	Bouée
Bitts	Bittes	Cabin	Cabane
Pulleg	Poulie	Cable	Cable

English.	French.	English.	French.
Block	Bloc	Cap	Cap
Chainwale	Chenal	Chains	Chaînes
Hammock	• Hamac	Starboard	Stribord
Davit	• Dévié	Larboard	Babord
Relieve	Relever	Log	Loc
Douse	Dosser	Magazine	Magasin
Haul	Haler	Martine	Merlin
Drive	Deriver	Messenger	Messenger
Ensign	Enseigne	Moor	Amarrer:
Fish the Anchor	Hisser l'ancre	Palm	Parade
Founder	Se fonder	Pav	Paver
Hawser	Hausière	Pendant	Pendant
Furl	Ferler	Pennon	Pennon
Garboard	Gabord	Point	Pointer
Grapnell	Giappin	Poop	Poupe
Gasket	Garcette	Reel · rock)	Ressif
Hoist!	Hisse!	— (of a sail)	Ris
Hov	Hou	Rathne	Ralingue
Careen	Carène	Roads	Rades
Guy	Gui	Ropebands	Rabans
Boom	Baume	Hearty!	Hardi!
Junk	Jonque	Sally	Saillie
Keel	Quille	To tow	Touer
Scantling	échantillon	Monsoon	Mousson
Scuttle	écoutillon	Traverse	à travers
Splice	épisser	Frunmons	Tourillons
Stay	état	Veer	Virer

You shall see here, Sare, a resemblance which must leap at your nose. I have not time to write a more long letter, but I am Sare,

Your tree times oblige Servant,
Hector, Cæsar, Alexandre, Tonnerre, Vilianton De Grenouille.

STANZAS.

Thy lips I have seen press the lips of the dead
When the soul of thy first love in darkness had fled,
And over his bier hung thy dim tearless eye
That spoke the heart numb in its agony.

Ah! waste not in useless repining, thy bloom
Thy spring-time of life, as a flower on his tomb,
But waken to joy, as the pure lily blows
Now budding anew from its darksome repose.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

 IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I.

The first volume of this long and anxiously expected work has at length appeared, and the admirers of Lord Byron and his Biographer, if they have not raised their expectations of the treat that awaited them beyond all rational bounds cannot fail to peruse it with intense interest and almost unqualified gratification. In the arrangement of this work Mr. Moore has followed the excellent example of Mason in his life of Gray and of Hayley in his life of Cowper, and by the frequent introduction of Lord Byron's letters, has rendered the noble Bard, to a certain extent, his own Biographer. In point of regularity and completeness, though modestly entitled "*Notices of the Life of Byron,*" Mr. Moore's work will be greatly superior to any of the publications that have yet appeared upon the same subject, though there are many very characteristic and well authenticated anecdotes and letters, presented to the world by other writers, which Mr. Moore has not deigned to notice, but which might certainly have been incorporated with advantage into his own pages. Besides availing himself of all the original resources, at his command it was surely his duty as a biographer to have made some use of the materials of his contemporaries. But he has slurred over points of considerable interest apparently on no other account than their want of novelty. Considering his own rich materials he could have well afforded to have owed something to other authors without any injury to his own credit, or if he had any reasonable doubt of the authenticity of their productions he should have set the public right by proving their inaccuracy or improbability. As however we have not the whole work before us, it is perhaps hardly fair to make these objections, for Mr. Moore may possibly in the next volume give us satisfactory explanations of his sins of omission, and devote a chapter to the defence of Lord Byron's character from the charges of other writers. There is in the volume before us a slight and favorable allusion to the Essay on Lord Byron's character and writings, by Sir Egerton Bridges, and Dallas's work is also very briefly but kindly mentioned. With these exceptions, and a single stroke at Leigh Hunt, Mr. Moore has passed over the various writers on Lord Byron in total silence. After the bitter satire on Leigh Hunt, which Mr. Moore published in the Times' newspaper, and the daring remarks in the preface to the second edition of Hunt's "*Byron and his Contemporaries,*" we are certainly somewhat surprised

that so little notice has been taken of his work. "I wait" says Leigh Hunt "for Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore ought to be ashamed of himself, when he acted in that underhand manner against his old acquaintance and his own cause. He knew what a situation I was in; what a family I had; what struggles I had gone through, for the sake of freedom; and how openly I had ever behaved to himself, both in what I ventured to praise in him, and to differ with; and yet all this did not hinder him from practising against the "Liberal" in a way most disingenuous towards me, and upon grounds the most ridiculous in him;" and a little further on Mr. Hunt plainly intimates to Mr. Moore that he will suppress no truth whatsoever (the gentler sex not suffering) which will save him from being crushed. "I will most assuredly," says he, "spare neither him, nor his publisher, nor any one person or thing, short of the exception just noticed." The following is Mr. Moore's only mention of Leigh Hunt, which to be sure is sufficiently severe, though rather less so than might have been expected.

It was at this time that Lord Byron became acquainted (and, I regret to have to add, partly through my means) with Mr. Leigh Hunt, the editor of a well-known weekly journal, the *Examiner*. This gentleman I had myself formed an acquaintance with in the year 1811, and, in common with a large portion of the public, entertained a sincere admiration of his talents and courage as a journalist. The interest I took in him personally had been recently much increased by the manly spirit which he had displayed throughout a prosecution instituted against himself and his brother, for a libel that had appeared in their paper on the Prince Regent, and in consequence of which they were both sentenced to imprisonment for two years. It will be recollected that there existed among the Whig party, at this period, a strong feeling of indignation at the late defection from themselves and their principles of the illustrious personage who had been so long looked up to as the friend and patron of both. Being myself, at the time, warmly—perhaps, intemperately—under the influence of this feeling, I regarded the fate of Mr. Hunt with more than common interest, and, immediately on my arrival in town, paid him a visit in his prison. On mentioning the circumstance, soon after, to Lord Byron, and describing my surprise at the sort of luxurious comforts with which I had found the "wit in the dungeon" surrounded,—his trellished flower-garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and piano-forte within,—the noble poet, whose political view of the case coincided entirely with my own, expressed a strong wish to pay a similar tribute of respect to Mr. Hunt, and accordingly, a day or two after, we proceeded for that purpose to the prison. The introduction which then took place was soon followed by a request from Mr. Hunt that we would dine with him, and the noble poet having good-naturedly accepted the invitation, the Cold Bath Fields prison had, in the month of June, 1813, the honour of receiving Lord Byron, as a guest, within its walls.

On the morning of our first visit to the journalist, I received from Lord Byron the following lines, written, it will be perceived, the night before.

" May 19th, 1813.

" Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Twopenny Post Bag ;

* * * *

But now to my letter—to yours 'tis an answer—
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to sponge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon—
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace !
I suppose that to-night you 're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers ;
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heathcote.
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the R—t Mamurra.

" Dear M.—having got thus far, I am interrupted by
10 o'clock.

" Half-past 11. * * * * is gone. I must dress for Lady Heathcote's.—Addio."

Our day in the prison was, if not agreeable, at least novel and odd. I had, for Lord Byron's sake, stipulated with our host beforehand, that the party should be, as much as possible, confined to ourselves ; and, as far as regarded dinner, my wishes had been attended to ;—there being present, besides a member or two of Mr. Hunt's own family, no other stranger, that I can recollect, but Mr. Mitchell, the ingenious translator of Aristophanes. Soon after dinner, however, there dropped in some of our host's literary friends, who, being utter strangers to Lord Byron and myself, rather disturbed the ease into which we were all settling. Among these, I remember, was Mr. John Scott,—the writer, afterwards, of some severe attacks on Lord Byron ; and it is painful to think that, among the persons then assembled round the poet, there should have been *one* so soon to step forth the assailant of his living fame, while *another*, less manful, would reserve the cool venom for his grave.

We shall not in this place enter into a minute consideration of the merits of Leigh Hunt's book, or the propriety of its publication, but we may briefly observe that in so far as it is written in an irritable spirit, and coloured by the prejudices natural to one who owns himself to have been wounded on the most sensitive points, the world should be slow to condemn Lord Byron's cha-

acter on such evidence. At the same time there is an air of sincerity and truth on every page, that convinces us Leigh Hunt is in no instance guilty of intentional misrepresentation. He has already suffered too much by his manly adherence to truth, through evil and through good report, to allow us for one moment to question his sincerity. His bitterest enemies have become such, only through his boldness, and notwithstanding the innumerable attacks upon his character he has never yet been branded with a charge of falsehood. Had he condescended to be a hypocrite, and concealed his political and religious opinions his enemies would have been infinitely less numerous and bitter. It will not do for a commoner to be too honest. Lord Byron was a politician and religionist of the same stamp, but those who are most abusive of Leigh Hunt on these grounds, are with admirable consistency, among the most enthusiastic admirers of the "*Noble Lord's*" character and writings. But enough of this—let us return to the book before us.

Mr. Moore has presented us with very minute and interesting details of Lord Byron's earliest years. It appears from these that as Wordsworth would say, "the Boy was father of the Man." His temper was abrupt and unequal, and his "silent rages," his loud bursts of passion, his violent hatred and his ardent affections, were as remarkable in his childhood and youth, as in his maturer years. Whether this character was his natural one or induced by circumstances connected with his birth and education, is a question not easily resolved. It was perhaps partly both. He is said to have occasionally evinced a sweetness and playfulness of disposition that rendered him much beloved by those about him, and as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who understood him.

It seems natural to suppose that if he had been more judiciously reared and educated his many noble traits would not have been mingled with so much that is repulsive. His mother was a violent and vulgar woman, who by her own example contributed greatly to his errors. The wild and mysterious character also of his male ancestors excited in his youthful mind a romantic desire to acquire the same fearful renown. When he went to Newstead he found the name of his grand uncle was never mentioned but with a kind of awe by the neighbourhood; there was something in this that caught his youthful imagination, and influenced his future character. Had his predecessor been a person of regular habits and benevolent disposition—had he left an unsullied and respected name, the young Lord might have turned his ambition into a better direction, and have endeavoured to win the golden opinions of the world.

Another circumstance that combined with others to cast a shade upon his mind, and embitter the cup of life to his latest

years, was the accidental deformity of his foot. Nothing indeed seems to have operated on his temper and feelings to the extent of this unfortunate defect, and though it may seem extravagant to attribute so great an event to so trivial a cause, not only did it occasion a large share of the misanthropy of his disposition, but it was perhaps indirectly one of the incentives to his courtship of the Muse. He was with this exception, extremely vain of his personal appearance, and ambitious of the admiration of the female sex. The consciousness however, of this defect made him shrink from personal observation and turn his attention to other means of attracting notice. It is mentioned on the authority of a gentleman at Glasgow, that a woman having said to the Nurse of young Byron in his hearing, "what a pretty boy Byron, is! what a pity he has such a foot!" the child's eyes flashed with anger and striking at her with a whip, which he held in his hand, he impatiently exclaimed, "Dinna speak of it!" He never alluded to it himself without a deep sense of mortification, and he had mentioned in his memoir the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his brutal mother in "one of her fits of passion" called him "*a lame brat.*" As all that he felt strongly, says Moore, was in some shape or other reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that such an expression as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find in the opening of the Drama of "The Deformed Transformed," the following passage.

Bertha.—Out, hunchback!

Arnold.—*I was born so mother!*

It may be questioned, continues Moore, whether that whole Drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

"Look there!" said he, one day showing his foot to a friend—"it is to my mother's false delicacy that I owe that deformity, and yet as long as I can remember she has not ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted for the last time, on my leaving England, in one of her fits of passion she uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might become as ill-formed in mind as I am in body." His look and manner in relating this frightful circumstance can only be conceived says his Biographer, by those who have seen him in a similar state of excitement.

Medwin has stated that on his first introduction to Lord Byron "he had expected to discover a club, perhaps a cloven foot; but that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other either in size or form." This is obviously untrue, or Lord Byron would never have been subject to the painful insults and morbid sensitiveness on this score, that so much embittered his existence. Leigh Hunt calls it a "*shrunkn foot, a little twist-*

ed." and Moore describes it in a similar way, as a foot "*twisted out of its natural position.*"

Perhaps no observation on the subject of his deformity ever affected him so deeply as that of Miss Chaworth, one of his early loves, who said to her maid servant, who was perhaps quizzing her on the subject of Byron's attachment, "Do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?" This speech as he himself described it, was like a shot through his heart. This unfortunate circumstance haunted him like a curse. His friend Mr. Becher one day endeavouring to cheer his spirits, represented to him his various advantages of fame and fortune, and the glory of possessing a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind, "Ah, my dear friend, said Byron mournfully—if *this* (laying his hand on his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, *that* (pointing to his foot) places me far, far below them." The book before us is full of similar anecdotes on this melancholy subject, but we have given quite enough to show to what an extent this trifling deformity influenced his thoughts and feelings. Byron, was not a solitary instance of a lame poet. Scott has the same misfortune, and so had Shakespeare; and to go further back, so we believe had Tyrtæus, the Greek Elegiac poet, though some think the satirical allusions to his lameness were meant only for his verse. Others could be added to the list of lame poets, if we had time to ransack our memory. The happiness and temper of Scott are but little affected by a circumstance that operated so fearfully on the morbid temperament of Byron. We may reasonably conclude that had the noble bard been blessed with more tender and judicious guides in early life, even he would have been comparatively indifferent to what owing to the cruel taunts of his mother became such a source of misery.

One of the most interesting and novel portions of this volume, is the account of Lord Byron's school days, from which it appears that like Swift, Goldsmith, Churchill and many other eminent writers he was not a shining or industrious student. The first school that he went to was at Aberdeen, where his mother, reduced by the extravagance of her unprincipled husband who had lately died, was living upon the miserable pittance of 135 £. a year. He was then hardly five years old and remained there about a twelve month. The terms of this school were only 5 shillings a quarter!! "I learned here," says Byron in his Journal "little except to repeat by rote the first lesson of monosyllables ('God made man'—let us love him &c.") by hearing it often repeated without acquiring a letter. Whenever proof was made of my progress at home, I repeated the words with the utmost fluency; but on turning over a new leaf I continued to repeat them, so that the narrow boundaries of my first year's accomplishments

were detected, my ears boxed (which they did not deserve, seeing it was by ear only that I had acquired my letters,) and my intellects consigned to a new preceptor." He was next sent to a school kept by "a clever little clergyman" of the name of Ross, under whom he rapidly improved. After him he had a very serious, saturnine but kind young man named Paterson for a tutor. With this gentleman "says he," I continued till I went to a "Grammar School," (*Scoticè* Schule; Aberdonicè, *Squeel*.) where I thraged all the classes to the fourth, when I was recalled to England (where I had been hatched) by the demise of my uncle. I acquired this hand writing, which I can hardly read myself, under the fair copies of Mr. Duncan of the same city." Several of his class fellows of the Grammar School have described him as a warm hearted and high spirited boy, always "more ready to give than to take a blow. He was also the willing defender of any of his school fellows who were treated tyrannically by stronger boys.

In his eleventh year Lord Byron left Scotland with his mother and nurse to take possession of the ancient seat of his ancestors. When they arrived at the Newstead Toll-bar within sight of the woods of the Abbey Mrs. Byron affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house—to whom that seat belonged? She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir," enquired the proud and happy mother, "They say" answered the old woman "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen"—"And this is he, God bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young Lord who was seated on her lap.

Mrs. Byron now placed her son under the care of a person at Nottingham who appears to have been a mere empirical pretender, with the hope that his lameness might be removed. This man (whose name was Lavender) and who professed to have performed cures in similar cases gave his patient abundance of pain but no benefit. Byron received lessons in latin at this time from a Mr. Roger, who was very kind and attentive to him. His mother at length perceiving her folly, took the boy from Lavender and sent him to Dulwich where he was placed at the school of the late Dr. Glennie. Many fruitless attempts were here made by eminent professional persons to remedy his lameness, but they only served to increase its soreness without affecting any change in its form.

It was during one of his vacations at this school that a boyish love for his young cousin Miss Parker, took possession of his fancy and first inspired his Muse. "My first dash into poetry (says he) was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a pas-

sion for my cousin Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings—I have long forgotten the verses but it would be difficult to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve, she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine and induced consumption.”

Young Byron not been more than two years at Dulwich when his mother removed him to Harrow, where he was for sometime “a most unpopular boy.” He rose at length however, to be a leader in all the sports, schemes and mischief of the school.

He acquired a great mass of general information, though he was capable of “few continuous drudgeries,” and his qualities he says, were more martial and oratorical than poetical. Dr. Drury expected he would have turned out an orator from his copiousness of declamation and the variety and energy of his action.

“The general character,” says Moore, “which he bore among the masters at Harrow, was that of an idle boy who would never learn any thing, and as far as regarded his task, in school, this reputation was by his own avowal, not ill-founded.” “It is impossible,” continues Moore, “to look through the books which he had then in use, and which are scribbled over with clumsily interlined translations, without being struck with the narrow extent of his classical attainments. But notwithstanding his backwardness in the mere verbal scholarship on which so large and precious a portion of life is wasted, in all that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which is alone useful in the world, he was making rapid and even wonderful progress. With a mind too inquisitive and excursive to be imprisoned within statutable limits, he flew to subjects that interested his already manly tastes, and with a zest which it is in vain to expect that the mere pedantries of school could inspire!” “It is deplorable,” says Cowley, “to consider the loss which children make of their time at most schools, employing or rather casting away, six or seven years in the learning of *words* only, and that very imperfectly.” And according to the admirable Locke, a Chinese, who took notice of our modes of instruction would be apt to imagine that all our young gentlemen were designed to be teachers and professors of the dead languages of foreign countries, and not men of business in their own.

On looking back at what we have written, we find we must proceed less regularly with Lord Byron's History, or we shall never bring this article within any reasonable limits. The Calcutta newspapers too have got hold of the book and forestalled us greatly by their copious extracts. For these reasons our remarks

shall be somewhat briefer than we intended, and we shall now proceed at once to make a few selections from the book without any regard to the order in which they may appear. It is not generally known that before the publication of his "*Hours of Idleness*," Lord Byron had *printed* "at the request of his friends," a small collection of his poems, and it was the favor this met with in his own private circle that encouraged him to venture on a more extensive sphere. His "*Hours of Idleness*," was noticed on its first appearance with considerable praise in two or three obscure periodicals. Their insignificance however was not then apparent to his Lordship, who seems like all young authors to have been delighted with admiration from any quarter. The following is an extract from one of his letters written at this period—

TO MISS ———

" August 2d, 1807.

" London begins to disgorge its contents—town is empty—consequently I can scribble at leisure, as occupations are less numerous. In a fortnight I shall depart to fulfil a country engagement; but expect 2 epistles from you previous to that period. Ridge does not proceed rapidly in Notts—very possible. In town things wear a more promising aspect, and a man whose works are praised by *reviewers*, admired by *duchesses*, and sold by every bookseller of the metropolis, does not dedicate much consideration to *rustic readers*. I have now a review before me, entitled '*Literary Recreations*,' where my *bardship* is applauded far beyond my deserts. I know nothing of the critic, but think *him* a very discerning gentleman, and *myself* a devilish *clever* fellow. His critique pleases me particularly, because it is of great length, and a proper quantum of censure is administered, just to give an agreeable *relish* to the praise. You know I hate insipid, unqualified, common-place compliment. If you would wish to see it, order the 13th Number of '*Literary Recreations*' for the last month. I assure you I have not the most distant idea of the writer of the article—it is printed in a periodical publication—and though I have written a paper (a review of Wordsworth,) which appears in the same work, I am ignorant of every other person concerned in it—even the editor, whose name I have not heard. My cousin, Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in the same hotel, told me his mother, her Grace of Gordon, requested he would introduce my *Poetical Lordship* to her Highness, as she had bought my volume, admired it exceedingly in common with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim her relationship with the author. I was unluckily engaged on an excursion for some days afterwards, and as the duchess was on the eve of departing for Scotland, I have postponed my introduction till the winter, when I shall favour the lady, *whose taste I shall not dispute*, with my most sublime and edifying conversation. She is now in the Highlands, and Alexander took his departure a few days ago, for the same *blessed seat* of '*dark rolling winds*.'

" Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a *third*—at least so he says. In every bookseller's window I see

my own name and say nothing, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more, and 'a Friend to the Cause of Literature' begs I will gratify the public with some new work 'at no very distant period.' Who would not be a bard?—that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off, I doubt not, for this gentle encouragement. If so, have at 'em! By the by, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after 2 in the morning, 330 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton's account. I shall extend the Poem to 8 or 10 books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for *egotism*! My laurels have turned my brain, but the cooling acids of forthcoming criticisms will probably restore me to modesty."

Notwithstanding this boyish exultation, his Lordship seems to have had a shrewd suspicion that a castigation was awaiting him, and to have been half prepared for the cutting irony of the Edinburgh Review. It is a curious fact, and now made known we believe for the first time that the poem of the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, was written before the appearance of the critique, and that its title and the attack on the Reviewers, were an after-thought. It originally consisted of 380 lines, and was increased to its present length by the introduction of the satire on Jeffrey and others. In the course of a month or two after the publication of his juvenile work, some friend informed him that he had seen the proofs of a severe criticism upon it in the forthcoming Edinburgh Review. On the receipt of this information he wrote in the following style to his friend Mr. Becher.

TO MR. BECHER.

" Dorant's Hotel, Feb. 26, 1808.

" MY DEAR BECHER,

" * * * * * Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this, when it comes out;—it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description, but I am aware of it, and hope you will not be hurt by its severity.

" Tell Mrs. Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise except the partizans of Lord Holland and Co. It is nothing to be abused when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Straugford, and Payne Knight, share the same fate, &c. &c."

"Soon after this letter," says Moore, "appeared the dreaded article,—an article which if not witty in itself was the cause of wit in others. Seldom indeed has it fallen to the lot of the justest criticism to attain celebrity such as injustice has procured for this, nor while the short but glorious race of Byron's genius is remembered, can the critic whoever he may be, that so unintentionally administered to its start, be forgotten." Mr. Moore does not attempt to say who this critic was, nor does he make the most distant allusion to the general opinion that it was his friend Jeffrey. Jeffrey however, we believe, has denied the authorship of this notorious production, which has thrown a degree of ridicule and disgrace on periodical criticism. The effect it produced upon the Poet is thus noticed—

"We have seen with what feverish anxiety he awaited the verdicts of all the minor Reviews, and, from his sensibility to the praise of the meanest of these censors, may guess how painfully he must have writhed under the sneers of the highest. A friend, who found him in the first moment of excitement after reading the article, inquired anxiously, whether he had just received a challenge?—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his look. It would, indeed, be difficult for sculptor or painter to imagine a subject of more fearful beauty, than the fine countenance of the young poet must have exhibited in the collected energy of that crisis. His pride had been wounded to the quick, and his ambition humbled:—but this feeling of humiliation lasted but for a moment. The very reaction of his spirit against aggression roused him to a full consciousness of his own powers; and the pain and the shame of the injury were forgotten in the proud certainty of revenge."

"'Tis a quality" says Hume "very observable in human nature, that any opposition which does not entirely discourage and intimidate us has rather a contrary effect, and inspires us with a more than ordinary grandeur and magnanimity. In collecting our force to overcome the opposition, we invigorate the soul, and give it an elevation with which otherwise it would never have been acquainted."

It is not generally known, that Lord Byron at one time formed a resolution to come out to this country. Mr. Moore takes no notice of this circumstance, and we have no means of knowing, why his Lordship gave up the idea. It was probably one of his sudden freaks, which were forgotten again as soon as thought of.

TO MRS. BYRON.

"Newstead Abbey, November 2d, 1808.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I

expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They will be soon completed;—at least, I hope so.

"I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge for some information I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, &c., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From H * * I have heard nothing—when I do, you shall have the particulars.

"After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connexions to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, &c. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own, we do not give mankind a fair chance—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses. Yours, &c."

The success of the satire on the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" elated him greatly, but as our readers are aware, he lived to repent its virulence, and was on terms of intimacy and friendship in his later years with many of those whom he had once ridiculed. The next work of any length that he was engaged on was the "Hints from Horace," a poem, of such tameness and mediocrity, that his most indulgent friends could see nothing in it that was even tolerable. The most extraordinary circumstance connected with this poem is the eagerness with which he desired its publication in preference to the first part of *Childe Harold* which he had nearly finished about the same time. Dallas has the merit, however, of having prevailed upon him to publish the "Pilgrimage" instead of the "Hints;" which with the exception of a few fragments have not yet seen the light. The publication of the former decided the fate of Lord Byron as a poet. It was hailed from all quarters with unqualified enthusiasm. If he had published the "Hints" first, it is difficult to say what might have been the effect upon his future career; the poem would have been censured by the critics and neglected by the public, while those who had dwelt still more upon the promise than the execution of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" might have regarded it as merely one of those flattering bursts of early talent, which are often succeeded by a life of mediocrity. After the publication of *Childe Harold*, his successive poems were sent into the world with astonishing rapidity, and correspondent success. But though he produced his poems in so short a time it is not to be inferred that they were altogether unlaboured.

"He formed no exception," says Moore, "to that law which imposes labour as the price of perfection." To show this we shall give the following lines from the *Giaour* as they first appeared, with the poet's after-touches—

1st.	2nd.
Fair clime! where <i>ceaseless summer smiles</i>	"Fair clime! where <i>every season smiles</i> !"
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,	Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,	Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,	Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And give to loneliness delight.	And lend to loneliness delight.
There shine the bright abones ye seek,	There, <i>mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek</i>
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,—	<i>Reflects the tints of many a peak</i>
So smiling round the waters lave	<i>Caught by the laughing tides that lave</i>
These Edens of the eastern wave:	These Edens of the eastern wave:
Or if, at times, the transient breeze	And if at times a transient breeze
Break the smooth crystal of the seas,	Break the <i>blue</i> crystal of the seas,
Or brush one blossom from the trees,	Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How grateful is the gentle air	How <i>welcome</i> is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the fragrance there.	That wakes and wafts the odours there!"

The address at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, after its destruction by fire was written with extraordinary care, and whole lines and thoughts repeatedly altered, with the most anxious assiduity, as may be seen by the following extracts from his letters :—

" September 26th, 1812.

" You will think there is no end to my villanous emendations. The fifth and sixth lines I think to alter thus :

" Ye who beheld—oh sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd ;

because 'night' is repeated the next line but one ; and, as it now stands, the conclusion of the paragraph, 'worthy him (Shakspeare) and you,' appears to apply the 'you' to those only who were out of bed and in Covent-garden market on the night of conflagration, instead of the audience or the discerning public at large, all of whom are intended to be comprised in that comprehensive and, I hope, comprehensible pronoun.

" By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—

" When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.

Ceasing to live is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first ; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote*.' See

* " Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote."

and thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I am very anxious on this business, and I do hope that the very trouble I occasion you will plead its own excuse, and that it will tend to show my endeavour to make the most of the time allotted. I wish I had known it months ago, for in that case I had not left one line standing on another. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently; and latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other."

" September 27th, 1812.

"I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House, with some omissions and this new couplet,

"As glared each rising flash, and ghastly shone
The skies with lightnings awful as their own."

" September 27th, 1812.

"I believe this is the third scrawl since yesterday—all about epithets, I think the epithet 'intellectual' won't convey the meaning I intend; and, though I hate compounds, for the present I will try (col' permesso) the word 'genius-gifted patriarchs of our line†' instead. Johnson has 'many-coloured life,' a compound—but they are always best avoided."

" September 28th, 1812.

"Will this do better? the metaphor is more complete.

"Till slowly ebb'd the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{lava of the} \\ \text{spent volcanic} \end{array} \right\}$ wave,
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.

If not, we will say 'burning' wave, and instead of 'burning clime,' in the line some couplets back, have 'glowing.'

"Will this do?

"Till ebb'd the lava of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{the burning} \\ \text{that molten} \end{array} \right\}$ waves,

with 'glowing dome,' in case you prefer 'burning' added to this 'wave' metaphorical. The word 'fiery pillar' was suggested by the 'pillar of fire' in the book of Exodus, which went before the Israelites through the Red Sea. I once thought of saying 'like Israel's pillar,' and making it a simile, but I did not know,—the great temptation was leaving the epithet 'fiery' for the supplementary wave."

At present, the couplet stands thus:

"Dear are the days that made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brunsley ceased to write."

* At present, "As glared the volumed blaze."

† This, as finally altered, is

"Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line."

‡ The form of this couplet, as printed, is as follows:—

"Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall."

As it is interesting to know the opinions held by such a man as Byron on his celebrated contemporaries we have collected together the following paragraphs from his Journals and letters :—

SHERIDAN.

"In society I have met Sheridan frequently: he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me, and never attacked me, at least to my face, and he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up Whitbread, quiz Madame de Staël, annihilate Colman, and do little less by some others (whose names, as friends, I set not down) of good fame and ability.

"In 1815, I had occasion to visit my lawyer in Chancery-lane: he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c., Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring that of Sheridan. 'Oh,' replied the attorney, 'the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine-merchant, my client.'—'Well,' said I, 'and what do you mean to do?'—'Nothing at all for the present,' said he: 'would you have us proceed against old Sherry? what would be the use of it?' and here he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation.

"Now, from personal experience, I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute or record; and yet Sheridan, in half an hour, had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner, that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the law, and some justice, on his side) out of the window, had he come in at the moment."

"Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus."

"Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this. 'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (in my mind, far before that St. Giles's lampoon, the Beggar's Opera), the best farce (the Critic—it is only too good for a farce), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told S. this the next day, and on hearing it, he burst into tears!

"Poor Brinsley! if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"

BURNS.

"Allen (Lord Holland's Allen—the best informed and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Magliabecchi—a devourer, a Helluo of books, and an observer of

men) has lent me a quantity of Burns's unpublished, and never-to-be-published Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!"

CURRAN.

"I have met Curran at Holland-house—he beats every body;—his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics;—I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating. Remember, I have met him but once; and you, who have known him long, may probably deduct from my panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you—a theme never tiresome to me, nor any body else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his. He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done—for I can't describe him, and you know him."

"I was much struck with the simplicity of Grattan's manners in private life: they were odd, but they were natural. 'Curran used to take him off, bowing to the very ground, and 'thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance,' in a way irresistibly ludicrous; and * * used to call him a Sentimental bar-lequin.'"

"Curran 'Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination! there never was any thing like it that ever I saw or heard of. His *published* life—his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said that Piron was an epigrammatic machine."

"I did not see a great deal of Curran—only in 1813; but I met him at home (for he used to call on me), and in society, at Mackintosh's, Holland House, &c. &c. and he was wonderful even to me who had seen many remarkable men of the time."

MADAME DE STAËL.

"Madame de Staël's personal appearance was not bad; her legs tolerable; her arms good. Altogether, I can conceive her having been a desirable woman, allowing a little imagination for her soul, and so forth. She would have made a great man."

"More notes from Mad. de * * unanswered—and so they shall remain. I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry."

"I do not love Madame de Staël, but, depend upon it, she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress, in my opinion; and I would not say this if I could help it."

WORDSWORTH.

"There must be many 'fine things' in Wordsworth; but I should think it difficult to make six quartos (the amount of the whole) all fine, particularly the pedlar's portion of the poem; but there can be no doubt of his powers to do almost any thing."

MACKINTOSH.

"Sunday, a very handsome note from Mackintosh, who is a rare instance of the union of very transcendent talent and great good-nature."

KEAN.

"Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—truth—without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's Hamlet is perfect;—but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard."

"George Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George pro Scoto,—and very right too. If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor. Even if I had my choice, I would rather be the Earl of Warwick than all the kings he ever made! Jeffrey and Gifford I take to be the monarch-makers in poetry and prose. The British Critic, in their Rokeby Review, have presupposed a comparison, which I am sure my friends never thought of, and W. Scott's subjects are injudicious in descending to. I like the man—and admire his works to what Mr. Braham calls *Entusymusy*. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good. Many hate his politics—(I hate all politics); and, here, a man's politics are like the Greek *soul*—an *εἰδωλον*, besides God knows what *other soul*; but their estimate of the two generally go together."

"I have not answered W. Scott's last letter,—but I will. I regret to hear from others that he has lately been unfortunate in pecuniary involvements. He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards."

ROGERS.

"Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!"

"Redde the Ed. Review of Rogers. He is ranked highly,—but where he should be. There is a summary view of us all—*Moore and me* among the rest; and both (the first justly) praised—though, by implication (justly again) placed beneath our memorable friend. Mackintosh is the writer, and also of the critique on the *Stael*. His grand essay on Burke, I hear, is for the next number."

"I have been reading Memory again, the other day, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful—there is no such thing as a vulgar line in his book." * * * * *

SOUTHEY.

"Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is *Epic*; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. All the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation;—posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, but no *public*—except for his prose writings. The life of Nelson is beautiful."

MOORE.

"M * * e has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents,—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—every thing in the 'Post-Bag!' There is nothing M * * e may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society, he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to * * * * speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret, he is not *here*."

LEIGH HUNT.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1813.

"To-day responded to La Baronne de Staël Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquisition to my acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer) a copy of the two Turkish Tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he goes on *q.ulis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise or obtain it. I must go and see him again;—the rapid succession of adventure since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, have interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing; and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply versed in life;—he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated, as all men who are the centre of *circles*, wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together—must be, and as even Johnson was; but, withal, a valuable man, and less vain than success and even the consciousness of preferring 'the right to the expedient' might excuse."

JEFFREY.

"Redde the Edinburgh 44, just come out. In the beginning of the article on 'Edgeworth's Patronage,' I have gotten a high compliment, I perceive. Whether this is creditable to me, I know not; but it does honour to the editor, because he once abused me. Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or can praise the man it has once attacked. I have often

since my return to England, heard Jeffrey most highly commended by those who know him for things independent of his talents. I admire him for *this*—not because he has praised me (I have been so praised elsewhere and abused, alternately, that mere habit has rendered me as indifferent to both as a man at twenty-six can be to any thing), but because he is, perhaps, the *only man* who, under the relations in which he and I stand, or stood, with regard to each other, would have had the liberality to act thus; none but a great soul dared hazard it. The height on which he stands has not made him giddy;—a little scribbler would have gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter. As to the justice of his panegyric, that is matter of taste. There are plenty to question it, and glad, too, of the opportunity.”

HOBHOUSE.

“Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant.”

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

“Let me see—what did I see? The only person who much struck me was Lady S * * d's eldest daughter, Lady C. L. They say she is *not* pretty. I don't know—every thing is pretty that pleases; but there is an air of *soul* about her—and her colour changes—and there is that shyness of the antelope (which I delight in) in her manner so much, that I observed her more than I did any other woman in the rooms, and only looked at any thing else when I thought she might perceive and feel embarrassed by my scrutiny. After all there may be something of association in this. She is a friend of Augusta's and whatever she loves, I can't help liking.”

NAPOLEON.

“I mark this day!

“Saturday, April 9th, 1814.

“Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. ‘Excellent well.’ Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so, so—but Napoleon, worst of all. What! wait till they were in his capital, and then talk of his readiness to give up what is already gone!! ‘What whining monk art thou—what holy cheat?’ ‘Sdeath!—Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this. The ‘Isle of Elba’ to retire to!—Well—if it had been Caprea, I should have marvelled less. ‘I see men's minds are but a parcel of their fortunes.’ I am utterly bewildered and confounded.

“I don't know—but I think *I*, even *I*, (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may be not worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! ‘Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?’ I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil:—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat.

"Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, 'like the Thanes, fall'n from him.'"

While we are quoting the opinions of Lord Byron on his contemporaries, we cannot omit all mention of his friend Charles Skinner Mathews, who was unfortunately drowned in the river Cam. He was a brother of the well-known author of the "Diary of an Invalid." Charles Skinner Mathews though not an author, was a person of the most extraordinary genius. His superiority in almost every department of intellect over his associates, though Byron was of the number, seems to have been awarded him by the ready consent of all.

"Who," asks Lord Byron in a letter to Scrope Davies, "was like Mathews in ability? How did we all shrink before him"; and, in a letter to Mr. Hodgson, he says—"You will feel for poor Hobhouse—Mathews was the God of his idolatry, and if intellect could raise a man above his fellows, no one could refuse him pre-eminence." And, on another occasion, he observed that all the men he ever knew "were as pigmies compared to Mathews—he was an intellectual giant!" This most extraordinary man was a sceptic in religion, and Lord Byron was, perhaps, confirmed in his own opinions, by the judgement of one whom he regarded with such intense admiration.

"Like his noble friend," says Moore, "in speaking of Mathews, ardent in the pursuit of truth, he, like him too, unluckily lost his way in seeking her, the "light that led astray" being by both friends mistaken for hers." With this exception there seems to have been nothing even to raise a doubt of his moral character, of which Mr. Moore and others speak in the highest terms.

We must not forget to give Mr. Moore's account of the *Byron Memoirs*, the value of which appear to have been somewhat exaggerated.

"In those memoirs (or, more properly, memoranda) of the noble poet, which it was thought expedient, for various reasons, to sacrifice, he gave a detailed account of all the circumstances connected with his marriage, from the first proposal to the lady till his own departure, after the breach, from England. In truth, though the title of 'Memoirs,' which he himself sometimes gave to that Manuscript, conveys the idea of a complete and regular piece of biography, it was to this particular portion of his life that the work was principally devoted; while the anecdotes having reference to other parts of his career, not only occupied a very disproportionate space in its pages, but were most of them such as are found repeated in the various journals and other MMS. he left behind. The chief charm, indeed, of that narrative was the melancholy playfulness—melancholy from the wounded feeling so visible through its pleasantry—with which events unimportant and persons uninteresting, in almost every respect but their connexion with such a man's destiny, were detailed and described in it. Frank, as usual, throughout, in his avowal of his own errors,

and generously just towards her who was his fellow-sufferer in the strife, the impression his recital left on the minds of all who perused it was, to say the least, favourable to him ; though, upon the whole, leading to a persuasion, which I have already intimated to be my own, that, neither in kind or degree, did the causes of disunion between the parties much differ from those that loosen the links of most such marriages. With respect to the details themselves, though all important in his own eyes at the time, as being connected with the subject that superseded most others, in his thoughts, the interest they would possess for others, now that their first zest as a subject of scandal is gone by, and the greater number of the persons to whom they relate forgotten, would be too slight to justify me in entering upon them more particularly, or running the risk of any offence that might be inflicted by their disclosure."

The letters of Lord Byron in this volume are lively and energetic, but occasionally somewhat coarse and flippant, and the constant introduction of vulgar oaths has any thing but an agreeable effect. His wit is forced and conventional, and seldom rises to genuine humour, or occasions hearty merriment. Lord Byron was as little of a boon companion, as a bravado is a brave man. His mirth was a loud and blustering display, and his wit was as fitful as the lightning and as cold. Of his personal character it is difficult to form a just estimate ; it was so strangely composed of the good and evil, the lights and shadows of human nature. He was outrageously vain, and though he might have affected more misanthropy than he felt, there can be no doubt that he had fewer general sympathies than most men. He cared little more for the world than as it contributed to his personal pride in the shape of fame. He had not the utmost tenderness or delicacy of feeling, in proof of which we may mention his brutal epigrams on the unfortunate Lord Castlereagh, the unmanly or rather the demoniac bitterness of his attack upon a female in the "*Sketch from private life*," and his heartless allusions to the death of Keats. One of his remarks upon the latter, affords a sufficient illustration of the bigotry of those aristocratical principles, which formed in reality so prominent a feature in his character, however much at variance, with the political creed which he outwardly adopted. "Keats never lived," said the noble bard contemptuously, in "*high life or solitude*;" as if (as it was finely retorted by Leigh Hunt) the millions of human hearts that lay between were nothing ! It has been said that he was deficient in personal courage, but though Moore takes no notice of this accusation, his book affords abundant evidence to the contrary. There is to be sure something too much of the spirit of a bully in the insulting postscript to the "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*" in which, though in other words, he assures the victims of his satire that he will be at all times rea-

dy to blow out the brains of any unfortunate author whose reputation he has already stabbed, and whose feelings he has injured. Unlike most great boasters, however, he was as ready to act as to talk. The manner in which he received Moore's call for an explanation, was in the highest degree manly, honorable and discreet, and appeared to considerable advantage contrasted with the Bard of Erin's national warmth and inconsistency on that occasion. Of his Religious scepticism we should have thought there could hardly have been two opinions, but though Moore, Hunt and Dallas agree that he entirely rejected the Christian Scriptures. Capt. Medwin, Mr. Nathan and others, seem to have supposed that he had only occasional doubts upon this important subject. For our own parts we are perfectly convinced from the general tenor of his writings and his published conversation that he was as firm an unbeliever in the Christian Religion as either Hume, Gibbon, or Voltaire. The very conversations which Medwin himself gives in illustration of Byron's probable Christianity, go to prove the reverse of his supposition. Let us take the following specimen :—

“ One mode of worship, says, Lord Byron, yeilds to another ; no religion has lasted more than two thousand years. Out of the eight hundred millions that the globe contains, only two hundred millions are Christian. *Query*,—What is to become of the six hundred millions that do not believe, and of those *incalculable* millions that lived *before* Christ ? People at home, are mad about Missionary Societies, and Missions to the East. The Catholic priests have been labouring hard for nearly a century ; but what have they done ? Out of eighty millions of Hindoos, how many proselytes have been made ? Sir John Malcolm, said at Murray's before several persons, that the Padres, as he called them had only made six converts at Bombay during his time, and that even this black little flock forsook the ir shepherds when the rum was out.—The best Christians can never be satisfied of their own salvation ; Johnson died a coward and Cowper was near shooting himself ; Hume went off the stage like a brave man, and Voltaire's last moments do not seem to have been clouded by any fears of what was to come. *A man may study any thing till he believes it.* Creech died a Lucretian, and Burckhardt and Browne were Mohammedans. You are a Protestant—you protest against all religions. I am called a Manichæan : I may rather be called an any-chæan, or any-thing-arain. How do you like my sect ? ”

No believer in Christianity, we should think, would talk in this way, but Lord Byron both in writing and conversation has often expressed himself much more freely and decidedly upon this serious point. It is related that even when he was quite a child he was a great reader in the Bible, but “ very inquisitive and *puzzling*” on religious matters. But though he was of no sect, and did not believe in any particular religious system, he was cer-

tainly not an atheist, and his deism appears to have been sincere and ardent. The following extract from a poem which he wrote upon this subject in his nineteenth year may be considered to contain his religious creed, and shows, as his biographer observes, how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind :—

“ THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

“ Father of Light ! great God of Heaven !
 Hear'st thou the accents of despair ?
 Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven ?
 Can vice atone for crimes by prayer ?
 Father of Light, on thee I call !
 Thou see'st my soul is dark within ;
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
 Avert from me the death of sin.
No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,
Oh point to me the path of truth !
Thy dread omnipotence I own,
 Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.
 Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
 Let superstition hail the pile,
 Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
 With tales of mystic rites beguile,
 Shall man confine his Maker's sway
 To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
 Thy temple is the face of day :
 Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form ;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm ?
Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire ?
 Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
 Prepare a fancied bliss or woe ?
 Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,
 Their great Creator's purpose know ?
 Shall those, who live for self alone,
 Whose years float on in daily crime—
 Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
 And live beyond the bounds of Time ?

Father ! no prophet's laws I seek,—
 Thy laws in Nature's works appear ;—
 I own myself corrupt and weak,
 Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear !"

But to turn from this subject, which may be painful to many of our readers, let us add a word or two more on his personal character, which upon the whole was vastly superior to that of many who by merely negative qualities, have gained more general esteem. Of his domestic life, perhaps the less said, the better, though if he was not a model of a husband or a son he was certainly an affectionate father. In his correspondence there are perhaps fewer touches of tenderness than are to be found in any series of familiar letters in the English Language. Here and there we find expressions of ardent and sincere friendship, but there is very little delicate and refined feeling. He was warm, sincere and generous, but in the work before us, there are no very striking evidences of any acute sensibility, except of a certain morbid kind in matters connected with his own poetical fame, and personal pride. He had however no mean passions and was always open, manly and noble in his conduct, both to friends and foes. He seems to have been utterly free from the paltry jealousies, and petty fears, that but too often disgrace and lower the literary character. He was not one of those who can bear no rival near the throne, and would have sacrificed his fame and every thing he possessed before he would have condescended to the contemptible manœuvres of Addison, in his covert attacks on Pope. His published opinions on the relative merits of his poetical contemporaries though they run counter to the world were no doubt sincere. But notwithstanding his high authority we hesitate not, to affirm that they are strangely inaccurate. He has called Sir Walter Scott, the Monarch of English Bards. Next to him he has placed Rogers ! Next to Rogers, come Moore, and Campbell, and then Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge bring up the rear !! Now by many able critics it has been doubted whether Scott has any just claim even to the title of a poet, and the late public neglect of his metrical romances sufficiently show the general feeling on this score. The assertion that Rogers is a greater poet than Coleridge or Wordsworth, or Moore is too ludicrous for serious refutation. In a letter to Scott, Lord Byron tells him that the Prince Regent had connected together the names of HOMER AND SCOTT, *as the two greatest poets of ancient and modern times*, and his Lordship seems to imply by his communication of this silly and outrageous praise that Scott must be vain enough to see no incongruity in such a connection.

We are in this instance compelled to doubt either the sincerity or judgement of the noble bard, and as we would rather convict him of want of taste than want of candour, we may observe that the extravagance of many of his published opinions on matters of poetical criticism, and the general independence of his character are sufficient to warrant the conclusion, that he was a better friend than critic.

The fact is, that Byron was the creature of impulse and of prejudice, and he too often rated Literary men according to his personal affections, and not their real merits.

We must not conclude our notice of this book without expressing our opinion of the extreme elegance and *simplicity* of the style in which it is written. Mr. Moore seems to have become weary of the constant objections of the critics to his usual inflated and meretricious phraseology, and has determined to show the world that he can write in a manner at once natural and refined when it so pleases him.

It appears from the quotation we have already given on the subject of the *Byron Memoirs*, that the public have not sustained so heavy a loss as was generally imagined, and we may venture to assert that the portion of destroyed manuscript that was most worthy of preservation, has not been altogether useless to Mr. Moore. Interesting and characteristic details would not have passed through his memory like water through a sieve, and there are doubtless many traces of the best parts of the *Memoranda* in the book before us. Mr. Moore has favored us with but little criticism on Lord Byron's Poems, though it would have been peculiarly acceptable from *his* pen. We find, what we were not before aware of, that he is an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and probably some of its most brilliant articles, upon poetical works, may be attributed to the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

In the sketches of Lord Byron, and other eminent personages, that occur in the work before us, Mr. Moore is less graphic and picturesque than Leigh Hunt, but his style is more equal and on the whole in better and purer taste than that of any of his rivals. After his florid biography of Sheridan, this change of manner, will be no less surprizing than agreeable to his readers.

THE PROPHECY ACCOMPLISHED.

I.

“Whate’er we wish, we easily believe ;”
 So says the Saw :
 And many a modern instance I could draw
 By which you would perceive
 That though the Proverb is not very new,
 ’Tis true :
 But more than one example
 Produced precisely as a kind of sample,
 Is quite enough, I think,
 And so with more I needn’t waste my ink.

II.

A wealthy young Civilian in Calcutta
 Resolv’d to put a
 Full stop to all his riotings and ramblings,
 Racings and amblings,
 Had fix’d his heart on fair Miss E. and marriage ;
 While as much bent upon the match,
 (Which both her parents said with reason,
 Was quite “a catch,”
 Considering the dullness of the season)
 The Lady had fix’d *her’s* upon a carriage.

III.

The gentleman was uglier far than sin ;
 But he was not
 According to Sir Walter Scott,
 Without some means the ladies’ hearts to win ;
 For he was clever, shrewd,
 Had talents, sense, and spirit :
 And well his ugliness he knew
 Too ;
 But yet he fondly hoped his children would
 His wit inherit
 With all their mother’s loveliness combined,
 So as to be
 . In person and in mind
 A very pretty, witty, family,
 And by the way,
 I must not here omit to say,
 That the young bride was very pretty ;
 But much I grieve that I
 (Unless I told a very wicked lie)
 Can’t call her witty.

IV.

Indeed she was the contrary of that,
 For she was very very stupid,
 That's flat:
 She thought no creature could be half so shocking
 As a Blue Stocking,
 That nobody had any need
 To read,
 Or work, or think, or paint, or play, or sing,
 Or any thing—
 But often fools are patronized by Cupid.

V.

You'll say 'tis strange that a Civilian
 (One of a million,)
 Like him whom I've described should be in love
 With such a girl: by all the stars above
 And eyes that rival them below,
 I know,
 At least I think—I'd never wed a fool:
 But thinking when one's cool
 And out of danger, from a sly shot
 Of eye-shot,
 Is different: I'm talking silly stuff,
 The bridegroom loved the biide; and that's enough.

VI.

He sent her every thing that could be pleasant
 By way of present,
 Jewels, and bracelets, rings,
 And Hamilton's whole shop of pretty things,
 Of all Civilians the most civil;
 Blest days that glide before the honey moon
 Why do ye pass so soon,
 For oh we find
 The bills to pay you leave behind
 The Devil!

VII.

The day before the marriage
 The bridegroom had a very pleasant dream,
 For it did seem
 That there drew near his carriage
 Where sat his lovely blooming Eastern bride
 In triumph by his side,
 A very venerable man,
 Who thus began:
 "Lady, you really are extremely pretty,
 "And Sir, you are witty:
 "And I will promise you, upon my oath,
 "Your children shall resemble both."

VIII.

The promise was fulfilled, in truth,
 For from their earliest youth,
 The children were as hideous as Papa,
 And foolish as Mamma !

LIFE OF DR. FAUSTUS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

How Dr. Faustus made a Collection of all sorts of Magical Publications and studied them with great diligence.

Dr. Faustus as we have mentioned separated himself from Society in such a manner as not to be observed, and applied himself to the single consideration of how he might attain the object of his desires ; for which purpose, he, assisted by companions like himself, collected together all kinds of books of Devilry, magical characters and aporrate conjurations, took accurate copies of the whole, and made himself master of their contents. A large collection of such matters was found after his death, not only of what Jews and Pagans have written about sorcery, but also of incantations which were as effectual in driving away diseases then, as they now are in Poppedom, as is proved by the subject matter of the books themselves ; as works of Astrology, of the Influence of the Stars, and how future events could be discovered from them ; and also of Chiromancy and Phrenology, how to tell coming good or bad fortune by the lines of the hand and bumps of the skull, how to cure diseases, systematize education and hasten the march of intellect ; Casting of lots in which by outlandish characters wonderful and adventurous things are brought to pass ; Incantation by which is understood the art of raising the devil and bringing him under command, in which branch of science Dr. Faustus was chiefly conversant as will appear hereafter. Divination that is when one by the help of the devil is able to read systems of Ethics and Political Economy and to prophecy from them the state and prospects of society. Pythonism or necromancy in which is contained the whole science on which he had so long set his heart, that is to raise the dead, and to get the most delicious meats and drinks at all times and seasons as mangoes in December and ices in June, and also to conjure the Devil in chrystal, glass, mirrors, stones, wood, and waters et cetera and whatever more may be got out of these books as Hydromancy, Geomancy, Pyromancy, Aeromancy which as mentioned above were all found after his dreadful end.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

How Dr. Faustus searched his destiny to know if he was to obtain his wish or not.

Master Thomas Wolbal, of Torgau, writes, that he formerly read in a memorial which Dr. Faustus left after his death, written in his own hand that before he had attained such a pitch of knowledge, being fully aware that one man is luckier than other, gets a silver spoon in his mouth, when another finds only a wooden ladle and see Goblins and Ghosts where no other one can, he determined to enquire into his destiny and to ascertain whether that was favourable to his desires or the contrary.

As he was busily employed on this matter, and enquiring in his books about spirits ascending and descending, and other personages of the same kind, and comparing his natal hour with the sternal influences, he discovered that he was endued not only with a highly talented genius, but that the spirits had a particular inclination and liking to him. And what farther strengthened him in this opinion was, that very often he observed a marvellous shadow pass backwards and forwards on the wall of his study, and also when he looked out of his bed at night he used to see a number of lights flying up and down so as to come up near to the bedstead and heard a rustling among them as if persons were talking softly to one another. This greatly encouraged him, as he considered these to be spirits though he had not yet courage enough to speak to them.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

How Dr. Faustus by means of a famous Chrystallomantist gained authority over the Chrystal Spirit, by whose means he made a large fortune before he finally determined to enter into alliance with Satan.

It is also stated in the above-mentioned memoirs of Dr. Faustus that about this time he gained authority over the Chrystal spirit * by means of a person called Christopher Hayllinger, a famous exorcist and chrystallomantist, who by a just judgment was assassinated in the streets one summer afternoon. By this means Faustus was enabled to carry into execution many wonderful projects to assist in accomplishing his grand design, one of

* The reader must remember that about this time was the date of the invention of Glass, and its wonderful properties, now familiar, must to the vulgar of that age have appeared miraculous; accordingly all the conjurers of that age are furnished with magical glasses, mirrors, &c. in which spirits were supposed to reside by whose aid the conjurer was enabled to perform many feats, probably of the same nature as we now do by magic lanterns. This appears to be the true interpretation of Faustus' Chrystal Spirit,

the most remarkable of which was the accumulation of a large fortune in times of economy and over production. But as he day and night meditated how to obtain a greater proficiency in these sciences, and as he found that nothing less than the very strongest conjurations would answer his purpose, he determined at last to make use of them. And though at the out-set he was somewhat disturbed by the apprehension that he might not succeed, yet he comforted himself by the counter reflexion that even in this event, the study of the Black-Art was by no means within the reach of every one's capacity, and that it carried a respectable appearance in the world, as many persons had thereby rendered themselves very famous, had pushed themselves forward and been held in great repute both by high and low, so that the said Black-Art has been practised at all times since the very beginning of the world, and Emperors and Kings, yea, even the holy Popes themselves have made use of it, as is sufficiently authenticated by history.

¶

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Beneath the dark and mournful shade
 Of thine own fav'rite Cypress-tree
 In death my mother thou art laid
 In solitude and secrecy,—
 No gaudy tomb in mock'ry glares
 Above the spot, consigned to woe,
 A marble slab alone declares
 Her name, her age, who sleeps below,
 And its pure chasteness was the best
 To represent her spotless breast.

Within the vault they've left a space
 Where thou my mother shouldst have been,
 For in that chill and dismal place
 The coffins of thy race are seen,
 And it appears devoid and bare
 As tho' it gaped for others there,
 And on the wall in order shine
 The old escutcheons of thy line,
 Yet no memorial tablet hangs
 To tell thy life—thy latest pangs.
 In Heaven thy hopes are registered
 Where all thy breathings were preferred,

And those metlinks whose happy days
 Were spent in holy prayer and praise
 Shou'd ever calm and sacred lie
 In unadorned simplicity.

Few know the spot where thou dost rest
 And fewer even care to know,
 But, there are others who have prest
 And moistened it with tears of woe.
 The bursting heart—the placid grief,
 Of childish years and sacred age,
 And *one* who never knows relief
 Whose sorrows time cannot assuage,
 Have stood in speechless holy dread
 Above thy low and lonely bed
 Have bent in muteless sad despair
 O'er what was once so bright and fair—
 And when the solemn bell invites
 All men to join in holy rites
 And breezes waft the joyful sound
 To every Christian's cot around ;
 Tho' rustic peasants pass along
 Unconscious upon whom they tread ;
 A few in that religious throng
 Are gazing on your silent bed,
 Are breathing hopes of Heaven for thee
 In fervent fond sincerity.

I thank my God I did not trace
 The cold and clammy hands of death,
 As they were stealing o'er that face
 And chilling life's departing breath.
 I could not bear to see that eye
 That ever beamed on me with kindness
 Become transfixed on vacancy
 In glazed yet gazing blindness.
 And those sweet lips I used to kiss
 And hang on with a childish bliss,
 I could not bear to see them start
 In livid coldness all apart.
 I thank my God I did not see
 These last scenes of mortality.

The helmet decked my boyish brows
 For I was born a soldier's son,
 And chivalry had won my vows
 Ere yet my infant days were done,
 And I was in a foreign land
 And numbered with a martial band,

And never knew that death had prest
His signet on my mother's breast.
A letter came, with sable sealed
My misery was there revealed.
It told me all—my Sire's distress
And that I *now* was motherless.

And days have passed since then—and I
Have learnt to wear a tearless eye,
Have taught my heart the worldly skill
Of curbing every thought at will.
For manhood brings those griefs and woes
That happy boyhood never knows.
Again I braved the Ocean's foam
And left that distant sunny shore,
Again I sought my native home
But somewhat sadder than before—
I roved about from place to place
And tried my boyish haunts to trace,
But all was altered, scarce a tree
Or shrub was where it used to be
For strangers had possessed the spot
And changed it—that I knew it not.
I saw my father, and the cloud
That wrapt him when he meekly bowed
Yet yielded to a calmer shade—
Yet spoke of joys and hopes betrayed,
His brows had ta'en a darker hue,
His eyes had lost the fire they knew,
And blighted bliss and pleasures gone
Spoke in his voice's mournful tone,
Yet pure Religion's holy dress,
Had clothed him with submissiveness.
My brother too I met—but he
Was just in boyhood's gaiety
When sorrows o'er the bosom fly
As clouds across a Summer's sky,
A moment darkling on the scene
Then fading as they ne'er had been.
I loved the boy—for he was now
My Mother's living semblance grown,
He had her intellectual brow,
His hazel-eyes too were her own,
And e'en the bloom that youth bespeaks
Was that which glowed upon her cheeks,
I strained him to my bursting heart
And prayed that we might never part,
I clasped his hand, he led the way
And showed me where our Mother lay.

We stood beside our Mother's grave,
 We knelt beside her burial stone,
 And truly at that moment gave
 Our inmost thoughts to God alone.
 With hearts in guileless pureness drest
 We prayed her soul might rest above,
 And wander there a spirit blest
 Thro' faith in Christ's redeeming love.
 That she might wake the sacred hymn
 With Cherubim and Seraphim,
 With Hallelujahs strike the lyre
 As one amid that Angel-choir.
 We asked our Saviour to impart
 Sweet comfort to our Father's heart,
 And teach our filial love to be
 His solace in adversity.
 And oh if at that pious hour
 We prayed—our Mother's blessing might
 Descend like Herman's dewy shower
 To cheer and guide our hearts aright ;
 Our God will not account it sin
 When contrite feelings were within.
 A tear stood in my brother's eye
 And even mine too was not dry,
 Yet we shall soon regain the glow
 Of feelings in their joyous flow,
 And move as others move along
 And join the gay and festive throng.
 For time will calm the greatest grief
 And passing years will bring relief,
 And they may soothe but ne'er remove
 Remembrance of our Mother's love.
 But there is one* who never more
 Can know the bliss he knew before,
 Who, throughout life can ne'er regain
 The freshness of his heart again,
 With blighted sense of pleasures flown
 In whose existence was his own,
 'Midst blissful scenes and worldly stir
 A hapless lonely wanderer,
 For all the joys that life e'er gave
 Were buried in my Mother's Grave.

FILIUS.

* My Father.

AN ESSAY ON NAMES.

What's in a name? asks Juliet with all the simplicity of innocent fourteen—that age of bread and butter. Had she survived to pass from her teens to her twenties—from being simply fair to being intensely blue, she would have ceased to ask the question. She would by that time have turned in all likelihood a Novel Reader, and would have felt how sweetly the liquid letters of the lover's names in Boccaccio fall upon the ear, and how harshly he tries to combine them when he wishes to represent the heroes as fierce violators, or faithless cavaliers.

A hundred instances will occur to every body of this kind of art in our own Novels; and even the mighty Magician of Abbotsford himself shews his conviction, that both mankind and womankind are “ravished with the whistling of a name.” His heroes and heroines are all christened with a scrupulous regard to euphony:—his castles and crusaders—barons and belles—tyrants and titled dames—are all names and titles which, though now familiar in our mouths, as household words, discourse eloquent music. But if the Ariosto of the North has not disdained this resource, how necessary it must have been to the scribblers of *Ethelwindas* and *Belindas*! How many fair cheeks have poured down tears, and how many bright eyes have been dimmed with the loves and woes of *Lord Alfred*, *Sir Frederick*, *Charles*, or *Henry*, who would have scorned to let a drop commemorate or console the miseries of *Malachi*, the melancholy of *Matthew*, the troubles of *Thomas*, the jeopardy of *Jonathan*, or the sighs of *Samuel*! What lady, on cleopatra couch or sofa reclined, could or would deplore *Dorcas* or *Dorothy*, *Betty* or *Barbara*? While the sacred source of sympathetic tears would readily flow for *Isabel*, *Clementina*, or *Madelina*—or, in lowlier story, for *Lucy* and *Mary*! The names of *De Courcy*, *Bruce*, *Douglas*, *Fitzroy*,—are all sacred to history: and even those young ladies “who don't like to read history, because it makes their heads ache, and is so stupid,” confess the charms of *Herbert's* name, and the euphonic sounds of *Sydney* and *Vivian*. But place in their stead the names of *Hogsflesh*, *Tims*, *Sims*, *Thompson*, *Johnson*, or *Smith*—of *Tibbs*, *Fips*, *Sonter*, *Barber*, *Baggs*, or *Dickon*—and all the charm is vanished—the spell is past—the lady will *spell* no longer! It is the same, in a certain degree, with all the arts. The harmonious names of *Michael Angelo*, *Raphæl*, *Julio Romano*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Domenichino*—and a hundred others—one likes to repeat them for the mere music of the sounds. In music too, those composers who have had the most mellifluous names have

been generally the most favourite musicians. *Pasiello's* name is pleasurable from its liquid sweetness, independent of the deliciousness of his airs. While the name of *Cimarosa* is in itself a piece of music. *Fioravanti's* is a beautiful name, and *Mercadante's*: *Cherubini's* is ravishing; and *Clementi's* delicate. *Farinelli* and *Zingarelli* are charming diminutives; and *Rossini*, though a diminutive, also has a greatness, as being at the head of a school, wonderful for the invention of a new style, after it seemed that *all* styles had been tried. Even the harsh German language seems to have bowed in harmony to genius: *Handel*, *Haydn*, and *Mozart*, the illustrious and wondrous three of music, have all names expressive of grace and sweetness. Even *Beethoven's* sounds like the crash of a grand piano struck by a master-hand: and *Mayseder* and *Meyerbeer* may be allowed to be liquid names—for German ones. *Ries*, if we cannot allow any thing in favour of the Welsh or truly British sound of it, is softened by its combination with the romantic name of *Ferdinand*: *Moschelles* has a title as flowing and free as his touch of the piano: and *Romberg* and *Von Weber* have names that to our ears are expressive of a certain intensity of genius. As for those whom we have heard in our youth—such as with a very innocent variation in orthography, we may call *Crammer*—*Marrer*—*Plague-all*—*Stay-belt*, and *Wry-neck-sky*—*we give up *their* names without remorse to the rugged genius of their language: and even the more Italianized of our early ex-favourites, *Coachy*, *Blanemangini*, *Liver-hearty*, *Patchini*, &c. we now discard.† Our English composers have not very good names—either at home or abroad: *Attwood* at Broadwood is very good, but he is not so good when he comes to paper. For *Bishop*, as his name deserves, we have a right reverence: But he has written himself out. *Griffin* and *Horsely* are sad names for the Court of Apollo: and so are *Haigs* and *Hawes*! *Knapton* and *Knyveth* are bad: *Onslow* and *Potter* are tedious and trivial. *Webbe* is nearly spun out, and *Welsh*, though British is not eventually national. *Wesley*, as his name could imply, is sacred to hymns; and the *Horns*, we believe have long ceased to play!

Then look at the names of our Nobility! One would think, as the peers, have among other privileges, that of choosing their own names, that they would select something harmonious and graceful, or at least bearing historical recollections—and certainly nothing grating to the senses. Look at the last batch of peers! One who bore the courtly name of *A'Court* chooses to change it to *Heytesbury*—and *Bootle Wilbraham*—to be

* Commonly spelt *Cramer*, *Mawrer*, *Pleegal*, *Steibelt*, *Wranickizky*.

† Ditto Ditto *Coccia*, *Blangini*, *Liverati*, *Pacini*.

sure he could not change it for the worse,—is now Lord *Skelmersdale* ——— ineffable word! Even Mr. Lambton wanted to be Lord *D'Arcy*, (a title more fitted for the second hope of the illustrious house of *Buckingham*) but has been prevailed on to exchange it for the more appropriate title of Lord *Durham*—that coal-country where he reigns supreme,—where he is a second, but by no means an *old King Coal*! The only one who has chosen well is Lord Lyndhurst. We confess we like historic titles—we like those that have been and those that are to be. We like *Albemarle, Anglesey, Arundel, Beaufort, Bedford*, (including all the Russells male and female) *Berkeley, Bolingbroke, Brandon, Buckingham, Charlemont, Chatham, Chesterfield, Churchill* (THE *Marlborough*—we even love a little old termagant *Sarah* his wife) *Clarence, Clarendon, Clifford, Derby, Devonshire, Douglas, Gordon, Graham, Grey*, (a name made for a Patrician) *Gordon, Howard*, all the blood of all of them) *Montagu, Northumberland*, (the *Percy*) *Somerset, Rutland, Talbot*, and a hundred others. Some names we love for their mere sounds sake, or for their associations with old time: *Beaufort, Courtenay*, (whom Gibbon traces to Pharamond of France) *Dacre*, (from the Chivalric Associations attached to it both in ancient and modern story)—*Fortescue, Glenlyon, Gwydyr, Harcourt, Harewood, Dynevor, Melrose, Melbourne, Monteagle, Montfort, Ponsonby, Rosebery, Rosslyn, Sydney, Torrington, Walsingham. Waldegrave, &c. &c.* Some titles we love for their connection with literature, independent of their harmony of sound; such as *Belmore, Braybrooke, Blessington, Byron, Carlisle, Dorset, Egremont, Elgin, Holland, Nugent, Porchester, Onslow, Mount Edgecumbe, Orford, Oxford* (Pope's and Swift's *Harley*) *Spencer, Shaftesbury, Peterborough, &c. &c.* But what can be said in favour of such horrid sounds as *Ranfurly, Wigan, Wodehouse, Tenterden, Tadcaster, Ribblesdale, Rolle, Sidmouth, Sondes, Stowell, Stradbroke, Grinstead, Meldrum, Craven, Crewe*, and a thousand other names of peers and peers' sons, whom we omit to name for fear of consequences to some fair reader. We might go on to extend this subject much farther; but we will not: we shall only fill up the page by observing that all our popular writers have had very euphonious names; and that in the present day it is only necessary to mention as proofs, *Joanna Baillie, Bowles, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Byron, Croly, Leveson Gower, Felicia Hemans, Letitia Landon, Herbert, Lockhart, Montgomery, Moore, Rose, Scott, Southey*, not to mention, Mr. Editor,

Your and the Ladies' very humble servant,

CHARLES LENNOX.

STANZAS.

Great Nature, once thine awful face
 Absorb'd my soul in thee,
 And cannot still thy pow'r efface
 These harrowing thoughts that burn in me ?
 Oh lead me to the rising dawn
 Where first the spirit of the morn
 Bursts in his glory on the world
 And dripping with the dews of night
 The banners of advancing light
 Are dazzlingly unfurl'd,

While melts the day upon the sky
 In mists of fluid gold,
 And the sun's chariot on high
 In floods of living light is roll'd,
 Where the corn with gold is bristling
 And the sky-lark sweetly whistling
 Spreads his pinions fring'd with light,
 And ev'ry rock and stream and view,
 As struggling to life anew,
 Shake off the shades of night.

Alas ! Alas ! a Phantom still
 Sinks brooding on my mind,
 An atmosphere so dark and chill
 Seems hov'ring o'er me on the wind.
 And not Hyperion's fiery shafts
 Can pierce the poison'd air that wafts
 This melancholy gloom around,
 The gay wing'd pleasures, flutt'ring by,
 With ruffled plumes, and drooping eye
 Fall gasping to the ground.

Hence, lead me hence then, Twilight sweet
 We'll watch the parting beams,
 Where the wave ripples at our feet
 And sadly shrill the lapwing screams,
 The sleeping echo shall awake
 To listen how the glassy lake

Just dimpled by the creaking oar
 In cadence splashes, and the knell
 Faint tinkling from the temple bell,
 Dies on the distant shore.

But heav'n's ! what sigh upon the breeze
 Comes stealing to my ear ?
 And cannot feelings such as these
 Prevent that phantom's hov'ring here ?
 —Nor might (whose leaden sceptre frees
 The world from care, and can appease
 All save yon restless torrent's rush,
 That in the sacred stillness joys,
 As swells and fades it's sullen noise)
 That whisper'd sigh-can hush.

Lo ! where the gath'ring tempest low'rs
 Upon the awestruck air,
 The dismal dun horizon cow'rs
 Beneath the Sulphur's livid glare.
 The cattle flocking eye the gloom
 As if foreboding some sad doom,
 While nature pauses in suspense
 The storm seems mutt'ring to the hills
 And o'er the trembling world instils
 It's leaden influence.

E'en here resounds the cooing dove
 Upon the echoing air,
 While I can never rise above
 The spellbound horrors of despair.
 —The sacred tone of melancholy
 Once seem'd to breathe so calm and holy
 As pacing thro' the cloister'd gloom
 Of some old gothic Abbey's length
 I felt religion's kindling strength
 Her awful reign assume.

And could not now the stillness there,—
 The echo's hollow ring,
 That starts at its own step—the pray'r
 That sighs from spirits on the wing,
 The light that on the crumbled walls
 From ruin'd windows checquer'd falls,
 How silv'ry bright, and paler now
 As passing o'er the moon a cloud
 Flings for a while her sable shroud
 O'er midnight's sadden'd brow.

Ah cannot hour and scenes like these
 Still move, as once they could,
 And the devoted feelings seize
 In soul felt rapture to their God?
 My bible's awful truth I know
 And feel as I was wont to do,
 But all in vain I strive to rest
 My thoughts on death and heav'n above
 While Lalla's shade and Lalla's love
 Still rankle in my breast.

And yet I long, tho' backward driven,
 A refuge there to find,
 And almost doubt if love were given
 To bless or to condemn mankind,
 The present hour, short sighted man
 Confines your prospect, still you can
 In such a time-bound judgment trust—
 Enough—to heaven's will I bow,
 For "*secret sins*" I suffer now,
 And know Heav'n's ways are just.

I. B. D.

 SONNET.

The moon hath risen of the fourteenth night
 By cloud unspotted, purely, mildly bright—
 And through the tall trees overshadowing
 Albeit thickly woven, gleams her light
 Yet faintly—such was wont to love each sprite
 Life's early legends tell of—nurses sing—
 Now, a broad streak is through the branches cast
 Of the huge Peepul, as they wave—now shade
 Impervious darkens where the light has past—
 And comes no more—for the sea breeze doth fade
 To mind like mine—half pensive, such may seem
 Emblem of what of youth awaits the dream,
 What *hath* awaited mine, the transient light,
 Fond hope's fruition—the long shade its blight—

May 1830.

R. L. H.

MY FIRST PRIZE,

BY A ROYAL MIDDY.

In my young days, when George the IV. was Regent, it was my lot to be a Middy in a dashing Frigate, mounting fifty guns, commanded by as snart a seaman and as great a Tartar as ever broke a biscuit. I had belouged to her a year or more, during which I had seen enough of my Captain to wish him heartily at the devil, when, after returning from a most monotonous cruize, or rather voyage, to St. Helena, we were ordered to Lisbon, whence, it was said, we were to proceed westward with sealed orders. The passage was tedious, and diversified only by one event of any interest—a mutiny which went off as quietly and almost as quickly as a flash in the pan. We carried out an Admiral and the people rushed after him one day with cries of “New Captain,” and made an appeal to him. It was Sunday, and they were persuaded to defer their complaints till next day, when, being mustered individually, their courage failed them, that is, with the exception of a few: and so the matter ended. The Captain, however, probably received a hint that he had exceeded all defensible limits in his severity, and that his threats of repetition were at least impolitic; for when we reached Lisbon he applied a wet sponge to the punishment list, mustered the men, made a flaming speech to them about American Frigates which he was likely to encounter, and which he would lay them alongside of “yard arm and yard arm,” and was greeted with three loud cheers, which sealed the compact of oblivion of the past.

How the intelligence of the probability of an American War affected me, those only can conceive who have been placed in a similar situation, pent up in a ship, and subject to the daily abuse and tyranny of a man who, in so far as I and my messmates were concerned, was invested with a power perfectly irresponsible; unless indeed he had gone to the extent of taking away our lives: for any injury short of that it would have been idle to hope for redress. From such a state of bondage, death in action, or going away in a prize seemed to be our only chances of emancipation; save that of promotion a contingency too remote to be thought of as a consolation: and ready tho’ I was in those days, to “seek the bubble reputation e’en in the cannon’s mouth,” I had no particular desire that my troubles should be ended by a round shot: on the contrary, dreams of glory and pleasure filled my mind, and I already in my castle-building reveries fancied my-

self—not an Admiral—but something which for me had more attraction—the young Captain of a dashing Frigate like that to which I then belonged.

• Visions of glory spare my aching sight,

thought I, but I was often awakened from these pleasing day-dreams, by the Stentorian voice of the Skipper issuing some harsh order, and perhaps emphatically urging active obedience, by a smart cuff on my devoted head.

We sailed, however, from Lisbon, and the course we steered soon left it no longer doubtful that we were bound to the American coast. We had approached it, and were, I think, in soundings, when an event occurred which converted all conjectures about the nature of our sealed orders into certainty. It was blowing, one afternoon, what sailors call a staggering breeze, and we had in order

————— to give the ship relief
Reduc'd our topsails by a single reef.

When a fine, fast Frigate can just carry her single reefed topsails and courses, with top gallant sails occasionally, the enemy's craft that ventures near her without being of equal force, should "have a good pair of heels," or the underwriters are likely to look blue for the event. So it happened in this case. We were standing on right for the coast under the canvass I have described, when the look out at the mast head, sung out lustily, "on deck there, strange sail right a head." The weather was so hazy that we almost simultaneously saw the stranger off the deck, she was a brig standing right for us, but in one minute after we made her out she wore round and stood away from us, making all possible sail. "All hands make sail, Mr. Pipes" said the Captain to the Boatswain. "Aye, aye Sir" and "all—hands—make—sail" *—resounded at every hatchway, accompanied by the shrill pipe of the Boatswain and his mates. Sail was soon made and the Frigate keeping away large to follow the stranger, dashed through "the waters of the dark blue sea" with a velocity almost fearfully delightful. It was soon evident we gained on the chace "Heave the log, Sir" said the Captain to the mate of the watch: the log was hove and the obsequious Middy reported "thirteen knots clean off the reel." "If that fellow escapes us, now Mr. Lufftackle" said the Captain to the first Lieutenant "he has only one more to fear," "and that" said the second in command is—"the devil." He did not escape however, for after an interesting and beautiful chace of four hours we had him within range of the guns, when letting fly every thing, sheets, halyards, braces and all, he rounded too, hoist-

* The usual addition of "a hoy" was not permitted in our rigid discipline.

ed his bunting, displaying the stars and stripes, and immediately hauled it down again, very prudently; for sixteen guns to fifty is rather ugly odds to contend against. "A Jonathan by the Hooke" said Pipes, "aye, aye" said his Chief Mate, "my dream's out now any how, that ere manœuvre lets us all into the secret of the sealed orders, eh!" "All hands out boats" said Lufftackle. The boats were soon out and the business of bringing on board the prisoners commenced.

The first boat that returned brought the Captain of 'the privateer who had evidently been "keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down," for he was more than half seas over. "Well" said he addressing our chief "I suppose you know Mr. Madison's declared war. Every dog has his day, your turn 'll come. I *calculated* d'ye see to give you one broadside for the honor of the stars and stripes and then to haul down. But I surrender, here's my sword." "It is well" said our Captain "that you did not adhere to that calculation for if you had killed one man of mine in such a useless resistance I'd have blown your brig and you to h—ll. Here" (addressing his steward,) "take that sword, I don't receive the swords of privateersmen." It was near nine at night before we got the prisoners secured and both vessels made sail for Halifax. Unfortunately I was in the sick list, and so this was not "*my first prize*," by which I mean the first of which I had charge as prize master, 'a circumstance which occasioned me many a bitter sigh; for she was a fine brig pierced for 18 guns mounting sixteen, well found and completely victualled and stored for a four month's cruise, and recently out of Port, so that besides the honor of commanding such a craft, the exchange of salt pork and biscuit, and grog for fresh provisions wine and other good things, was not to be sneezed at by a hungry reefer* ; and hungry I was, spite of my being in the sick list. However I thought of the Yankey's remark and comforted myself with the idea that my turn must come.

To Halifax we went with our prize and there heard authentic intelligence of the war, and found two Frigates, one of which had been chased into the Port by three American Frigates, the *President* Commodore Rogers, the *Constitution* and *Congress*. We were in consequence ordered to sea the next morning with two other Frigates to go in search of the *enemy*, and the whole night was devoted to provisioning and watering the ship, and sail we did accordingly; nor shall I soon forget, the mingling of the sublime and ludicrous which next morning presented to me. I was coming off in one of the last boats, laden with fresh loaves of bread for the crew, the weather was serene and beautiful, the

* Nickname of a Midshipman.

three Frigates under weigh spreading their white canvass to a light air, were proceeding

Majestically slow before the breeze,

out of the harbour, and the band of one of them, that of the Commodore, as he took the lead of our ship, (which had less sail set to enable him to do so,) was playing the national air of "Rule Britannia:" the wharfs were crowded, and yet a stillness prevailed which associated with the idea of the object for which these ships were going out of the harbour contributed to render the whole scene, (if images of death and conquest and glory have anything to do with it) sublime; at least I thought so; and I gazed on it with deep and silent admiration as we rowed off to the ship, until looking at the pile of loaves, beside, before, behind me, I could not refrain from laughing, for amidst this mass of dough, I seemed like one of Alderman Birchs's images stuck on the centre of a twelfth cake. "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

To sea we went, but the Fates propitious or unpropitious, never brought us in sight of the enemy and my "First Prize" was not a Yankey Frigate, nor was I "put out" as the privateersmen say, this cruise at all, although we did take some prizes; but the next cruise my turn came: for "every dog has his day."

Off the high lands of Neversink at the entrance of New York harbour, after cruizing some time bootlessly, we saw and chased one day a vessel which we soon made out to be a deep laden Merchant Schooner, and an ugly lump of a thing she was. In the afternoon so light an air prevailed, that our first Lieutenant was sent away in one of the boats, to board the stranger then distant full six miles. It was sun-down of a lovely summer's day and a deep calm ere the boat returned: the Middy, who had left our first Lieutenant on board of her, describing the vessel to a deep laden Schooner from Bristol which had sailed previous to our declaration of war but long subsequent to Mr. Madison's on which we were acting in making reprisals for our captured vessels wherever we could. A faint hope came o'er me that this might be "My First Prize," but it had nearly died away as I gazed listlessly over the sea, at the distant highlands of Neversink standing forth in dim and shadowy relief from the clear blue sky beyond them, when it was again awakened by a message of a quarter master delivered with that tone which indicates haste, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say 'I know the message will please you.' It did, for I anticipated that my hope was about to be realized, and I was right. I received an order to prepare to take charge of the prize. A Middy's preparations are soon made: four clean shirts then "all my store" my best uniform coat, some clean duck trowsers, a pair of shoes, a hunk of brown soap,

pewter wash hand bason and bowl, all stuffed into a canvass bag, completed the essentials for the adornment of my outward man, a brace of ship's pistols, and a cutlass, my dirk, with a box of cartridges sufficed for the armament of myself and intended crew consisting of *four* men. These, with my navigating apparatus, a rusty old quadrant, a Hamilton Moore, a spy glass and a chart, the ship's allowance of beef and pork, biscuit and grog, were all handed into the boat and away I went elated with pride, hope and joy—to assume my first command. The American Captain and his cook who were to go in with me to condemn the prize, were sent back to the vessel in this boat. There was a sinister expression in the countenance of the first which liked me not, and when he glanced at my slender frame and youthful appearance, methought there was “a laughing devil in his eye,” that boded mischief. We gained the vessel after a pull of about an hour, there was no wind, and ordering my people to hand the things out of the boat, and to allow two passengers who were to go on board the Frigate to put their traps into her, I entered into conversation with the first Lieutenant, who was in charge of the prize, a deep wasted Schooner, with a raised quarter deck, very deeply laden with white lead, glass bottles, and I know not what beside. The boat being cleared, the passengers ready, I shook hands with the Lieutenant and he took his departure.

On going below shortly afterwards into the vessel's gloomy cabin lighted by the hanging lamp, which merely served to make darkness visible, I found that one of the people had stupidly handed my bag of clothes into the boat again, thinking it was part of the baggage of the passengers who had gone away, and thus was I left without even a change of habiliments. It was still calm and

*Hour after hour, hour after hour
We stuck, nor breath nor motion
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted Ocean.*

and I hoped it might continue till morning that I might once more communicate with the Frigate and recover my clothes. It did continue calm all night and at dawn it was announced to me that a boat was coming. Come, said I, even the devil's not so black as he's painted, old hard-a-weather has for once reflected that a Middy is of flesh and blood like himself; the blunder about my traps has been discovered and he has lowered a boat on purpose to send them. I was soon undeceived: the boat came with a message brought by the Master to me, that it was the Captain's wish I should steer a more southerly course than I had contemplated, in order to avoid the American Privateers. I mentioned the acci-

dent about my clothes and requested they might be sent back. It continued calm for four or five hours more, but the boat had been hoisted up and it was clear that my request would not be complied with, I afterwards heard it was answered only by this kind and considerate sentence. "Let him go without them and be d—d to him," and so I did, for about noon a breeze sprung up and the Frigate steered away from me, while I, spite of my loss, with a light heart, shaped my course for Halifax, the summer rendezvous of H. M.'s ships on the American station, and my little deep laden, ill-found bark was soon

Alone, alone—all, all alone
Alone on a wide, wide sea ;

though I was not in the desolate situation of the Ancient Mariner having in the vessel at least *one* shipmate with whose presence and society I could fain have dispensed. I mean my friend the ill favored yankey skipper. Of my four men, however, I could rely on the fidelity of three, the other was a black but I had no reason to suspect him, except that he might be an American. Even if he did join the other, however, they and the American cook, totally unarmed, would be no match for my three people and myself, having two pistols, a cutlass and my dirk, that is unless they caught us napping. Precaution was necessary however. The black did not steer, the other three men took their *trick* at the helm in succession, and at night I gave to the steersman, the cutlass and one pistol, which he gave to his relief, reserving the other pistol, and dirk for myself.

I had retired to my sleeping berth one night about the usual hour and having bustled about much during the day, was soon dreaming away of Halifax and its pretty girls, when I was disturbed by something moving in the cabin and saw the Skipper as I thought cautiously creeping towards my berth : the cabin lamp had either gone out or been put out, and the fact was suspicious. Without pretending to have noticed the Captain, I hailed the deck, and the man at the helm answered and giving a kick to the one who was to relieve him and who slept near him, sent him down as I requested with a light. As soon as he heard my voice the Skipper started and in his hurry to get back to his berth capsized a chair that stood in his way. He immediately spoke. "That *tarnation* light's gone out" said he, "I *guessed* you'd like to have a light in the cabin, and I was going to call Sambo to relight it, but confound that chair it's peeled the bark off my shin." "Yes said I carelessly." "I *do* like a light: its often *very* useful, it may save one a *broken head* as well as a broken shin sometimes."

There was not much in common between my yankey friend and me, and our conversations were generally brief. It may be supposed that on the present occasion I was not much inclined to prolong our discourse. Spite of the awkward occurrence detailed, in half an hour I was again sound asleep, but my dreams were not again all of pleasure. As in "life's fitful fever" which according to one theory is but ideal, my visions were chequered with those vicissitudes which in sleep shoot "quick as lightning through the brain," but on this occasion the gloomy and the horrific preponderated. I dreamt of falling from precipices of being pursued by powerful enemies, then again I was shut up in a gloomy cell and a wretch with the scowl of a demon approached me with an uplifted dagger. I retreated to the very wall—but escape seemed hopeless and cry out I could not. It seemed that certain of his victim, he made slow and measured paces towards me—but at length, when the very life blood was frozen in my veins, I was recalled to something like sensation by his rude grasp and his uplifted weapon of murder gleamed with horrible brightness on my eyes—I closed them in utter despair while my quivering flesh anticipated the death stroke that invaded me; but ere the blow descended, I heard a rushing noise, then a loud report, and, opening my eyes, beheld my jailer or intended executioner rolling at my feet. The agonizing feelings produced by these terrific visions awoke me. The cabin light was again out, but a ray of the moon which penetrated down the hatchway, actually glanced upon the blade of my dirk which waved in the Captain's hand over my breast. To cock the pistol which I kept ready at my side, to fire it right at his head, were the work of an instant! The ball missed him, but the dagger fell from his hand, and my two unoccupied men rushed down and secured him. His associates, the cook and the black man, had made a simultaneous attack on the man at the helm—and it was the helmsman's pistol that had awakened me. It had taken effect on the cook, and finally settled his worldly accounts. The black man fled to the waste, where he was secured, and thus I was still master of "My First Prize."

I was not destined, however, to get her into Port. The next day, having taken my dinner of pork and peas, I was enjoying my glass of grog after working my day's work, as it is called, that is, ascertaining the ship's position at noon, when the man at the helm hailed down the hatchway "strange sail on the weather beam, Sir." "What does she look like" said I; "a large square rigged vessel" said the man. "Let her come," said I, "'tis one of our cruizers." Presently another sail was seen. "Let them come," said I, "the more the merrier." In about an hour I went on deck to take a look at the strangers, and at the first glance

perceived they were American schooners coming down before the wind with their squaresails and topsails set. To run was of no use, although I felt certain they were privateers ; so I kept on my course. Resistance was out of the question, as we had not a gun. In one hour the two vessels were up with us, one crossed our bows, the other our stern. The latter desiring me to heave too, which order was of course obeyed, the dispatches for the Admiral, with which I was charged, being at the same time hove over-board. The boat came aboard, and the privateer's men eagerly rushed below to search for plunder ! my hammock was opened, but it contained nothing but my bed clothes. My people were ordered into the boat, and I was directed to follow, but declined, as the boat was already loaded. The officer civilly said I could wait till the next trip. She came back, and I got into her, accompanied by my late assailant, who had of course been released ; he looked gloomy and dissatisfied, for he met with a rude and contemptuous reception. There was an ugly sea on for a small boat, and she was still too crowded. We had got very near one of the schooners, when I saw a heavy wave with a *cauliflower* top coming down upon us, and anticipated from the awkwardness of the man at the helm, that we should be upset. Being no swimmer, I therefore stood by to make a spring at the schooner's shrouds : we were close alongside when the sea took her and over she went, the schooner gave a roll at the same time, and I caught a shroud and got on board—the boat was picked up and the people, except one, were saved—that one was the ill favored skipper who had risen on me. He was brought on board, but all efforts to restore him proved vain.

As for me, I was kindly received by the Captain and Officers, who told me, his and the other vessel were just out, that they cruized together, and were called “ United we stand and divided we fall.” After a short time I was sent into New York, where I spent a very pleasant time, was exchanged and returned to Halifax, something the wiser perhaps—but none the richer for “ My First Prize.”

Madras, May, 1830.

INDIA.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-tree blooms?
 The land of pagodas, and temples, and tombs?
 Know'st thou the spicy and sunshiny clime,
 Whose King was a God in the morning of time?
 Whose earth once illumin'd by hero and sage—
 The Conqueror's sword, and the lawgiver's page*—
 Is now but the birth-place—or better, the grave
 Of some despot discrown'd, or some fetter-freed slave—
 Where swords shine no longer, and sages are mute,
 And Tygers alone with the tyrants dispute.

'Tis now but the land of chintz carpets, and shawls
 Of carriages, palanquins, dinners and balls—
 Of Pishaw and Victors—of Muslins and Mosques—
 Of Mosquitoes and Mahomet—Baths and Kiosks—
 Of Punkahs and Perfumes—of Hookahs—Cheroots
 Of Gardens and Groves with their flowers and their fruits—
 Verandas and Bungalows, Pearls and Pillaws—
 Of Diamonds and Elephants—Rajahs—Bashaws—
 Of Mulligatawney, and Mango, and Pine,
 And Curry—a dish that is all but divine!

India! oh India! I wish that I knew
 If we ever—or when—in thy skies of deep blue
 Shall see in his glory uprising, the sun,
 And the white palace-walls that he glitters upon!
 Magnolia, pomegranatè, acacia and palm—
 Rising stately through air ever pregnant with balm—
 Or along the bright river-side ranging in ranks,
 Or shading the silvery, mirror-like tanks—
 —Who can tell if we ever shall see them or thee?
 But why do I ask? It is little to me—
 Resign'd to live on, though desiring to die,
 I shall greet thee with neither a smile, nor a sigh
 And at parting, if ever I leave thee—my brow—
 Shall be cold—and my heart as indifferent—as now.

W. H. F.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE."

Reply to the Third Article in the Westminster Review, (No. 23, Art. 14.) on "The Greatest Happiness Principle."

Dugald Stewart, in his preliminary dissertation, has briefly expressed his opinion "that the theory, so fashionable at present, which resolves the whole of morality into the principle of *utility*, is more nearly alien to Hobbism than some of its partisans are aware of." He probably intended to impute to the Utilitarians that they, as well as the Hobbists, deny the reality of moral distinctions, and substitute for the authority of conscience, each individuals feelings of present, and calculations of future, pleasures and pains. According to the former, every action is virtuous which produces a preponderance of pleasure, to the agent, and vicious which produces a preponderance of pain; and as every man must be the exclusive judge of his own pleasures and pains, the Utilitarian cannot expect that all men should recognize the correctness of his distribution, and be guided by his assurances that happiness will consist in an undeviating adherence to virtue; especially as he inverts the proposition; and asserts that virtue consists in a judicious pursuit of happiness. Indeed, according to both Hobbists and Utilitarians, it is clear that men may be happy or miserable, wise or foolish, but they can neither be virtuous nor vicious. Ethical good and evil, right or wrong, can have no existence under their systems.

That the practical doctrines of the Utilitarians coincide with the precepts of virtue, must be attributed to their secretly listening to a voice which they disclaim and renounce. If they were sincere in their speculative principles, they would be betrayed into absurd and revolting antinomianism. "For," says Bishop Butler, "were treachery, violence, and injustice, no otherwise vicious, than as foreseen likely to produce an overbalance of misery to society; then, if in any case a man could procure to himself as great advantage by an act of injustice, as the whole foreseen inconvenience, likely to be brought upon others by it, would amount to; such a piece of injustice would not be faulty or vicious at all: because it would be no more than, in any other case, for a man to prefer his own satisfaction to anothers in equal degree. The fact then appears to be that we are constituted so, as to condemn falsehood, unprovoked violence, injustice, and to approve of benevolence to some preferably to

others, abstracted from all consideration, which conduct is likely to produce an overbalance of happiness or misery." And now the bones of that eminent sage and patriot are to stir in their tomb at the revival of errors which he was one of the most powerful to rebuke and refute !

If it be morally right to obey the law of utility there must be antecedent notions of right and wrong, of which, therefore, utility cannot be the source nor the constituent principle. In disobeying it there may be danger or inconvenience, but there cannot be immorality. To escape from this dilemma of Dr. Cudworth's, and to avoid recognizing, in words, original principles which no sophist could ever eradicate from his own heart, the Westminster Reviewer declares roundly that if a man is not convinced of the obligatory nature of virtue from its tendency to promote his own happiness, *he is at perfect liberty to retain his own opinions*. The context is as follows. "The way in which each of these propositions must be established is by individual attention to the evidence that though now and then a man of eighty sees the funeral of a man of twenty-five, and a man of immoral conduct is (in outward appearance at least) more fortunate and happy than some one of opposite character, this does not destroy the general inference that nine times out of ten the event is of a contrary description, and that the man is a *block-head* who makes his election the wrong way. If indeed any body says he sees reason to believe that men of eighty are on the whole better lives than those of twenty-five, or that immoral men do upon the whole lead happier lives than moral ones, he is at perfect liberty to retain his own opinions." There is therefore, according to this theory, nothing which is essentially wrong, nothing which is naturally unlawful in immorality ; it is a choice which a man is at perfect liberty to make ; and in which he cannot even be taxed with folly, if, "with all his vices about him, like so many harpies, craving for their accustomed gratification," he prefer his own consciousness of what is pleasant to the assertions of a stranger. The vicious man, however, reasons better than the Utilitarian. He does not say, as the latter supposes : "The chances of happiness are ten to one against me ; I am playing a losing game without compensation ; I am a blockhead, but I am at perfect liberty to please myself ; nobody can blame me ; and it is possible that I may be the one man in ten who shall find happiness to be compatible with vice." No vicious man ever reasoned in that manner. What he may be supposed to soliloquize, would be rather to this purpose. "I have not chosen my present course of life from any calculation of the chances of happiness, nor from any idea that I am at liberty to indulge in it ; *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor* ; I do not look for

that happiness in which a tranquil self-approving mind is an ingredient ; I know that remorse may overtake me, and imbitter the penalties of disgrace, poverty and death ; but in the mean time I am overpowered by my evil propensities, and strive by a succession of excitements to confound or silence the voice of conscience."

Into the following passage the Reviewer has slipped a word which is wholly irreconcilable with his system " The theory of the Edinburgh Reviewer is that the thief may possess a peculiar gust in the joys of profligacy, and an idiosyncrasy for diminishing the pains of hanging, the torment of perpetual fear, and the sufferings of *remorse*,—of which the man who is not a thief has no right to form any apprehension." Now the theory of his adversary was, not that a thief who had been educated in the ordinary principles of morality, and taught to dread the stings of conscience *more* than any other punishment, would be insensible to the pangs of remorse, but that a sincere Utilitarian thief would have no restraint on his felonious propensities but the chance of being hanged, and would submit to that evil when it overtook him as a man submits to the inevitable pain of a mortal disease. Some little attrition he might experience, if he had committed some gross blunder in the prosecution of his enterprizes, when he found himself bayed by Mr. Peel's hounds, but still he would be remorse-proof, and, having chosen that mode of life with all its hazards, would finally pay the penalty which he had often foreseen as a possible contingency. " The caution of the nurse," says the Reviewer, is, "avoid green gooseberries, or you will have cause to rue." The answer is, "I like to have green gooseberries, and therefore I can never have cause to rue." There are two answers which the infant Utilitarian may return to this caution, wherein, it must be observed, that nothing is proposed to its consideration but the present sensual pleasure and the future pain ; no hint of the filial affections by which the duty of obedience may be rendered delightful ; no reference to the sorrow he ought to feel for displeasing his parents and the nurse herself. The child may therefore blamelessly reply : " You are right, nurse ; I know what it is to suffer from eating green gooseberries, and will let them alone : " or, " *I will* have them, I don't care for the consequences." To persons trained in such principles some of the most pregnant Stanzas in Pope's Universal Prayer must appear (if it were possible so far to subdue natural feelings) to be without meaning.

" What conscience dictates, to be done,
Or warns me not to do ;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue."

" If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way."

Again, says the Reviewer " the object is to establish, as in accordance with the dictates of a sound and enlightened experience, that though there is no certainty that in any individual case the rule which would produce the greatest happiness will be attended with the greatest happiness to the party whose mode of action is in question, there is a certainty that the habitual observance of the rule will on the whole be the most likely guide to the happiness of this very party." Thus the Utilitarian father teaches his child that honesty is not eligible for its own sake, but only for the greater probability of its being the best policy. " There is no certainty," says he to the poor child, " that in your individual case honesty will be attended with advantage ; the only certainty being that on an average of nine cases out of ten it is useful, and the most likely way to the attainment of wealth. Dishonesty has nothing in itself odious or shameful ; there is *no certainty* that in your individual case it may not be convenient, but in general it is accompanied with some danger or pain. These I shall point out to you from time to time and then leave you free to make your own election." The little man's Utilitarian ideas having been taught to shoot in this fashion, he is prepared to exercise them in remodelling the commonwealth, and to make his own notions of utility the standard of his duties and of other men's rights. Lord Bacon advises that youth should be well imbued with morality before they dabble in politics ; but here is a system the obvious tendency of which is to paralyze the moral principles, to dethrone conscience, and to give the reins to selfishness and presumption. " *Ammon et hoc verum est, juvenes multo minus politicæ quam ethicæ auditores idoneos esse antequam religione et doctrina de moribus et officiis plene imbuantur ne forte judicio depravati et corrupti in eam opinionem veniant, non esse rerum differentias morales veras et solidas, sed omnia ex utilitate aut successu metienda. Videmus etiam ex hoc ipso quam necessarium sit, homines doctrinas pias et ethicæ, antequam politicam degustent, plenius faucibus haurire.*" *De Aug. Scient.* lib. VII. c. 3.

With this system of opinions they bring themselves to find a parallel between the public conduct of Louis XVI. and the wickedness of the antediluvians, when the earth was filled with violence ; and to look upon the judicial murders, massacres, fusillades, noyades, of the French Revolution, as " vindicating the soundness of the principle" and visiting with penal retribution the sins of " any active member of the

French Government for the century that preceded it," including D'Aguesseau, Fleury, Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker. As the corrupt antediluvian was punished by the direct interposition of the deity, who broke up all the fountains of the great deep, and opened the windows of heaven, so did thousands of innocent Frenchmen and women fall under the knife of the guillotine and the sabres of organized assassins !

There is much agreement between the Hobbists and the Utilitarians as to the unqualified selfishness which they impute to human nature, but they differ widely in their political deductions as to the nature of the requisite restraint, the former prescribing despotism, the latter democracy. Mr. Mill teaches that notwithstanding the divided testimony of experience, and the exceptions which occur if we look at the outside of facts and the surface of history, universal suffrage affords the only security for good government. Under that arrangement no man will have an interest in oppressing the infinitesimal fraction of a human being. In point-blank contradiction to this theory his brother Utilitarian of the Westminster teaches that monarchy may be an excellent institution, and democracy destructive ; and that wherever we find the fruits of good government, under whatever form administered, we must conclude that there its latent principle certainly existed. " The latent principle," says the Reviewer, " has been tracked by Mr. Mill long ago, and uttered in one word, CHECK. It consists in the possession of the virtual power of interference on the part of the governed. The Danes and Americans had this power, and the Romans and French had not. The Danish people had it by virtue of their accidental position which enabled them to keep two other forces in a state of balance, by the power of acting with either against the other ; and they had it in spite of the absence of the form of popular representation. The French had the forms of representation but not the effective power. In defiance of both these anomalies it is perfectly possible that the forms of popular representation combined with the power may constitute the rational and practical mode of promoting good government. The rational and practical mode of causing an individual to be taken care of, is to allow him to take care of himself. There have been individuals who have not been allowed to take care of themselves, and have yet been taken good care of. There have been individuals who have been allowed to take care of themselves and have not been taken good care of after all. *Both these are anomalies* but neither of them destroy the general rule. The general rule is that which is alone applicable to the simple case ; the cases where it is not applicable are complicated by the intervention of some *fortuitous circumstances*.

It would be unreasonable to say to nations in general, “ If you want to enjoy good government, make yourselves a balanced monarchy and aristocracy, as there was in Denmark ; just as it would be unreasonable to say to men in general, if you want to take care of yourselves get somebody else to take care of you, because in a single case it answered.”

The principle which governs the planetary revolutions was long ago tracked by Sir Isaac Newton, and uttered in one word, gravitation ; but the principles which regulate the orderly movements of political communities are manifold. Montesquieu explained the importance of separating the executive, legislative and judicial powers ; De Lolme more closely examined and more elaborately developed the structure of the British Constitution ; but Mr. Mill gives us “ one word ” which we know not how to use, nor where to apply. Except the American, indeed, we know not any government to which Mr. Mill would apply it ; certainly not to the English, which he holds to be a “ motley ” or “ variegated ” Aristocracy of the most oppressive nature. Mr. Mill has nowhere accounted for those external appearances of good government which he admits to have been observable in Denmark *since* their Aristocracy and Democracy were swallowed up by monarchy in 1660. He could not ascribe them to a balance which had ceased to exist a hundred and seventy years ago ; and the possible continuance of which in *any* government he denies, and derides as wild, visionary, chimerical. Yet his brother of the Westminster produces this very impossible balance as the cause of good government in Denmark. He represents Mr. Mill as tracking the principle in a manner which Mr. Mill himself repudiates as absurd : and, having offered this equivocal explanation of the matter, he pronounces it anomalous, that is inexplicable ! That the Americans possess, by universal suffrage and biennial elections, a virtual power of interference, is undeniable ; what are the effects of that system is another question ; but what evidence has the Reviewer of the existence of any such power in Denmark ? The power of declaring war belongs formally to the King of England, but virtually it is divided between him and the two houses of Parliament. The people of Denmark exercise no such virtual control over their King, who possesses formally and substantially the entire legislative power ; and the Reviewer himself likens them to individuals who have not been allowed to take care of themselves, and are yet taken good care of. If the authority of the King of Denmark is checked by the virtual interference of his people in the conduct of public affairs, then he does not “ take care of them ; ” they virtually take care of themselves ; and if it is not so checked, by the hypothesis he can no more abstain from oppressing than

a ball in motion can abstain from moving. But it is not so checked, and he does abstain from oppression. The same may be said of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines.

Such are the lights which coming originally from the central Utilitarian Luminary are reflected and refracted upon the theories of ethics and politics by Mr. Mill and his discordant brother. *Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.*

SONG.

How like an ocean-voyage seems
The changeful course of life !
The pleasant airs and sunny beams,
The tempest and the strife !

In pleasure's bark with comrades gay
The young adventurers start,
But ah, what flattering dreams betray
The too confiding heart !

My bark is wrecked, my hopes are gone,
And faithless friends have fled,
A cloud upon my path is thrown,
The flowers of life are dead.

Yet linked to this lone heart remains
A charm no change may sever ;
For when were true Love's sacred chains
By fortune broken ?—never !

D. L. R.

A FEW DELIBERATE STANZAS TO THE MOON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Above all things you should encourage your contributors to eschew all hacknied subjects, and stick to originals. Practising as I preach, I have chosen the *Moon* this bout, which you will admit has the merit of novelty as a topic—no matter how it may be handled. My opinion is, that the accompanying stanzas will be very highly thought of by the more sober portion of your constant readers; and as to the volatile part—people who, in all human likelihood, never pay their subscriptions—why it must matter extremely little whether *they* be pleased or not; and therefore it is that I have pitched upon the more didactic and instructive tenor of composition, and kept my distance from the frivolous and the vain. This will probably make its appearance in the course of July, when you will all be stupid, and when a little solemn reading will add materially to your *siestas*; and you may therefore intimate to the principal personages in Church and State, that I shall give a prize of one gold mohur to him among them who shall prove to my satisfaction that he was the first to go to sleep over these my verses. By the way, talking of the Moon, who was the writer of the article in an early number, on the “supposed unsociability of poets,” because I desire you will tell him, with my compliments, that his supposition is violently against the facts. Odd enough! that none of the Editors found this out, all the time they were hammering away in controversy upon the subject. Poets unsociable!—why it is just the reverse, which is the truth, from the earliest times to the latest. Homer, poor fellow, could not afford to be unsociable, as he had to do the agreeable for his daily bread. The other Greek Poets were any thing but unsociable, for they recited and feasted in perpetual company. Sophocles and Euripides were social people enough, and no one will accuse Aristophanes of backwardness. Pindar certainly was a liver in Courts, and a lover of society; and no one will say that Anacreon was a solitary! Among the Romans, Horace was not unsociable, nor Virgil neither, though a little bashful at first among great people, as I might be at Government House, for instance. Ovid you know, and Petronius Arbiter were good fellows enough. Juvenal and Persius were not unsocial though they kept aloof from the more profligate society; and Martial was fond of any company he could get. Leave them, and come to England. Chaucer was social; so was Spencer; so was

Shakespeare ; so was Jonson ; so were all their poetical contemporaries ; so was Dryden, and so were all of that age ; so were all the Poets of Queen Anne's time ; and of our own day there is not a Poet who, properly speaking, can be called unso- ci-able. The proposition, in fact, was wrong ; and therefore the writer might have saved himself the trouble of accounting for it, —though I give him credit for having done it very well, and admit that if the supposition itself were tenable, the explanation of the fact would be satisfactory enough. I might have mentioned the Italian Poets, and the French ; for any exceptions there may be, will only prove my rule, even if I admit them, which I should not do in such cases as Petrarch and Voltaire. But the subject would require a whole paper, instead of a mere fly-off of a digression like this ; which, but for the manifest connexion of the subject with the moon, I should not by any means have dreamt of mentioning.

W.

A FEW DELIBERATE STANZAS TO THE MOON.

I dare say full a thousand bards have written
 Ode, song, or sonnet to the Moon ; and more
 Than that, most likely, have been duly smitten
 With her pale charms,—when wiser people snore.
 But I say that a thousand have been bitten
 By the moon-mania ;—if I'm out a score,
 Or two, the accurate reader need not care,
 I use round numbers just to make things square.

This thousand, then, includes all sorts of ages,
 And is made up by quotas from both sexes,
 Fools have address'd her more, perhaps, than sages,
 A thing which earthly beauties greatly vexes ;*
 And greatly it, no doubt, one's pain assuages,
 (Though oft the sterile cranium it perplexes)
 To do a bit of pathos to the Moon.
 Who would remain without it just as soon.

* This line contains one of those obscurities of expression, which are ever the attendants on the brightest genius,---*navos in corpore pulchro*, or spots in the sun, to use a yet more novel illustration---and but for which there would exist no commentators. In this instance I shall save posterity the bewilderment of their conjectures, by telling them at once that I mean exactly the reverse of what I have said, to wit that earthly beauties are not vexed at fools addressing the moon, but at their addressing the said beauties themselves, to the detriment of better people.

I wonder that her *own* man is not jealous
 Of all the amatorial lays he hears.
 Perhaps the strains of our terrestrial fellows,
 However clamorous, do not reach his ears.
 As the loud organ drowns the puffing bellows,
 So *they*'re drown'd by the music of the spheres.
 But if so high our female offerings mount,
 Of course he sets them to his own account.

Besides the average number I have rated,
 There are some hundreds who for her have rav'd,
 Hight lunatics : in rhyme they mayn't have prated,
 Being, though mad, in *that* point well behav'd.
 And a third set of wooers must be stated,
 By whom if not be-rhym'd, she's much be-stav'd ;—
 I mean those other (four foot) pestering whelps,
 Who stun her nightly with their howls and yelps.

Powers ! how my head has split to hear them at her,
 In one wild serenade the live-long night !
 A woman's tongue '—lord !—I dont mean to flatter,
 But twenty thousand women's tongues were quite
 The rippling of some pebble-bedded water
 To that which roars down Rewah's misty height,
 Compar'd to what I've heard in moon-light weather,
 When pariah, wolf, and jackall, yell'd together.

That she does not go mad to hear them all,
 Is owing more to her good sense than theirs.
 What between yelp, ode, rhapsody, and squall,
 And harp, and lute, recitatives, and airs,
 Enough the obtusest senses to appal,
 The devil's own cacophony she bears.
 Perhaps the flattery that's cramm'd down her throat
 Makes her believe there's music in each note !

The effect of flattery on a female mind,
 (And on a male too) really is surprizing.
 Not one in fifty gives it to the wind,
 But forty nine would grieve if said wind, rising,
 Should whisk off some smooth sentence of the kind,
 (Though they might talk of all such stuff despising)
 Before it reach'd the ear from the sly mouth—
 Caught by bluff Boreas, or the whistling South.

This is the first time I have join'd the throng
 Who howl, or scrawl, or chatter, to the Moon ;
 I mean to be impartial in my song,
 And tell her what I think of her ;—a tune
 She has not heard for heaven knows how long !
 But if she's fond of truth she'll prize the boon.
 I'll tell where her best qualities in fact lie,
 And let her know her fallings off exactly.

I've never written her a line before,
 And this shall be the first time and the last ;
 The alpha and omega of my score
 With *her* ;—I'll for the future, as the past,
 Choose one to sing to out of the full store
 Of earth-born women among whom I'm cast ;
 Who have in charms, at least to my ideas,
 As much to boast of, every bit, as she has.

First, what am I to call her ?—she's been call'd
 (So many've been before me in the market)
 By every sort of name, as pleas'd, or gall'd,
 Each writer at the time hath been :—just hark at
 The various ways in which she has been nam'd,
 By some with genius bright ; by some so dark it
 Is quite a miracle they found their way
 Out of each ode in which they chanc'd to stray.

Here follow some few of her *noms de guerre* ;
 Chaste, pale, cold, yellow, silver, quiet, white,
 Frail, gentle, pensive, fickle, murky, fair,
 Radiant, green, modest, treacherous, glorious, bright,
 Beauteous, majestic, silent, watery, rare,
 Dewy, bewitching, wicked, Queen of Night,
 Infernal Hecate, mistress of the tides,
 And Phœbus knows how many names besides.

'Tis, therefore, in this instance rather hard
 For me to find an epithet that's new ;
 But I'm a devil-may-care sort of a bard,
 And if much push'd can make an old one do ;
 Or, rather than my stanza should be marr'd,
 I'd set to work and cut me out a few.
 Of all who have in strains both low and high bawl'd
 I don't think any one has term'd her pie-bald.

To be sure its neither gentle nor sublime,
 Nor yet pathetic, but I'm "nothing loath"
 To use it in my most veracious rhyme,
 For it is true and very novel both,
 As I'll demonstrate in a moment's time ;—
 If pie-bald's black and white, I'll take my oath
 That she is pie-bald, for the man up there
 Makes a dark contrast with her surface fair.

So pie-bald be it. Piebald Moon ! I'll first
 Recount the virtues which I think are thine.
 My unfictitious muse hath still been nurst
 In truth's white-apron'd lap ; and since 'twas mine
 To use her, I have always found her thirst
 For that said truth so great, that I opine
 She'd drink a well up, if she chanc'd to spy
 Truth at the bottom—where it's said to lie.

By such a muse, then, justice will be done
 To your good qualities I make no doubt ;
 Nor undue credit given to the sun
 For what we get from you, when you shine out.
 If such a plan as that were once begun,
 How would each ball room, gem-deck'd beauty pout,
 To hear us of *her* splendour say we thought it
 Her booby husband's, with whose cash she bought it !

No, no,—I thank not either sun or spouse
 For all the nightly beauty I behold.
They cannot help it, and if Sol allows
 Thee silver robes, thy graces to enfold,
 He's bound to do it :—so our marriage vows
 Mean that our best half's to be uncontroll'd
 In all expenses, when she wants to shine,
 And a like principle makes his light thine.

Thou art, oh, Moon ! benignant when thou shinest,
 In thy soft glory on two lovers true ;
 'Tis then at least that thou art *thought* divinest,
 Mid thy white stars, and in thy world of blue,
 The lov'd one's face is doubtless deem'd the finest,
 (Smiling in acquiescence) of the two ;
 But it is thou who softenest her breast,
 And mak'st it easy to obtain the rest.

Thou art a blessing to the way worn man,
 Who finds himself in a strange land benighted ;
 Thou soothest much the mind, whose every plan
 Of worldly happiness hard fate hath blighted.
 These are good traits, and when thy deeds we scan,
 With eyes severe, they never should be slighted.
 But thou hast heard them often, in the praise
 By most tongues lavish'd on thy face and ~~rays~~.

You soothe the anguish'd, and you cheer the night,
 (*Per contra* to the latter—half the year
 You're pleas'd to leave us in the darkest plight)
 You dry the painful, draw the gentler, tear ;
 And cause the hearts deep sorrow to take flight,
 While on the sufferer falls thy radiance clear.
 You solace the lone mariner, when he
 Sees thee in thy broad mirror—the clear sea ;

And, gazing from the vessels lofty side,
 Thinks of the dearest he hath left afar ;
 Now sever'd from him by that barrier wide,
 Which thou mak'st liquid silver, while each star
 (Thy diamond satellite) gems the glittering tide ;
 Thou lett'st in that hour no harsh feeling jar
 On his mind's harmony ;—thy mild beams shed
 Peace, mid th' unfathom'd waters, o'er his head.

Thou yield'st great loveliness to this our earth,
 As thou'rt in duty, doubtless, bound to do ;
 'Twas the main contract of thy mystic birth ;
 Thy beams give every flower a softness new,
 And laughing beauty hath more buvant mirth,
 What time beneath thee sparkles the fresh dew,
 (As though earth's self were starr'd like yon gemm'd sphere)
 And thou shedd'st pearly radiance on us here.

Happy my days were when I look'd on thee,
 And deem'd thou wert, in sooth, a virid cheese ;
 And older people, of the same degree
 Of intellect, cherish thoughts as vain as these !
 If with more astronomic eyes I see
 Thine orb capacious now, it doth not please
 My fancy half so much as (when 'twas fresher)
 I look'd upon thee as a glorious Cheshire.

And when I thought the man in thee a sinner,
 Whose punishment was cutting logs of wood,
 (Like Caliban) to cook thy Sunday dinner;
 Which sad example did me wondrous good,
 While yet in ethics but a small beginner.
 I grasp'd, too, at thine image in the flood;
 And thought the Cow pimp'd over thee, oh Moon!
 While the dish cours'd, with breathless haste, the spoon.

Thou'st been a powerful aid to novel writers,
 And maids who love thee, as the Poet says;
 Thou art the idol of all young inditers
 (And many old ones) of poetic lays;
 While dogs, at other hours most gashing biters,
 Give nightly—what thy Poets long for—bays:
 By all those as thou art admir'd 'tis meet
 Thou gett'st the credit in the balance sheet

Now for the debit side.—Oh, Moon! thou art
 The very pander to all shocking vices;
 Thou tempt'st us from the right road to depart,
 By shining sweetly at the very crisis
 When some fond girl essays to guard her heart,
 Which the deceiver, serpent like, entices:—
 Thy beams upon her in that moment fall,
 And her poor soften'd bosom grants him all.

Love has not got one victim 'mong so many,
 Who has not thee to thank for her undoing;
 For very few are to be won, if any,
 Unless thou'rt aiding, some way, in the wooing.
 If gifted with a more poetic pen, I
 Could prove that e'en the very tenderest suing
 Would scarce avail, had'st thou no introduction,
 To lead the thoughtless creatures to destruction.

Thou art the grand receptacle for all
 The falsest oaths that perjurd lovers swear;
 So to account we can't such people call,
 The evidence against them being up there;
 And witches, when on earth they show their gull,
 Against a cow, or horse, or infant heir;
 To get beyond pursuit have nought to do
 But mount their broomsticks, and be off to you.

Thou show'st the burglar to his destin'd prey,
 And smil'st upon foul lechery as on love;
 And chastity beneath thee melts away,
 As formerly it us'd to do above,
 When Jupiter o'er heaven and earth held sway,
 And was by no means constant as a dove.
 Thy flirting with Endymion, too, made what I call
 Even *thy* chasteness rather problematical.
 Thou also drivest people raving mad,
 Who are but fools at most, when in their senses.
 And oft behavest in a way that's bad
 To married people in their honey moons,*
 In their own hearts they're all extremely glad
 When they have done with thee; and all pretences
 For living tête-à-tête are fairly over,
 And each one in the spouse can merge the lover.
 Then comes the happiness of wedded life,
 The true, unfetter'd, unalloy'd delight,
 Which pending *thy* month is not half so rife,
 Because the new reserve, however slight,
 Keeps still too bride-like and asham'd the wife,
 This *may* be as it *should* be—all quite right;
 Still 'tis the fact that each young bride's felicity
 Is small, for the first month of her duplicity; †—
 Compar'd to what it is in after time,
 When all reserve between them wears away; ‡
 But I must not be keeping back my rhyme,
 To prove the truth of every thing I say.
 They, whose opinions don't exactly chime
 With mine may keep their own, and so they may,
 I'm quite content to know that they are wrong,
 But need not let it interrupt my song.
 Moon! thou encouragest inconstancy,
 Which does us sub-lunarians greatly vex.
 This world from miseries is not quite so free,
 That thou should'st *that* plague to the rest annex

* As *moon* or *month*, would never have rhymed to *senses*, there was no help but to translate it into a more accommodating language;—and poorly enough that has, *Amisworth* knows' been done. In India there is no honey moon,—a *honey week* being considered more than sufficient after a fortnight's courtship.

† This word would form another fine bait for commentators yet unborn; but as I would not appear to tax ladies with duplicity, in its sense of deceit, just at the moment they demonstrate their sincerity, I beg to say that I use it in its meaning of *double*, and not in its double meaning, we all know (*Cocker taste*) that when a single lady becomes double, then *he* and *she* make one.

Lo ! thy example's pleaded, and to thee
Refers each treach'rous heart of either sex,
You do great harm in this way, and the grief
You're thus the source of, passes all belief.

Bright have I seen thee in the southern skies,
And glorious o'er the plains of balmy Ind ;
Yet in such places, 'neath thy very eyes
Poor, frail humanity the most hath sinn'd
What had Augustine done I can't surmise,
'Twist thy soft freshness, and the sultry wind,
Where, when his outward man was in a glow,
He'd not have found a single flake of snow !

Lucky '—he liv'd within the reach of frost,
That best of dampers to an amorous flame ;
Upon a bed, approaching zero, tost,
No wonder " cool reflection " quickly came,
Though oft 'twas touch and go with him, and lost
He would have been, poor fellow, had the same
Feelings his sturdy virtue tried to flaw,
During the melting moments of a thaw !

Haply thou hast beheld him as he roll'd
On his white bed which, nathless, made him blue ;
But as his story he himself hath told,
There's little need for me to tell it too,
He's now a Father of the Church, and bold
Though I may be to say it, yet I do
Say he may thank his combin'd snow and birch
That he was Father—only to the Church.

In all thy changes, from the new to full
Thou bodeest little good to ships at sea ;
As many a shiver'd sail, and batter'd hull,
Can testify, from storms brought on by thee ;
Making the underwriter scratch his skull
In mood perplex ; and giving sharks a spree
On sailors fat and lean, and pigs all fat,
And passengers, who bargain'd not for *that*.

Antithesis ! how dreadly dost thou gleam,
When in wild consternation the black cloud
Is hurl'd 'twixt thee and earth !—let those who deem
Thou art all softness, view thee in that shroud
Made by the hurricane ; while the wide seam
Yawns in the frail bark on whose deck they crowd,

Yelling in their despair ; while fiercely thou
Bind'st with that murky diadem thy brow.

Anon, thou may'st be seen, demurely bland,
Just like a vixen with an angel's face ;
And who that views thee from some love-bow'r (plann'd
By the witch *BEAUTY*, for her trysting place)
Would ever dream that thou could'st have a hand,
Or horn, in urging on the furious race
Of wind, and wave, and cloud ?—who *then* would deem
That aught but peace could harbinger thy beam ?

Chaste Moon !—who makest half the sex unchaste ;
Mild Moon !—who heraldest the pelting storm ;
Pure Moon !—who virtue see'st by vice defac'd ;
Cold Moon !—who makest our worst passions warm ;
Soft Moon !—whose light the murderer's hand hath graced ;
Bless'd Moon !—who mak'st in morals small reform ;
There's no describing thee to any tune,
Nor trusting thee—thou devil of a Moon !

Thou'st much to answer for to mortal man,
To mortal woman an immense deal too ;
And if 't were in the compass of my plan
More than I *have* done in the case, to do,
I *could* show that, since both of you began,
The sun has not been half so bad as you,
Coups du soleil, but make the head-piece spin—
Coups de la lune, betray the heart to sin !

A blush in moonlight plays the very deuce,
Drawing *his* lip to *her* magnetic cheek
At such a rate resistance is no use,
And prudence really has not time to speak,
For passion's eloquence is so profuse !
And reason, strong by daylight, then grows weak ;
And milksop Plato (always rather stupid)
When it's all *moonshine* yields to rascal Cupid.

Thus having, without fear or favor, stated
Your virtues and your vices, I shall cease—
I've neither one nor t'other overrated,
And this you may consider the last piece
Of verse sublime from me to you ;—we're fated
To see in our acquaintance no encrease ;
Unless the time should come when a balloon
Can go there,—then I'll visit thee, oh Moon !

KING OF OUDE.

A Sketch of the present King of Oude with a genealogical account of his Ancestors.

BY BABOO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

The present reigning family of Oude is of purely Persian origin. Meer Mehamed Ameen who was born at Nishapore in Khorasan fled to India for safety and protection during the civil commotion which occurred in Persia in the commencement of the eighteenth century of the Christian æra by the successful aspiration of Nadir Shah to the sovereignty of the country and which obliged many of its noblemen to seek refuge in the nearest adjacent provinces. He was descended in a direct line from the Imaun Moosa Kasem of the noble race of Ali ; and being bred up to arms and having contracted friendships with the officers of the Court of Delhi, he was soon introduced to the personal notice of the reigning Emperor Behadour Shah, the son and successor of Aurungzebe and received into the Imperial service under the name of Saadut Khan. Upon the death of Behadour Shah and the elevation of Mehamed Shah to the throne, Saadut Khan was made Governor of Akberabad or Agra, and soon after again appointed to the command of 7000 horse and the Government of Oude.* He died of a cancer in his back on the day after the triumphal entry of Nadir Shah into Delhi, and was succeeded in all his titles and estates by his nephew and son-in-law Abool-monsoor Khan otherwise called Nabob Monsoor-ally Khan. He was a favourite of Mehamed Shah on account of the splendour of his talents, and was in a short time appointed commander of the artillery, Soubadar of Oude to which was now added the Government of Allahabad, and on the death of Nizam-ul-mulk, the Vizier of the Empire under the name of Vizier Sefdar Jung. He died in 1753 in Oude, and was succeeded by his son Suja-ud-dowla as Nabob of Oude. He made a very conspicuous figure in the early part of the history of British India and was created Vizier of the Empire on the accession of Shah Alum to the throne of Delhi. He died in January 1775 and was succeeded by his eldest son Asoph-ud-dowla as Nabob Vizier and on his

* In A. H. 1129 or A. D. 1716, Rajah Giridhar Bahadour was Rajah of Oude, in the time of Furucksheer, whose successor Mehamed Shah, finding the Rajah incapable of discharging his official duties, the Government of that country was transferred from him to Saadut Khan by the Emperor, in A. H. 1132.

death in June 1797, Mirza Ally afterwards known by the name of Vizier Ally ascended the *Musnud* of Oude. But the grounds of his pretensions being discovered to be wholly unfounded, he was after an administration of only four months deposed* ; and Nabob Saadut Ally the then eldest son of Suja-ud-dowla and brother of Asoph-ud-dowla was raised to the *Musnud* by the Governor General on the 21st January 1798. He died in July 1814 and was succeeded by the eldest of his eleven sons Nabob Ghazi-uddin Hyder Khan as Nabob Vizier of Oude ; but in 1819 he relinquished that title and with the concurrence of the British Government assumed regal dignity under the title of Abul Muzaffer Moizuddin Shah Zemin Ghazi-uddin Hyder Padshah. He died in October 1827, in the fifty-eighth year of his age and the eighth of his reign as King of Oude, and was succeeded by his only son the present King of Oude, who when a Prince was called Naseer-uddin Hyder, but being seated on the *Musnud* on the 19th of October 1827, assumed the title of Abu Nusur Kotub-uddin Soliman Jah Sultane Adal Nowsherawan Zeman Padshah.† His Majesty is about twenty-six years of age, and has two sons, viz. Mirzas Kaiwan Jah and Faredoun Bukht.

His Majesty rises early in the morning—about half an hour before day-break and after dressing and performing the morning prayer (*Namaz*) goes out to take an airing attended by a retinue of five hundred men, some of the *Omrahs* (or noblemen) and a few European gentlemen in his service. He returns to his palace within two hours and having again changed his dress, at eight, he sits to breakfast with his nearest relatives and companions in the *Delaram* an apartment of his palace lying on the western side of the Gomati river ; where at this time many of the *Omrahs* pay him visits. He rises from his breakfast between nine and ten, and devotes an hour to the affairs of the state. After this he retires from his *Durbar* and either amuses himself by taking a view of the different curiosities collected by his predecessors and himself, or repairs to the *Harem* or amuses himself in other ways till twelve at noon when he

* After the deposition of Vizir Ally he was permitted to reside in Benares, where he under the pretence of paying a visit of ceremony to Mr. Cherry the Resident, killed him with some other gentlemen who were present at the time. He then retired to the forests of Bhotwal and kept the province of Guruckpore in continual alarm. But he was soon driven away by the English, and took refuge with the Rajah of Jyepore who afterwards delivered him up to the British Government. Vizier Ally was accordingly brought a prisoner to Calcutta and confined in Fort William where he ended his miserable existence in 1817.

† In a Persian Manuscript paper in my possession, containing a brief sketch of the Nabobs of Oude, the name and title of his present Majesty run thus: Abu Nusur Kotubuddin Soliman Jah Naseeruddin Hyder Shah Jehan Badsbah Ghazi. But I have been given to understand that this was the title His Majesty intended to assume but which was not sanctioned by the British Government.

takes his dinner, after which, he again pursues the same course of amusement till three o'clock when His Majesty holds another *Durbar* till it is dark, and at nine in the evening, he goes to sleep and the gates of the Palace are shut. Dancing girls and buffoons are always in attendance, but His Majesty seldom witnesses their performances excepting on holidays.

The yearly revenue of His Majesty's territories is at present estimated at one crore and a half rupees, which are collected by the Aumils to whom the *Purgunnahs* or districts are farmed. There is in Oude no tenure of land fixed by Government as the districts are farmed annually to the highest bidders. The Zemindars may be considered as perpetual landholders under the Aumils to whom with the exception of the privilege of appealing to the King, they are entirely responsible, and who therefore act as both collectors and farmers; but receive no pay from Government for their former occupation. The Ryots or cultivators are those who are immediately concerned with the soil but by the mal-administration of Government, left entirely to the mercy of the Zemindars. The King gives the *Purgunnahs* to such of the Aumils as make the highest offers of revenue; the Aumils in their turn enter into new arrangements with the Zemindars, and the Zemindars to meet with the demands of the Aumils make extortions from the Ryots. Thus the Ryots suffer the three-fold oppression coming down upon them in successive degrees from the King, the Aumils, and the Zemindars:—thus are their lives and property left unprotected by Government; and thus is the reason plainly and satisfactorily traced why Oude is so much and so frequently harassed by internal commotions affecting its financial resources which have of late suffered considerably.*

The principal treasurer of His Majesty is Rajah Guljarimal but the treasures reserved for particular emergencies are in charge of Jaffer-ud-dowla commonly known by the designation of Captain Futteh Ally. At Lucknow there is a Mint where coins are struck in the name of his present Majesty according to the demand of the Shroffs or bankers.

His Majesty has three news-writers who severally report to him every occurrence which may take place in the metropolis, the Mofussil, or His Majesty's family. This number of news

* By an article published in the *Bengal Chronicle*, of the 22d April last it appeared "that after deducting salaries, a net revenue had been deposited in the Treasury—the year before last, (now the fourth preceding year) of 93 lakhs; and in the last year, (now the year before last) of 53. But that now in the close of the present year, (now the last as the Persian year ends in February), the fourth part of this had not been collected, and that nothing has been paid the troops to stop their clamours for pay."

writers is sometimes reduced to two, or even one only as circumstances may require. *Khoofeeyah Navis* or censors are occasionally appointed to report whether the information given by the news writers is correct.

As to the administration of justice the Aumils are also the Judges and Magistrates of the different districts to which they are respectively attached and their decisions in law matters whether civil or criminal are always final. At Lucknow however, there are a Police Establishment, a Civil Court, a Criminal Court, and a Court of Appeal, from all which again appeals may be made to the King. The people are governed by the Mahomedan law.

The forces of His Majesty amount to twenty thousand men trained in the native way and under the command of Ekbal-ud-dowla. But there is a regiment of Cavalry which is disciplined according to the European method. This small number of forces is maintained for the sole purpose of preserving the internal peace of his kingdom. In case of an invasion, the British Government is to assist His Majesty in defending his dominions, as by a treaty concluded between it and Asoph-ud-dowla in 1787, it was stipulated that the former shall receive a certain sum of money for the maintenance of a body of troops for the defence of Oude ; but some difficulty having been subsequently experienced in obtaining this money, Nabob Saadut Ally by a treaty concluded on the 10th November 1801, ceded to the Honorable Company a portion of his kingdom under the designation of "ceded provinces" yielding a revenue of about one crore and thirty-six lakhs of rupees annually.

The kingdom of Oude as it at present belongs to His Majesty, extends from Pratahpore on the East to the shores of the Ganges on the opposite side of Furruckabad, on the West and from the northern mountains on the North, to the northern banks of the same river opposite to Cawnpore on the South. The whole territory is a level, and there are several mud forts, but no strong fortresses so as to hold out any regular defence in case of an invasion. Oude is very fertile but by the oppression of the Aumils and the refractory spirit of the Zemindars, it has ever been subject to desolation and a defalcation in the revenue has very often been the consequence.

The latest accounts from Oude represent that country as suffering very much by continual domestic disorders. All kinds of vicious actions which tend to, or actually annihilate public security and tranquility, and are intolerably revolting to the feelings of human nature, are perpetrated with indifference and impunity by those whose business it is to prevent them. The Police officers are themselves committing plunder and violence

of every description. The troops have raised loud clamours for their having been kept too long in arrears of pay, and are acting as their caprice bids them. The Zemindars too, probably by the oppression of the Aumils have turned so refractory, that Government can scarcely collect its revenue from them without much bloodshed. The news-writers have been bribed to report to His Majesty every circumstance of oppression, cruelty and rapacity in a favourable light, and lastly His Majesty seems to pay no attention to the complaints of his people regarding the conduct of his officers in spite of numerous petitions which have been presented to him to that effect by various means, such as locking them up in a box and hanging it up on a tree before the Palace so as to attract His Majesty's notice with an inscription couched in the most abusive language warning any but His Majesty not to open the box. Insecurity of lives and property; destruction of the houses of private or public individuals by their enemies and of temples and mosques by persons of opposite creeds, and killing or confinement of persons without reason or offence are of daily occurrence in Oude. In short the kingdom is now a scene of anarchy, confusion and distress.

 SONNET :—TO A BEE.

 BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Most delicate of Botanists, gay Bee !
 Thus rilling honey dews from every flower
 That wafts its spicy odours o'er the bower,
 Hither thy gathered treasures bring to me !
 Teach me thy chymic skill, that every tree,
 And shrub, and plant, may seek in vain the dower
 Of their bland juices and salubrious power
 To hoard within their cups :—Oh ! then, like thee,
 Rich balsam-stores shall bless my pleasing toil ;
 For not a flower that lurks in sylvan shade
 Should hide from me its honey-yielding coil,
 And, when collected, to the peerless Maid
 Who rules my heart, I'd bear the luscious spoil—
 Love's offering at the feet of beauty laid.

STANZAS.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

مه‌فران خوش نوا بگو تازع بتازع نوبنو

BY CAPT. W. ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "THE NUN," &c.

I.

Minstrel, let thy glowing soul
 Pour her numbers new and fresh,
 Brim the heart-delighting bowl,
 Her, with rapture, to impress ;
 And the changing theme pursue
 Ever fresh and ever new.

II.

Oh 'tis Heaven's own bliss to sip,
 Safe from every mortal eye,
 Stolen kisses of a lip
 Steeped in nature's ecstasy ;
 Kisses to their purpose true
 Ever fresh, and ever new.

III.

What through lifetime can we taste
 Worthy spirits half divine,
 If the rosy drops we waste,
 Of exhilarating wine ?
 Scorn it not, the vinous dew,
 Ever fresh, and ever new.

IV.

My heart's queen, for me, each gem
 And brighter hue has fondly wove
 Into a charming Talisman,
 Token not unworthy love,
 Which she prays may meet my view
 Ever fresh, and ever new ;

V.

Then do thou my answer bear,
 Morning Zephyr,—learn to tell,
 (Playing round her neck so fair,)
 That her Hafiz loves her well ;
 And her rising blushes woo,
 Whispering fondness fresh, and new.

MAHARATTA FEELING.

It was during the campaign of 180— that having placed my young wife in safety at Arcot, I proceeded to join my regiment the gallant — Foot, then forming part of the army under the immediate command of Sir A. W.

I can never forget, the magnificent sight, which opened on my view, as I approached the range of Hills forming the Northern boundary to the valley of Berar. It was near the end of November, and the cool breeze, stealing gently through jungles, studded with the “ *Gloriosa Superba*” and numerous wild but graceful creepers, led me to believe, as idle tales, the oft recounted horrors of “ *India’s wilds.*”

The sun was just setting over the rising ground on which is situate the Fort of Narnulla, and its rays shed a soft and mellow light on the beautifully wooded country below.

The small white Tents of the Madras troops, glittering here and there, as an opening presented; while the whole of the European force, lay encamped on a somewhat clearer spot, gave a very striking character to the Landscape;—while the rugged face of the lofty hills, covered with verdure, and presenting at intervals, sparkling falls of the clearest water, exhibited in their lights and shadows, tints, which cannot be described, and are seen, but in an Eastern clime.

I was now about four coss from the camp, and being tolerably well mounted on one of the Nuwab’s true Decanee horses, I pushed on, leaving Ram Mahon, a native servant, to bring up the rear with my scanty allowance of baggage.

I reached the “ *tented field*” before dark, and having presented my credentials to the Commander-in-chief, found myself at liberty, to join the officers of my own regiment, amongst them was Captain L——d, my dear Louisa’s only brother: we had never met, but he partook so strongly of his sister’s features, rendered into true manly beauty, that I was at no loss, to discover my relation; he introduced me by name, to my new comrades, who welcomed me, with that frankness, and cordiality, so particularly characteristic of Europeans in this country. After the usual questions put to a recruit, the conversation turned chiefly on the expected siege of Gawilghur (a Fort beautifully placed, on the highest point of the northern Hills beforementioned, and, by the natives considered impregnable) I became an attentive listener, and learned, that our regiment, expected the distinguished honor, of heading the attacking column at the assault.

Many a cheek was flushed at the prospect of again facing the enemy, and many a heart beat high, that now

“Feels that beat no more.”

alas! how few of that youthful and splendid band, are left to verify my tale.

The place was stormed a few days after; the wall being breached from a neighbouring height, on the N. W. face. It was on this occasion the gallant Captain C——l of the Light Company so highly distinguished himself. The details are already well known.

About a fortnight after this I obtained leave of absence, and accepted an invitation to accompany the Nuwab (father of the present Namdah Khan) on a hunting excursion in the valley. Our party, consisting of eight officers, including myself and brother-in-law, left the camp before dawn, and joined the Nuwab with his splendid retinue near the village of Fouzur, on the banks of the graceful Sampun, we were in high spirits, and laughed heartily, at the old native Prince, as he appeared ready mounted, in the full dress of a British General officer. An hour's smart riding brought us to his palace within the walls of Ellichpoor, where we had hospitable entertainment during the remainder of the day. Our next march was to Sindhee, 12 miles, and here I had my first initiation into the noble art of Hog-hunting. The sport was good, and our evening passed cheerfully, recounting the feats of the day, and with some mirth at the expense of my awkwardness. Thus day after day flew by in this delightful vale, and numerous were the sketches of picturesque scenery, and villages, collected as welcome presents for friends at home—Akola with its shattered towers, and gliding stream, detained us two days, we then turned northwards in the direction of the Hills, and the third march brought us to Akoat; where, it was reported, would be found the Neelgae, Hogs, Hyænas, and Bears, in abundance. Never will that day fade from my memory—the ardour with which we examined our spears, and other implements of the chase, then mounted our anxious horses, and struck into the jungle, can never be forgotten. Young L— and I had accidentally separated from the main body, and advanced nearly half a mile, when a shout from the beaters, intimated that game had been started, and in the next instant, a Neelgae, with nostrils expanded, and head thrown gracefully back, darted past—a second more, and we were pressing hard on his track, but owing to the nature of the ground, it was extremely difficult to keep him in view. We had now come to deep and broken ravines, down one of which the crafty fugitive bounded with increased speed, and before we could descend the bank, was out of sight; this was annoying;

the ravine branching off, and then running nearly parallel on either side of a rising ground, covered with thick underwood. We finally settled, to take different routes, and had separated about two minutes, when on turning an angle of the bank, I again perceived the object of our search, standing on a slight eminence, and looking anxiously round for his pursuers. I gave one loud holloa, in hopes that L—— would join me. Even then I could distinguish the rapid fall of his horse's feet, but Gracious God, the answering sound, was a fearful roar from some ferocious beast; one heart-rending cry, and then all was hushed. I threw myself from the affrighted horse, climbed the rugged bank, and as I rushed through the intervening jungle, caught one transient glimpse of poor L——'s terrible destroyer—it was a tiger, which my hasty appearance had scared from his prey. How I bore that moment, God only knows! There lay my friend and brother weltering in his blood; poor Selim his favourite Arab, in the agonies of death, with his entrails protruding, and a ghastly, gaping wound in the throat. The monster had probably, made his deadly spring, from the neighbouring bank, striking in his descent, both man, and horse to the earth.

I flew to the motionless body, and finding that life was not extinct, called loudly for assistance, the beaters soon arrived, and while some hastened to the camp, for a conveyance, I was aided by the others, in removing poor L's bleeding form, to the side of a clear spring which issued from a fissure in the bank, close by. On examining the wound, I found the skull fractured, and the whole of the back part of the head and neck, laid bare,—we endeavoured to hasten returning animation, by bathing his temples with the cool water, but in vain—and his bed having now arrived we placed him gently on it, and, with feelings, how very different from those which had filled my breast but an hour before, returned to the camp. Intelligence of the event speedily reached the hunters, who with breathless haste, crowded round the couch of their mangled comrade—silent, and with agonized brows stood the mournful group; when a shrill and piercing shriek struck on our ears. In the next instant a native female broke through the crowd, and with one intense gaze on the bleeding youth, sank senseless to the ground. She was young, and habited in the graceful drape of the Maharattas; had she not been so, her slender figure, high brow, and beautifully regular features, would at once have stamped her claim to that peculiar race.

Who she was, or whence she came, no one could tell.

We afterwards learned, that poor L—— during the storming of Gawilghur, but a few weeks before, had rescued her from the grasp of a villain, and given her in charge to his servant's wife. Unseen and unheeded, had she followed his daily marches, but

now, that he was in danger, her gratitude shone proudly forth; beside his bed she knelt, both day and night, her large and lovely eyes unclosed and bathed in tears—nor would she allow another hand to smooth his pillow, or convey, the cool sherbet, to his parched and severed mouth. Three days did he thus linger insensible and speechless, and when at length, God in his mercy, ended his earthly sufferings, no murmur escaped the lips of poor “Neevah,” but with her small hands clasp’d, and slightly raised, she remained fixed on the spot she had first chosen, nor did she move but to follow his remains to the rude grave we had prepared.

The last turf had been laid on his coffin when I looked round for the gentle Maharatta—she had disappeared—and though, until a late hour, the hills gave back the name of Neevah, she answered not, nor came.

The following morning I proceeded on my last visit to the spot, where my friend lay at rest, and pacing slowly through the large tope in which our tents were pitched, I recalled the joyous hours we had passed together, and dreaded the effects of my own Louisa’s heartfelt grief when she should learn that the bright career of her idolized brother had been thus suddenly terminated.

I had now reached an opening, which brought the grave in sight, it appeared at that distance, as though some unhallowed hand, had sought to disturb the dead, and I shuddered to think that the ravenous jackall or Hyæna, might there have made his midnight meal—but heavens! no words can describe my horror, when approaching nearer, I perceived a human form, lying partially covered with the new turned earth—it was “Neevah” cold and stiff, but beautiful even in death—she had been her own destroyer, determined to follow one, who had saved her from worse than death.

Such is I have since found, the feeling of gratitude inherent in a Maharatta woman.

The body of the affectionate girl, was burned agreeably to the custom of her people, but I could not depart, without placing the ashes by the side of him she had served so devotedly over the grave: we raised, a rude monument, composed of broken fragments from the surrounding rocks, and left them to that repose, which will remain unbroken until the voice of the Almighty shall summon them to the throne of judgement.

More than twenty years have passed since the above melancholy events occurred; I am again in my beautiful valley, again at Akola, but how changed are they by the numerous events incidental to a long lapse of years; in vain I look for the monument I assisted in raising; time and the hands of the husbandman have left “not a wreck behind,” and miles, which are in my

recollection as a pathless jungle, now present to the eye an extent of rich and varied cultivation. I ascended by a beautiful Ghât to Gawilghur; the cloud capp'd towers of the old mosque are still in being, and exhibiting but few marks of decay. There are also several Bungalows belonging to officers, in the delightful cantonment near Ellichpoor, whose families retire to the heights during the oppressive season of the hot winds. Sindhee, Takelkerra, and several other places have still sufficient game for the enthusiastic young sportsmen—but owing to the extensive clearings, Tigers are only to be found in the heart of the hills, or the forest jungles near the bank of the Nurbuddah.

F. P.

STANZAS.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Love is the dream of Boyhood's years,
 'The mote that dims youth's blinded eye,—
 The sunburst quenched in sudden tears,—
 The ghost that haunts the memory !

II.

Friendship, whose ardent charms appear
 To mortal eyes less fair, less bright,
 Is like those blessed stars that wear,
 A garb of still increasing light.

III.

Life!—what is life?—alas, it is
 The thorny track marked out for man,—
 A sojourn, where we *hear* of bliss,
 And *view* it—in the grave's brief span !

IV.

“ But Death ? ”—When death exerts his power,
 And friendship, love, and life are flown,
 He takes us hence in one short hour,
 And makes our father's home our own !

TO CATHERINE MACEVA.

How very strange it is, that those—
 The proudest fabrics nature shows—
 Those masterpieces of creation—
 Those living shrines of adoration—
 Inspirers of all tender passion—
 Sole arbiters of taste and fashion—
 To whom the peasant and the prince
 The same submissiveness evince ;
 To whom the silly and the wise—
 The leader to bold enterprise—
 The old, the young, the rich, the poor—
 (From fourteen summers to fourscore)
 If but a flattering smile they gain,
 Are paid for all the past of pain :—
 How very strange, amid the throng
 To whom these attributes belong,
 So many, favorites of Nature,
 Should show ingratitude, and hate her ;
 Do all they can to thwart her aim
 Who's done so very much for them.
 Strange as it is, it's very true—
 An instance may be found in you :
 And (*mind* apart for future study)
 Let's see how Kitty treats the *body*—
 What pains she takes to spoil what Heaven,
 In likeness of itself, had given.

Once—'tis some fifty years, or so—
 When *hoops* and *heels* were all the go,
 A Belle deck'd out for company,
 Was, verily, ' a sight to see.'
 A whalebone bee-hive, swelling wide,
 All flounc'd and furbelow'd outside,
 Was made her nether half to hide,
 (A sort of wigwam tent, of height
 Sufficient for the legs, upright ;
 While those used by the Esquimaux
 Force them to stoop, as travellers know),
 From this rose an inverted cone
 (Her *body*) cased in stays of bone ;
 Her *inside* (if she'd any there)
 Being squeez'd the deuce alone knows where.
 (A pair of bellows placed on end,
 A notion of the thing will lend).
 The formal little face a-top
 (It's type in every barber's shop)

Gazed proudly o'er the dome—the more
 As glorying in the crown it wore :
 For then prevail'd the whim of hair
 Rising like ant-hills in the air—
 As if the pretty fool had borrow'd
 A bolster to adorn her forehead ;
 But left the horse-hair on the bed,
 And stuff'd it with her own instead ;
 And stuck it up on end—to see
 How great a ninny she could be.
 —The decoration of these masses
 Credulity's belief surpasses :
 But books and prints may still be seen,
 To prove the follies that have been ;
 Though living pictures plainly show
 The *fools* were pretty much as now.
 Imagine this ! Oh how absurd !
 A Grocer's stall ! upon my word,
 Well may our neighbours call us savages !
 Conceive a head of greens—of cabbages !
 Yet these in clusters met the eye,
 With carrots, turnips, celery,
 And mushrooms e'en—as if in pride
 Of the hill's poverty inside—
 (For women didn't care a pin
 About the rubbish cramm'd within ;
 Rear but a tower of garden stuff,
 Fashion approved, and 'twas enough).

At last green grocery lost its sway ;
 And cars and coaches had the day,
 My good old grandmother's report
 Declared these worn by all the Court :
 Behind, the vehicle ascending,
 The gold steeds o'er the summit bending,
 As if Apollo and his lasses
 Were driving over mount Parnassus.
 The simile went further still—,
 The wit lay all outside the hill :
 For nothing that had common sense
 Could bear such gross extravagance.

Now, Kitty. since we've done with these,
 Let's take a look at modern days !
 These eyes have seen when pockets vied
 With ass's panniers at the side :
 Pads of all forms—before, behind,
 Excrescences of every kind,
 With fifty fooleries as indecent—
 Each more immodest as more recent.

But still (if I may be allowed)
 They always cover'd what they showed ;
 And never, in the way of dress,
 Bestow'd a thought on nakedness.
 But now—no matter, heat or cold—
 Your whole habiliments, twice told,
 (Bating an ornament or two)
 Might weigh—some half a pound or so ;
 About as much—I vow not more—
 As one good shift in days of yore .
 But then it was not made as now ;
 But kept you warm, and decent too ,
 Now, a silk stocking scarce conceals
 The flesh, of what it quite reveals
 In shape ; your drapery's so transparent,
 So thin, so flimsy, so adherent,
 That were it not it bore the name
 Of vesture, it were much the same,
 Like other geese, you braved the weather,
 And went without it altogether.
 Just look at what you've now got on—
 The thing you fain would call a gown !
 Your petticoats——

' You vile abuser !
 What are my petticoats to you, Sir ?
 I wonder men can condescend
 To stoop so low : but don't pretend
 To act from friendship !—Yes I know it—
 Some envious minx has made you do it !
 She'd better keep beyond my reach—
 That I can tell her—nasty wretch !
 — It really is extremely hard
 That such an ankle can't be bared,
 But every coxcomb in the town
 Must shake his mop's head at the gown !
 Abominable, boorish creatures—
 Thus to presume, to dare, to treat us !
 I never heard the like ! however
 I'll wear them shorter now than ever ?
 I'll lay my life (the stupid quiz)
 My legs are just as good as his :
 And (if I'm right), in point of calf,
 They beat his spindle-shanks by half.
 As to the prude who set him on,
 She has not one to stand upon !
 The drumstick things which she calls legs,
 Are positively cribbage pegs !

Were mine the same I vow, all round
 My petticoats should touch the ground †
 I know you, Miss, and some day, yet,
 I'll make you smart—depend on it.

And pray who spoke to you, Miss Haughty?
 My Kate, I own, is somewhat naughty;
 But, let not vanity deceive ye!
 She's not one bit like you, believe me;
 But every Kitty in Calcutta
 Will ape just such another flutter;
 Though, possibly, the bitter theme
 Was never meant for one of them.

Throughout the world, it's understood
 That women, whether bad or good,
 Of every clime and every station,
 Make a dead set for admiration.
 How strange the mode should be so blunder'd
 By ninety-nine in every hundred;
 Amongst the rest by you my dear,
 In going out with limbs as bare,
 As if the feel of decent clothing
 Instinctively produced a loathing.
 You've no idea, you silly creature,
 How widely you mistake the matter!
 Mid all the crowds of men you see,
 There's not one (if you'll credit me)
 Who does not think you play the fool
 And turn you into ridicule.

When women thus let men behold her,
 Exposed from shoe-string to the shoulder,
 How can she wonder if they treat her
 With vulgar freedom when they meet her?
 Some have averr'd the thing intended—
 'If they refrain'd she'd be offended.'
 —Now only think how shocking, Kitty,
 To have this said of you, my pretty;
 And how expect t'scape, exempt
 From rudeness which you hourly tempt.
 Take my advice—henceforth conceal
 What, now, unblushing, you reveal!
 Imagination will do more
 Than e'er exposure did before!
 Give you of legs a better pair
 Than ever nature let you wear;
 While every one, with approbation,
 Will hail the modest alteration.

THE ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE OF ELIAS AKIBA.

A TALE OF THE TALMUD.

Joshua Shemuni the Scribe (remember to bless!) wrote these words which are enrolled for thine instruction, on the evening of the Holy Sabbath, the 2d of Marheswan in the year 686 according to the lesser computation, in the city which is called Marseilles, as thou goest towards the sea.

Elias Akiba died, and was gathered unto his fathers. And Elias was a poor man, and needy; also there was none in Paradise or in the regions of fire, save the all-knowing, who watched to receive his spirit when he gave up the ghost. And the spirit went forth into the dark alone, and it trembled; and Elias lifted up the eyes of the soul, and beheld a far off, dazzling through the gloom, an illuminated garden. And he said unto himself, "this surely is Paradise, and this is the Gate of Heaven!" And as he drew nearer, a fragrant smell of myrrh, and sweet spices, came forth from the garden, which was ravishing to the soul. And he came to the gate, which was of onyx-stone and sapphire and the dust of that land was pure gold. And the gate was half-opened; and Elias heard the murmur of the four rivers of Eden, whose sound was more delightful than the song of a cunning minstrel. And they flowed continually with milk, and wine, and balsam and honey; and the Tree of Life was in the midst of the garden, the leaves of which make music, and whose fruits are for the healing of the nations. Also Elias saw Behemoth and Leviathan, which are to be slain at the great day for the feast of the righteous. And he saw the pyramid of seven degrees, of which the last, hid in the brightness of excessive light, is reserved for those who to all eternity are blessed with the contemplation of the face of God, which no man can see, and live. And when Elias looked upon the palaces of precious stones, and the abodes of gold, and turrets of diamond prepared for the Holy, he said unto himself, "would that I might live again on Earth, that by obeying in all things the law of Moses, I might attain unto one of the least of these!" And as he spoke in his soul, the sound of his thought, audible to angels as words unto men, aroused the Guardian of Paradise, who on that day was Noah, and the Patriarch spake to Elias in this wise.

* "Elias Akiba, what hath bewitched thee, that thou comest hither without one of the Cherubim to conduct thee? Knowest thou not that none are permitted to enter here, except they have kept the law of Mosés, and have the seal of purity upon them?"

Now Elias Akiba being a tiller of the ground; was rude of speech, and he answered roughly: "It well becomes thee, Noah, thus to speak to such as are better than thou. I am a husbandman, as thou wast, but never did I plant a vineyard that I might drink of the wine, and be drunken, as didst, thou; neither have my Sons had to hide their faces for their father, as thine for thee!"

At the sound of the voice of Elias Akiba, the Patriarch Adam came forth, the first-born of men: and he also asked of Elias, why he came thither without a Shining One to conduct him?

"How camest *thou* here?" cried Elias Akiba: "thou art of no higher rank than myself: but at least while I cultivated my garden, I insulted not my God. Thou wert created without sin, and in the image of thy maker; yet thou didst refuse to obey his voice, and didst listen to the voice of the serpent, by whom all thy posterity hath been ruined, while the very ground is cursed for thy sake."

Jacob next drew near; and addressed Elias in like manner as the others.

"What have I to do with thee?" asked Elias Akiba. "If thou art here, it is but through the infinite mercy of the great "I AM" in whom I also trust, and in whose grace alone I confide: but if our works are to be compared, I call God to witness that I never deceived my father, neither cheated my brother of his birthright: neither did I do, as thou didst, with Laban thy master, in the matter of the ewes and rams of the flock."

And Jacob was ashamed: and the voice of God was then heard, saying,

"Speak unto thy Creator, Elias Akiba, and fear not."

"My Lord and Maker," replied Elias Akiba, falling on his face before the Shechinah, which was half shrouded in a cloudy tabernacle, "pardon thy weak and erring creature. But yet, if I have sinned, they who spake to me have sinned also in the flesh and I have neither been disobedient like Adam, nor drunken as Noah, nor deceiving as Jacob. I know that every one who cometh here must be judged by the Law of Moses: and to thee, O Lord of Sabaoth, I submit my cause: judge thou me! Thou hast ordained that I should be born in poverty: I have borne my misery without a murmur, because I knew that thou didst so order it: and I have laboured, because thy Holy word hath commanded, "that *Man shall eat bread in the sweat of his brow.*" I have been taught to follow the law of Moses: and I have kept it from my youth up. I have not eaten of the unclean beast, nor touched the accursed thing, nor defiled myself with blood nor neglected the fastings, the feasts, the holidays, nor the purifications which thou has ordained. As long as I was in the land, I

THE ENCHANTED MOUNT.

have tried to live free from reproach, and to love my neighbour as myself, when the poor and the hungry came unto me, I gave them shelter and food: I partook with them the bread which I gained by the sweat of my brow. Thou, Lord, who art truth itself, knowest that I speak the truth: and our Rabbins have always declared that they who did as I have done, should inherit Paradise."

And a still small voice came from the pillar of cloud, and it said,
"Son, thy good works I have seen; but my grace is more than they: be humble, and inherit the Kingdom of Heaven—it is for THE POOR IN SPIRIT."

THE ENCHANTED MOUNT.

[Near to the Town of K... and ersia stands a remarkable hill in the centre of a plain: it is commonly be... by the peasantry that no one who ascends that mountain will return, and hence... ppalling name; in English, "*Go and Come Not.*"

The idea of the following lines was suggested by this circumstance and it may supply them with some portion of interest to state that they are by no means devoid of legendary truth.]

I.

In a far land where every hill and dale
Repeats the echoes of some lover's tale;
Whose sternest warriors softened by repose,
Mourn with the nightingale and love the rose;
Where amber fountains deck their gilded halls
And soothe the ear with murmuring waterfalls;
In that fair eastern clime a mountain stands
Raised by the desert-spirits magic hands,
Above, a plain where nature's gifts abound
And flowers and verdure strew the painted ground.
Far from the haunts of man, that gentle race
Joined all their powers to beautify the place;
Here sparkling stones are seen of various hues
There fragrant shrubs their balmy swe... diffuse,
The velvet turf, and silvery cascade
Th' Enchanted Mount a home for Peris made.
Hither each day the desert-spirits brought
Fresh offerings with some new beauty fraught,
Hither each morn their blooming gifts they bore
And strewed the verdant carpet o'er and o'er.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNT.

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Yet not to man was their permission given
To visit regions so resembling heaven,
The work complete with fairy toil and skill
Man was forbidden to approach the hill ;
The stern command re-echoed from the skies,
“ *He who ascends the mountain surely dies.*”

II.

On Iran's jewelled musnud sat a King
Fanned in his pride by fortune's favouring wing.
Reckless of fate and impiously bold,
He offered glittering hoards of yellow gold
To him who the embroiled paths would untar ;
Remove the doubt, and solve the mystery
Many there were in Persia's warlike land,
Who fearless gazed upon the Turkish banner
Smiled at the snows which froze the Russian's eye,
And scorned the heats that parched the Syrian's ore ;
Yet now with feelings which they fearedous task
They trembled at a foe, unfelt, unknown ;
Ready at his first word to yield their breath,
They shunned the horrors of an impious death :
He loses past a doubt, in sin who dies,
The promised joys that beam from Houries' eyes.

What Talisman can now a victim move
To brave the mandate of the powers above !
Long searched the monarch for such courage rare.
Long—long he searched—and found it in despair.

A youth of gallant air and noble mien
Who scarcely sixteen summers could have seen,
Appeared at Court, resolved the event to try,
To gain the proffered treasure,—or to die !
To Allah's throne he raised his tearful eyes
In prayer for pardon from the offended skies ;
“ Not Avarice” he said “ his soul could win
“ To deeds of guilt or plunge him into sin ;
“ The heartless grasp of power's unfeeling hand
“ Had robbed his widowed mother of her land,
“ Had left her houseless, helpless and alone,
“ Without one arm to aid her but his own ;
“ Hence his despair—his resolution still
“ To soothe her grief or perish on the hill.”

The happy monarch from the musnud sprung,
 The vaulted Hall with acclamations rung,
 The mother strunk behind a pillar's shade
 And weeping there in silent sadness prayed.
 Unfeeling Despot ! as in wealth you roll,
 Think what a trifle might have saved your soul !
 A scanty purse had Allah's favour won.
 Had blest the mother and had saved the son.

No thoughts like these the Tyrant's bosom fill ;
 " Away " he cried, and pointed to the hill,
 " You too, my friends who guard with so much care
 " Your valued lives, n^o t^harn from boy's dare.
 " See 'st thou, my youth, hero, yonder grove,
 " Where gentle airs ^{INCL}nder cypress move ?
 " Observe it well : th^{is} d-crowned summit won,
 " Thy danger's over, and ~~er~~ task is done :
 " Art thou prepared ? " .y the . . Despair new vigour lent,
 He started from him, ~~and~~ palli^{an} the ascent.

Then death-like stillness seized the trembling crowd,
 No more they shout their savage joy aloud ;
 They watch his steps—faint hopes their bosoms fill,
 He nears the brow of the enchanted hill.

They see a rosy cloud the youth enclose
 A cold sweet wind from off the mountain blows,
 They hear soft music's rich melodious strain
 Weep for the boy !—He never came again.

III.

Days, weeks, months pass. The Monarch on his throne
 Felt that his kingdom was not all his own ;
 Tho' one of Persia's bravest sons had died,
 The sovereign's wish remained ungratified :
 Impatient grown, he heaps the golden store,
 Adds to the prize, and offers more and more ;
 Treats his bold followers with open scorn,
 And vows their hearts are faint, their courage gone.
 In vain !—Despair, not gold one victim gave,
 Nor now can countless treasure gild a grave,
 Despair gave one—affection gives another—
 A brother sacrificed to save a brother !
 'Yes ! whilst the King, his cool retreats within,
 Courted the slumber that he could not win ;

Through all his guards a well-known warrior broke.
 Bowed his plumed crest and calmly desperate spoke.
 "Sire, when my brother bared his fatal brand.
 "And stretched his foeman bleeding on the strand,
 "No deep felt wrath by time to hatred turned,
 "No malice in his generous bosom burned :
 "He saw the uplifted weapon of his foe,
 "Drew his own steel and well revenged the blow.
 "For this offence he now resigns his breath,
 "Condemned by Persia's law to suffer death.
 "Pardon Great Prince! and here prepared I stand
 "To brave the terrors of yon haunted land.
 "For me no silken robes, no gold prepare,
 "I win such treasures with my scymetar ;
 "But if victorious in the mystic strife,
 "The prize I look to is a brother's life."

Hope kindled once again the Monarch's eye,
 Anxious his look, and eager his reply—
 "Proceed, bold chieftain to the glorious task
 "I swear to grant thee all that thou can'st ask."
 At dawn of day the monarch and his court
 Ride forth as if to share some sylvan sport ;
 Some shoot the bow, some throw the light jereed,
 Or wheel in circling maze the docile steed ;
 Whilst others pitying view the warrior ride
 Calm, and determined by the Tyrant's side :
 His cheek was pale and ill-concealed despair
 Had stamp'd its traces all too plainly there,
 Yet not a sigh betrayed the pangs he felt,
 Or breathed one hope the monarch's heart would melt,
 They reach the base—the thoughtless crowd are staid—
 The royal truncheon pointed to the hill ;
 Forth from it's sheath the ready weapon sprung,
 The idle scabbard to the earth he flung,
 Breathed one short prayer to soften Allah's wrath
 And boldly rushed upon the treacherous path.
 Up, up, he speeds—and see he nears it now,
 He almost touches the enchanted brow.
 Intent they gaze with sanguine hope elate,
 When, ah! what signs foretell that hero's fate
 They know that cloud in crimson hue that glows,
 They know that wind which off the mountain blows,
 They know that music's soul-subduing strain,
 He's seen no more—he never came again!

IV.

Cease mighty Prince, oh ! cease to strive with fate
 And make with heaven thy peace ere yet too late,
 Oh ! dread just Allah's swift-avenging rod,
 And fear the wrath of an insulted God.
 Think of two noble hearts of life bereft
 And pray for pardon ere no hope is left.
He pray for pardon ! in his guilty mind
 One-only thought a resting place may find.
 To name some prize more rare, more tempting still,
 And win fresh victims to his ruthless will.
 Since all his wealth had little power to move,
 The crafty Tyrant turned to woman's love ;
 Bent on one last, one mighty effort more
 In full Durbar the desperate monarch swore
 That he would grant his dark-eyed daughter's hand
 To him who should explore the fairy land.

Ere yet the King his oath could well impart
 A thousand sabres from their scabbards start,
 A thousand chiefs within that lofty hall,
 Rush to the throne obedient to the call ;
 Each ready twice ten thousand deaths to brave
 To be but thought of as Zuleika's slave
 Each trembling lest the dangerous chance he lose,
 Impatient, waiting whom the King might choose.

But in that breast where seldom pity dwelt,
 A new sensation rose,—at last he felt,
 Felt what a stake was set ; and sharp remorse
 Stung the fall'n victim with it's deadliest force :
 “ My child, my child ! what maddening frenzy drove
 My tongue to name the only thing I love !
 Must I behold my own, my light, my life,
 Some bravo's prize—some gladiator's wife !
 Forbid it Heaven ! ”——

Did Heaven in *mercy* there
 Smile at the hope, and grant the mortal's prayer ?
 Did *Heaven* direct him when again he spoke
 And slowly thus the solemn silence broke ?

“ Chieftains I dare not make the dreadful choice,
 “ But leave that duty to a gentler voice :—
 “ Zuleika's self shall give the prize away
 “ And name her champion for the fatal day.”

Then straight a youthful messenger he calls
 And bids him speed toward the haram's walls,
 Sends a mild summons to his daughter fair,
 And gently orders her attendance there.

Oh ! when Zuleika heard the fearful tale
 They marked her quivering lip, her cheek grown pale.
 Her playful form that late so gaily shone
 In sportive gladness now seems turned to stone.
 Her maids attendant offer vain relief
 And weep in pity for their Lady's grief.
 Mark her again ! the crimson tides that rise,
 The sparkling flashes glancing from her eyes,
 The tears that smile is struggling to dispel,
 Unwilling tales of inward feeling tell.
 The half-breathed sounds that from her red lips came,
 Seemed midst her grief to syllable a name ;
 Her ivory bosom swelling 'neath the vest,
 Proclaimed her *woman* and betrayed the rest.

It matters not to tell the casual strife
 In which some twelvemonth since, the maiden's life
 Had been endangered by a wandering horde
 Till rescued by a young Circassian's sword.
 Unused to war, o'erwhelmed by these alarms
 The timid girl had fainted in his arms,
 And soon recovering in secure retreat
 Saw him who saved her kneeling at her feet.
 Short space sufficed her virgin heart to move,
 And fill his breast with gratitude and love.
 He tells his tale—tho' poor yet nobly born
 He gloried in the name of Zulfah Khan.
 He served her Sire—and now this day had done
 A deed worth all the laurels he had won.
She loved him for the danger he had braved,
He doubly prized the life himself had saved.

V.

And now within her anxious bosom rose
 The dread alternative:—for if she chose
 Any but Zulfah, sure *his* heart would break,
 For whom her own had never ceased to ache.
 If she selected *him*, his fate she sealed,
 And owned a passion, not to be revealed.
 Was there no hope ? would not her Sire relent ?
 Could not mere pity gain a cold consent ?

To that she sighed for! Well the Princess knew
 How faint the hope that from such source she drew,
 Too keenly felt that this one chance alone
 Might make her much-loved Zulfah all her own.
 Oh! at that thought glad tears her eye-lids fill
 Once more her sinking limbs with pleasure thrill.
 "My God" she cried "assist me in this hour
 "Of doubt and peril: worldly blessing shower
 "On others; so to me thy mercy gives
 "That only joy for which a woman lives.
 "To men the Camp, the Court may pleasures prove,
 "Our only pleasure is requited love.
 "Possessed of this, our grateful lives we prize,
 "Bereft of it, fond woman pines and dies.
 "To thee all-seeing God, to thee alone
 "The intensity of female love is known:
 "Grant then my prayer! Do thou direct my choice,
 "Nor let my erring brain or faltering voice
 "Mislead a heart which, seem it good or ill,
 "Bows in obedience to thy heavenly will."

Then fair Zuleika from the carpets rose,
 And closely veiled to meet her Father goes.
 The Haram's portals silently unfold
 And shew the Princess deck'd with gems and gold.
 Her features hidden: tho' the breeze that woos
 Yon flowering myrtle, ventures to disclose
 More rich luxuriant elegance of form,
 Than needed those impassioned youths to warm.
 Her heaving breast by far too well betrays
 Perfections there that pass a lover's praise,
 Shews how her labouring bosom seeks relief,
 And speaks at once her beauty and her grief.
 The robe that baffles their forbidden gaze
 Her shape angelic treacherously displays:
 Whilst modest shame to maiden virtue true
 Her slender fingers tipt with crimson hue.

Thus trembling, blushing, beautiful she stood
 And gazed upon her sire:—a gentler mood
 Came over him:—then thus—"Zuleika, dear,
 "Thou knowest wherefore I have called thee here,
 "Choose whom thou wilt: if he escape with life,
 "My angel-daughter, thou'lt become his wife;
 "If not,—why Allah's favour will be given,
 "And for thy sake his soul received in heaven."

He spoke—and death-like silence reigned around :
 On her no more they gaze ; but on the ground
 Respectful fix their eyes — * * *
 * * * * * 'Tis done ! 'tis done !

One glance from *him* the dangerous prize has won ;
 His wretched mistress, smiling as she wept,
 Aside from the assembled crowd has stept,
 From off the myrtle shrub a branch has torn
 And wreathed it o'er the brows of Zulfah Khan.

VI.

Pass we in haste the King's unfeigned surprise,
 Pass we the passions in some breasts that rise,
 Pass we the joy with which the Hero knelt
 And told his mistress all the love he felt ;
 Haste we towards our end ere patience fail,
 And tell the remnant of our mournful tale.

Fresh was a morn and balsam-fraught the breeze,
 When Persia's art forsook the couch of ease.
 Each Noble tho' to others slight their care
 For Zulfah and Zuleika breathed a prayer.
 They blamed their ~~me~~ submission to the past,
 And vowed this sacrifice the best, the last
 If such it proved : ~~Remonstrance~~ *now* were vain ;
 And as they followed the Royal train,
 All Nature's beauties buting into day
 Played with their hearts and chased such thoughts away—
 The saffron rays which Phoebus' rine surround
 Scattered their warmth and splend' o'er the ground,
 The gorgeous East with richly-tint beams
 Begemm'd the earth and sparkled in the streams,
 The bird of morn harmonious and gay
~~Hail~~ with loud carolling the coming day,
 While yon fair mount, where now the sunbeams fall
 Laughed in the light more beautiful than all.

There at its base, mid flowers of fragrance sweet,
 See Zulfah kneeling at Zuleika's feet :
 Oh ! with what cruel speed those moments flew
 Granted by mercy for their last adieu !
 There the fond girl, soft smiling through despair,
 Plays with the ringlets of his chesnut hair—
 Gazes upon him, and bends o'er him now—
 Love's gentle sighs perfume his godlike brow—

'Till he, too sure of pardon if he errs,
 Raised his fine form, and pressed his lips to hers.

Up then he sprung—"Away" he cried "away!"
 "My honour pledged! I may not, cannot stay—
 "I promised, when the sun should gild the mead,
 "Thy sire should find me mounted on my steed—
 "Thus then once more"—one fond, one last embrace—
 He's gone;—he's ready at the appointed place.

The monarch gave the sign—the gallant steed
 Springs bounding forth, exulting in his speed.
 Up the steep velvet turf he struggles on,
 O'er many a flowery shrub and mossy stone—
 So choice his breed, so nice his rider's skill,
 Doubtless he'll gain the summit of the hill—
 Ah! no, at once his sinews seem to fail,
 His blood, his boasted strength can nought avail
 Down, down he sinks—quenched is his mettled pride,
 And Zulfah stands uninjured by his side.
 The omen's lost—the warnings thrown away—
 Not even speaking destiny may stay
 His purpose fix'd; on foot he turns again,
 And labours up the steep with toil and pain.
 Swift he ascends—what now his course can str gold.
 He sees the cypress grove that crowns the torjous
 He hears the zephyrs midst the branches re
 And thinks Zuleika soon will be his own
 Loud shout the eager multitude bakuths to warm.
 Allah Kereem! he stands upon tñll betrays
 Praise be to God! our prayers over's praise.
 He lives to take Zuleika for t om seeks relief,
 grief.

Even while they shout, the well-known purple
 Appeared afar; and turned to wailings loud
 Their misplaced joy:—slow it approaches there,
 And moves majestic on the ambient air,
 O'er Zulfah hung,—to grief a tribute paid
 And wept a shower of perfumes on his head;
 Till, scattered by the fragrant coming gale,
 It wrapt him in its rosy coloured veil—
 That fragrant gale, it need not now be told,
 So odoriferous, so sweetly cold,
 Bore on its wings the most heart-stealing sound
 That ever spread o'er that enchanted ground.

Oh ! listen now—the rich harmonious strain
 Swells on the breeze and floats along the plain :
 O'er every heart it's soft, sad influence creeps—
 Who hears that music, bows his head and weeps—
 Weep on ! ev'n now another soul has fled,
 Weep Zulfah lost, and mourn Zuleikah—*dead !*

Come, peasant, tell
 Whose lowly cell
 Stands by yon mountain high ?
 It seems a sweet,
 And calm retreat
 Where holy men might die.

A hermit good
 Of humble mood
 Fresh was the Who erst high crimes did dare ;
 When Persia's court A king, they say,
 Each Noble tho' for Once rich and gay,
 For Zulfah and Zuleik. rays for mercy there.
 They blamed their tar
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MARCIUS.

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Scattered their warmth and splendou

The gorgeous East with richly-tinted

Begemm'd the earth and sparkled in th ed steep

The bird of morn, by first red glory ! like a bride

Hailed Leaving the pillow of her restless sleep,

Blushing and glowing in the wedded pride

Of bashfulness and beauty. Soft the air

Comes breathing 'midst those bushes, loth to wake

The ripples of the sleepy rill, or scare

The innocent doves, that infant cooings make,

iling the birth of day ! Yet ah ! pale woe

like a heavy load, upon my breast,

the return of this sad morn whose glow

Firs ushered in my cries :—yet bliss and rest

Adorned my childhood with hope's cheering train ;—

I would I were a boy—a thoughtless boy again !

LIFE OF DR. FAUSTUS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

How Dr. Faustus decides on raising the Devil.

When Dr. Faustus had now made as much progress as answered his purpose in these infernal yet interesting Sciences, and as much as would serve him to attain the object he so much desired, he set out one Summer's afternoon from the City of Wittenberg to seek a choice and fitting place where he could perform his conjurations in the most scientific manner and bring them to bear upon his purpose; after some time he found about half a mile from the city a cross road where five ways met, which was large and broad and appeared a very suitable spot: here he remained all the rest of the day and at night when he saw that no one was likely to come near, he took a ring like a cooper's hoop, inscribed upon it a great many outlandish characters and placed beside it two other curves, the one defined by an algebraical, the other by a transcendental equation.

And when he had arranged every thing in the best manner according to the rules of necromancy, he went into the wood hard by and waited impatiently till midnight, when the moon he knew would have her full splendour. Scarcely had this time arrived when he hastened out of the wood to take up a position in the middleward circle and then as at first, with many evil imprecations, he invoked the Devil once and twice and thrice.

Scarce had he uttered the words, when the Moon burst out into supernatural brilliancy: a fiery globe came rushing upon him, rolled round the circle with the noise of a battery of cannons and then suddenly shot off into the air, trailing behind it a long stream of meteoric light; this so terrified the Doctor that he had almost fallen out of the circle, but he calculated that in this case the odds were against his ever reaching home alive, he therefore plucked up a good heart and invoked the Devil in the latest and most improved manner, but the infernal Sultan would neither appear himself nor suffer any of his Divan to do so. He therefore took in hand a real hard downright thorough going conjuration and immediately there arose in the abovementioned wood such an unexampled storm, that it seemed as if the whole world was going to wreck, and at once there ran out a number of carriages harnessed with horses upon the circle, with so much fury and

such a cloud of dust that Faustus in the clear moonshine could see nothing.*

When this was all over, the Doctor as may readily be believed was so frightened, that he could scarcely stand upon his legs and more than a hundred times wished himself a hundred miles off: All at once beyond all expectation he saw a Ghost or Spirit travelling about the circle like a shadow; upon this, he immediately took courage and conjured the Spirit to tell him whether he would serve him or not, and to speak openly and candidly. The Spirit quickly answered that he would serve him, only with this proviso that if the Doctor would agree to certain stipulations to be afterwards explained, he would never quit him all his lifelong.

At this the Doctor forgot entirely his former griefs and fears and was right glad that after so many anxieties he should at last obtain his heart's desire, and he said to the Spirit, be it so, since thou art willing to serve me, so I conjure thee this first, this second, and this third time, that thou make thy appearance in my house to-morrow and then we shall be able to discuss all matters between us.

Then said the Spirit to the Doctor that he would obey his commands, and vanished. The Doctor crazed the circle with his foot and looked forward with great impatience to the coming day. His conjurations had taken up three hours.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

How the Spirit appeared to Doctor Faustus in his house.

The Doctor had in the mean time waited with great impatience for the opening of the city gates at day break, owing to which, a thousand confused ideas passed through his mind and these were chiefly directed to the solution of the following problems, whether the Devil was not mocking him? whether the Spirit would keep his promise and appear in his house according to his invitation $\mu. \tau. \alpha.$ He entertained himself with these delectable cogitations till he got home, where he shut himself up in his study and expected the Spirit with the utmost impatience.

The clock struck six, then seven, still no Ghost, then eight, nine, ten, and still nothing, then eleven and the Doctor now des-

* The reader will easily recognize here the rudiments of the Conjuraction Scene in the Freischutz. The latter is worked up with many additional circumstances of horror, but it is to be remembered, that in the Freischutz we listen to a narrator, desirous of embellishing a picture, whereas the author of the Life of Faustus appears to have a firm belief in all he says, and delivers the whole with the simplicity and confidence of truth.

paired of his visitor; but shortly after, just as the mid-day clock struck twelve, he saw a countenance looking out from behind his fire place like a shadow, at first he thought it was a man, but he soon beheld it change its form so as to demonstrate its being a Spirit; whereupon he again fell to conjuring and demanded of the Spirit to let him see him at full length. On this the Spirit came from behind the fire place, put out his head like a man, and made to the Doctor several salaams.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Of the Conversation held by Dr. Faustus with the Spirit.

When the Doctor saw the Spirit behind the chimney he demanded after a little consideration that he should come out and according to his promise tell him what were to be the conditions of his service.

This the Spirit stoutly refused, saying, that he was not so far off, but that they could discuss every thing that was necessary. Thereupon the Doctor bristled up and was going to fall to his conjurations again, yet more vehemently than before; this the Spirit was not prepared for, (at least so he pretended,) and accordingly came from behind the chimney.

But now the Doctor saw more than he wished for; his study was in a moment filled with flames, which spread out on all sides. It is true the Spirit had a natural man's head, but his whole body was bestial like a bear and with fiery eyes gazed he on the Doctor, who upon this was terrified out of his wits, and begged he would go behind the chimney again, which proposition the Spirit acceded to. Thereupon the Doctor asked him if he could not shew himself otherwise than in such a horrible shape. The Spirit answered no, for I am not, said he, a Servant but a Chief among the Spirits, if however, you will tell me what is your pleasure, I will send you a Spirit, who will serve you to your dying day, and will never quit you, but will serve you in every desire of your heart. C.

THE LAMENT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We have to apologize to our readers for the accidental insertion of the LAMENT (by Robert Burns) at page 418 of our last number. It was sent to us for a specific literary purpose by a gentleman since deceased, and one of whose initials is attached to it. Its having been placed among the original articles without a word of comment was a piece of inadvertence which we discovered too late, and which has given us much vexation, especially as a whole verse has been omitted.

CANONS OF CRITICISM.

[The original department of this number of our Magazine was to have been closed with the opposite page, and the whole of the preceding sheets had gone to press before we received the following communication. As however, it refers to an article that appeared so far back as our fifth number, we think it advisable to secure it from any further delay, which might diminish the interest of the subject. It is accordingly inserted in our present number in the space usually occupied by selected matter. The Editorial notes will be found at the conclusion of the article. We must apologize for their length with a remark suggested by a quotation in the critique on L. E. L., that *if we had had more time, we should have made them shorter.*—EDITOR.]

T

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,—When I first read your article in Number five, on the poetry of L. E. L. my impulse was to have answered you not only on the personal part of the critique, that is, as it related to the individual, author ; but also *on the broader basis of the deviation, from the true and established rules of criticism which the hastiest perusal of your article made manifest.* [NOTE I.] I reflected, however, that the first part of this design it would be in a great measure needless to execute ; because it was obvious to me that the fame [2] of L. E. L. could not suffer any diminution from this attempt to lower [3] it, while the distance at which I reside from the scene of action, and the infrequent appearance of the Magazine would have rendered it difficult to have preserved that interest in the question which a reader should have to enable him to judge of it. On the rules of the general criticism, however, a paper I considered might at any time be written, and appropriately inserted in a work professing to practise them ; and as it is of consequence that your readers should be made aware of the fallibility of one who naturally expects them to be guided by his dicta, I resolved on at length throwing together a few observations, founded on the critical essay already mentioned, but not wholly with reference to the soundness or otherwise of your disparaging estimate of that most popular writer. Some of your contemporaries have expressed their approbation of your essay in terms which greatly surprise me while I suppose them

versed in the true laws of criticism, which they either are or are not ; but if I do *not* assume their full acquaintance with a science to obtain perfection in which it requires to be studied with long perseverance, then must I charge them with the heedless commission of injustice towards your author, by giving to your opinions the authority of their sanction, in a manner so plausible as to impose upon the mass of Newspaper readers, and yet so erroneous as to mislead the ordinary judgment. Before proceeding to the main business of this communication, let me premise that I am not meaning to find fault with either you or your disciples for declaring you do not admire L. E. L. as much as do the mass of poetical readers ; for what is a matter of taste with each, no one has a right to take offence at because it differs from his own ; and had you merely declared so much, on the Doctor Fell principle, I might have wondered at your distaste but should never have assailed it. Some there are who do not like Milton ;[4] some who do not like Shakespeare ; some who neither like nor understand Hudibras ; and *some* who even suppose that to be the name of the writer ! [5] and of even the most elegant and deservedly popular authors, there will be found *some* readers who are but qualified admirers. The old maxim *de gustibus*, however, is a sufficient moderator of all disputes on that head ; but when you come to say you do not concur in the unqualified applause bestowed on a Poet ; and, conceiving that (unlike Doctor Fell's foe) you *can* tell the reasons of your dissent, then you must suffer your judgment to be valued according as those reasons bear well or ill the test of such fair scrutiny as any peruser may choose to try them by, while your method of estimating your author's merits must necessarily, if questioned at all, be subjected to a similar ordeal. First, then, your manner of taking to pieces the groundwork, or what is technically called the plot, of the story you have a view to depreciate, is one so unfair that scarcely any plot would bear it. [6] You do not affect to be what is called a witty writer ; your style is of a different description, and seems to me to aim at being sententious. But in the hands of a *witty* writer, I maintain that there is no plot in our literature which could not be made to appear ridiculous, if taken to pieces on the principle you have adopted in considering L. E. L.'s. Here, I know, I have made an assertion which must put me into the dilemma of being retorted upon for proof ; because I cannot pretend to illustrate the point, without *ipso facto* pronouncing *myself* to be the witty writer I refer to ; but let any person, conscious that he possesses a cast of humour and causticity, run over in his mind the nature of any of our principal plots, and see into what ridicule a malicious stroke or two of his pen could turn their structure. Take

Venice Preserved, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Paradise Lost itself, or almost any of Walter Scott's or Byron's, and a moment's thought will make a witty person smile at the fantastic positions in which his fancy can throw the hero, heroine, and the principal characters of the remaining actors ; either by flippant allusions, or affectedly serious recitations of the tale. The plots of Lalla Rookh (*instar omnium*) are very good and sufficient plots, and yet observe how the caustic wit of the author, anticipating the critics, fritters them into absurdity through the medium of Fadladeen ! But to enter on another of your methods of disparagement, which I can discuss without the fear of a dilemma raised by a constructive self compliment, let me ask you, and those who agree with you, from what writer on criticism, or from what known *rule*, do you derive your authority for giving to poetry, the mechanical appearance of prose, by printing it *as* prose, and for then judging of its poetical merits in its prosaic garb ? What sense is there in the plan, or what criterion does yield of judging merit ? [7] As far as the eye is concerned, the worst poetry that was ever written, will form into as good prose as the best ; but the alteration of its shape will neither add to nor deduct from its literary merit ; [8] though the good poet is deprived by such a process of the praise due to his skill in the proper management of rhyme and metre. I know you are not the inventor of this mode of valuation. It has been employed occasionally before your time ; but there is no rule for it, and by no acknowledged and able critic has it ever been applied to the ascertainment of genius. It is indeed altogether too much in the manner of Sterne's critic who measured the duration of Garrick's pauses by the stop watch ;—keeping his eye on the instrument all the time, but never attending to the actor's countenance. “ Admirable Critic ! ” The diamond which looks beautiful, set in gold or silver, will not appear so splendid in a tin or copper setting, yet will its intrinsic value be equal in each metallic garb, though no one will deny that by being placed in either of the latter two a crying injustice would be done to the gem. This illustration will apply particularly well to the poetry of Miss Landon which you have shown to us as prose. It does not loose any of its literary beauty, the value which her genius has already conferred upon it—but the new setting has diminished its apparent beauty, and an inexperienced eye may be deceived by the artifice. That injury you had no right, as a critic, to do ; and after all you must be said to have done it wantonly, because you have not gained your meditated end, which appears to have been to have undervalued her knowledge of the construction of poetry, in its metrical character. [9] You must either have forgotten, or have never been aware, that the

most beautiful, and the most accurately constructed poetry, will easily and gracefully take a prose appearance, without detriment to its sense, or qualification of its sentiment ; but that the converse of this will not hold, though unless it will, your principle is worthless. [10] If a critic could be allowed to do (what, indeed, no true critic ever thought of doing) that is to pronounce a writer incapable of exercising one necessary branch of his art, [11] because his metrical lines were transformable into prosaic ones, I shall presently say as much as should convince you that none of our greatest Poets could withstand the test ; and that circumstance proves its impropriety. But first let me request of you to reprint the following extract from the " Love's Last Lesson" of L. E. L. in the prosified state you formerly presented it, but freed from the superadded disfiguration of interspersed italics :—

Teach it me if you can—forgetfulness. I surely shall forget if you can bid me : I who have worshipped thee, my god on earth, I who have bowed me at your lightest word. Your last command, " forget me," will it not sink deeply down within my inmost soul ? Forget thee !—ay, forgetfulness will be a mercy to me. By the many nights when I have wept, for that I dared not sleep,—a dream had made me live my woes again, acting my wretchedness, without the hope my foolish heart still clings to, though that hope is like the opiate that may lull awhile then wake to double torture ; by the days passed in lone watching and in anxious fears, when a breath sent the crimson to my cheek like the red gushing of a sudden wound ; by all the careless looks and careless words which have to me been like the scorpions stinging ; by happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever ; by the eternal work of wretchedness ; by all my withered feelings, ruined health, crushed hopes, and rified heart, I will forget thee ! alas ! my words are vanity. Forget thee ! &c. &c.

Now let me enquire of you what you have gained by that, or to what it has in reality tended, but to assure the reader that L. E. L.'s poetry is capable of being written in the most delightful prose ? [12] From her poetic genius there is nothing deducted. Her nature and her tenderness remain unvitiated, and her beautiful similes are still as ornamental ; so that the experiment is puerile in as far as it is intended to reduce her merit ; and superfluous, as a proof that beautiful poetry must needs make beautiful prose. Yet such a *modus operandi* has to superficial judges a specious appearance ; and they are convinced that what can be turned into prose, has been too much applauded when it was termed exquisite poetry !*

* If, indeed, it were provable, by this species of transposition, that an author wanted the essentials of a Poet, you could not have selected a passage from all the writings of Miss Landon so totally uncalculated as the foregoing to advance your hypothesis ; for it triumphs over all your efforts to render it common place, and is irresistibly impressive as a mere prose address. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of any man to be so utterly depraved and hardened, as to withstand such an appeal made to him in a letter, from a young and devoted girl, beautiful, artless, loving, and forsaken. and, by all the depth of sentiment a poet ought to have, and all the keen and delicate perception of the elegant and pure, I adjure you to tell me

In proof of my other proposition, let me bring Milton to your test His knowledge of the mechanical structure of verse is not to be disputed, any more than his invention. He had a most accurate ear, and indeed scarcely his genius could have rendered the *Paradise Lost*, so readable as it is, had it not been for the frequent and judicious diversifying of his metrical arrangement, [13] which the unbounded knowledge I speak of enabled him to employ. I shall quote a passage from his works which is the most parallel, and similar in sentiment, to the one from L. E. L. a certain despairing pathos being the character of each passage, and let the reader decide if Milton's powers of versification are to be at all impugned, because his most correct compositions are thus reducible to the character of prose. It is Eve's address to Paradise, when she is about to be driven forth.

"Oh! unexpected stroke, worse than of death! must I thus leave thee, Paradise! thus leave thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, fit haunt of Gods! where I had hoped to spend quiet, though sad, the residue of that day which must be mortal to us both—O flowers! that never will in other climate grow, my early visitation and my last at even, which I bred up with tender hand, from your first opening buds, and gave you names! Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?"

Now, Sir, does Milton in his prose dress look a bit more poetical than L. E. L. in hers? [14]

But who will presume to say that in its original and proper state the quotation I have metamorphosed is not tender and poetic beyond the attainment of an ordinary genius? Take one more from the English Homer—his sublime description of Satan.

"He, above the rest, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost all her original brightness, nor appeared less than archangel ruined; and the excess of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen, looks through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon, in dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds on half the nations, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs."

This is a passage full of sublimity, and yet in its prose dress it is not "shorn of its beams," though it is rendered more homely to the eye, and less harmonious to the ear; while however the real inherent splendour of the effort remains in all its original magnificence. It has too, this extract, the very things which you pronounce to be in L. E. L. the faults of ignorance, but which in Milton at least are wilful perpetrations, and undeniable

how you could coldly pass over so exquisite a simile, as that contained in her most pathetic appeal;—"when a breath sent the crimson to my cheek, like the red gushing of a sudden wound." Oh! man, but the coldness of the critic must have been numbly over you then!

improvements. I mean that metrical irregularity [15] at which Pope was wont to shudder, and the want of which makes the perusal of Cowper, [16] for any length of time, a *task*. "His form had not yet lost all her original brightness"—and "the excess of glory obscured" are daring and successful instances of the power and the will of genius to start with brave disorder from the beaten path, and to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." But what a figure the lines would cut if measured as L. E. L.'s are by your critical wand, and their unscannable properties made visible by the damnatory marks of spondee, trochee, and dactyl, which you have ranged, over the head of *her* devoted lines, like the figures and letters over the various pigeon holes of an extensive merchant's desk? Now either you must lower Milton, and the others yet to be mentioned, to the standard, *quoad hoc*, to which *you* consider you have brought Miss Landon; or you must cease to disparage her by the application of a rule which you will not allow to have effect upon the rest; and that dilemma I leave for your consideration as a balance to the one I put myself into *in limine*! I have taken instances of blank verse from Milton, because you selected that species of writing from the works of L. E. L. but though I might produce an abundance of examples from Cowper, Akenside, Somerville, Armstrong, Thompson, and the other blank verse poets; I feel it would be very superfluous to do so; and shall accordingly content myself with a citation from Moore, whose verse is as little obnoxious as any I know to the censure of tameness, or mediocrity, or the want of poetic art and structural dexterity. If therefore *he* will go into prose, the finishing stroke will be thereby put to the rule you have adopted.

"Oh! not beneath the *enfeebling, withering glow* of such dull luxury, did those myrtles grow with which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare immortal deeds; but in the bracing air of toil—of temperance—of that *high, rare, ethereal* virtue, which alone can breathe life, health," &c. [17]

The above is not by any means one of the most prosific passages to be found in *Lalla Rookh*; and although any one who is a practical poet, or possessed of a true rhythmic ear, may read it, or the extracts from Milton and L. E. L. with perfect accuracy, as they *ought* to be read, in spite of their present unpoetic form; though any such person may thus read while he runs (*sicut canis ad nilum, bibens et fugiens*) yet it is plain that the regular appearance of prose is easily transferable to the most finished poetry, but is no test at all of the author's incapacity. My argument is capable of being extended to the works of the Greek and Roman poets, all of whom would, like "*Troy's proud glories,*" be "*swallowed*" up in the "*destructive ruin*" which the

admission of your principle would bring sweepingly over them ; but I shall not take up more space than will admit of an illustration from Virgil, and one from Horace—masters of the art, and elaborate in their construction—though the theme would be a very pleasing one to pursue, had one a larger compass and more means of reference. In the third book of the *Æneid* are the following few lines, which, prosified, run thus

“ Interdum scopulos, avulsæque viscera montis erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras cum gemitu glomerat, tundoque exæstuat imo.”

I have selected this example, though its language could not be literally translated to ears polite ; [18] but “ because its lines, in their natural state are particularly correct in measure, and harmonious in sound, yet no such excellence can save them from the dire effects of your transmogrifying rule, so highly applauded by contemporaries “ docti indoctique.” Behold another brief example, from the most finished of all his compositions, the *Georgics*.

“ Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte coruscâ, fulmina molitve dextrâ ; quo maxima motu terra tremit ; fugea feræ ; et mortalia corda per gentes humilis stravit pavor : ille flagranti, aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo dejicit,” &c.

If we next dabble a little in Horace, the very author of the “ Art of Poetry,” and one certainly who practised as he preached, we shall find no difficulty in making him all “ one *prose*.” Take we him just *ad aperturam libri*. Here is his xxxi carmen, ad Apollinem—the very God of poetry himself !

“ Quid dedicatum poscit apollinem vates ? quid orat de paterâ novum fundens liquorem ? non opimas Sardinicæ segetes feracis : non aëstuosæ grata Calabricæ armenta : non aurum, aut ebur Indicum,” &c.

What, says the Bard, is the first thing for which a Poet would, or should pray for from Dan Phœbus ? Not surely, *I* should say to be turned into prose at the pleasure of every critic who might choose to undervalue him ;—but enough of this. By the appearance of my English “ hand write” I leave you to judge what the *devil* would make of my Greek ! ex pede Herculem,—so I shall merely refer your deeper readers to Homer ; and, among other parts of him, to *Iliad* xx, 47, &c. where he describes the Gods themselves urging on, and taking part in person with, the combatants. Let the same be printed in prose, as you would a quotation from Demosthenes, and see what your method will do with the Prince of Poets ! [19]

Departing from this division of the subject, which I have unwittingly allowed to occupy a quantum of space which will make me economical of the portion that remains ; I shall next show the groundlessness of the dictum you have promulged, that universal [20] popularity (during life, at least) is no unerring proof of

preeminent descent ; and that often the slow justice of the critic raises up into fame with posterity, the poet whom those of his own time neglected. Now the very reverse of this would be the truth ; and I challenge you to produce me a single celebrated instance of a Poet having been exalted by posterity, who was looked upon as only mediocre [21] by his coevals. Taking a rapid view of the ancient Poets who have been borne down to us on the applausive breath of successive ages, we are aware that they were all looked upon as eminent in their own day, and that the mere poetasters who lived with them are at most but nominally known to the modern reader. To a certain degree I shall grant the converse of your proposition ; viz. that a Poet may be popular in his age and nation whose fame shall not survive its probationary century. Such a lapse of renown may happen to a writer of a peculiar turn and a peculiar way of thinking* ; but it seldom *has* happened, and is still less likely to happen now, since our language, as at present spoken, is little liable to become so obsolete as that of Chaucer, and others of the times between him and Spenser. But all the British Poets who have *our* suffrages to their fame, had also that of the times in which they lived ; and we have exalted nothing which those times rejected. Readers may be fewer, or more plentiful, at one period than at another ; but the common sense of all who did, or do, read is, on an average, the same in all ages of the world ; and hence what is called the public (be that circle great or small) has never been known to neglect true genius, nor to foster dulness. Such exceptions as may be taken to this rule, will emphatically serve to prove it ; for they will be found to consist of men who like Galileo, and some more, were born before their time ; but who consis-

* Every literary age abounds in writers, sufficiently clever to be popular in their day, but whose want of true genius prevents even themselves from expecting much posthumous renown. (a) Such are the swarms of clever, but not highly gifted, novel writers ; and the ephemeral Poets whose compositions would not sell in volumes, but who are read with pleasure in miscellaneous publications : but this fact is in conformity with my side of the argument ; for even those second and third rate writers merit the degree of popularity they receive, and therefore the public do not *err* in respect to them. (b) A demonstration of the general correctness of the public taste in literature is to be found in the circumstance of not one in twenty works offered to a bookseller being purchased by him from the writer, and not one in fifty of the number printed (no matter at whose expense) acquiring celebrity. (c)

(a) We doubt much if any popular poet was ever so modest.—EDITOR.

(b) Our argument was that popularity was an indication of *some* merit, but no infallible proof of *great* merit. The question is whether or not, the Public does not err in giving many authors a greater degree of popularity than they deserve. That it does so we shall easily prove in the notes at the end of this article.—EDITOR.

(c) One book may be better than fifty others, and yet be a very indifferent affair after all. We can easily conceive that of a hundred books offered to Booksellers, "bad is the best one."—EDITOR.

tently with the rule, came to be appreciated, in the ratio of their deserts, as soon as the age arrived for which it would seem they had been prematurely adapted, by what may be termed the precocity of their intellect. Such men may be likened to those preternaturally clever children whom we have all heard of; whose talents can be estimated by intellectual men, but not by children of their own age, and of the ordinary capacities with which infancy is endowed. Laying aside such instances, you will find your rule is a wrong, and mine a right one; of the which I am willing to be judged by any competent tribunal. The former British Poets whom we (that is to say posterity) admire, and allow the highest places in the Temple of Literary Immortality, are Chaucer (but I shall not name Gower, nor any of that standard) Spenser, Shakespear, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and several others *qui nunc*, &c. of the Elizabethan era. Dryden, and the magnates of his day, among whom I for one am not disposed to class Waller. Pope, and the best of the Augustan age of Anne; and such of the Georgian poets whose names are familiar as household words. Among them all there is not one, held in repute at this day, who was not sent down to us with the strong recommendation of the judges of his time; nor is there one of the then despised, who has been exalted by us to the high places of the Temple. I purposely reserved the mention of Milton because I anticipated, you would come down upon me with an argument founded on the little encouragement bestowed on *Paradise Lost*; but you cannot “choke me with *that* argusoy,” and yet it is in appearance the most plausible argument you can employ in proof of your proposition. The fact is, however, that during Milton’s life time, the public, properly so called, were never fairly tried with *Paradise Lost*; but it was much admired by all who *did* peruse it, and the slowness of its circulation, when it was first put into print, was more owing to the niggardliness and want of taste and spirit of the Publisher than to any cause arising from the want of judgement on the part of the community. The publisher’s exertions too, such as they were, must have been much paralyzed by political circumstances; and the very novelty of the Poem, in the midst of events so disadvantageous to its success, might have operated, from its nature, to have enfeebled the endeavours and the hopes of the bookseller. But, after all, the Poem was much and speedily admired; and none but half informed and superficial reasoners will argue against the then public from the fact of a spiritless publisher having offered fifteen pounds for it—albeit fifteen pounds then, was a different sum from fifteen pounds at present; and as high, perhaps, (a circumstance not pleaded by us for the vituperated purchaser!) a value for a copywright of a poem, in times like those, as what in these more propitious days,

has been expended on an approved production.* But in all else Milton was a highly popular poet among his contemporaries ; and it is a moot point, I think, now whether the *Paradise Lost* has in proportion, and all disparities besides considered, a greater number of enthusiastic admirers at this day, than it had in the times which witnessed its appearance. But where is the writer, despised by his own age, whom posterity have glorified ? Bavius comes not to us on a par with Virgil ; and Homer is in loftier estimation than Zoilus ! The case is the same with Orators and Historians ; and we admire none who were not admired in the old time before us ; and with great genius of all descriptions—the Soldier—the Architect—the Physician—the Painter,—and the Philosopher—the rule obtains, and the converse is unsupportable.† It follows thence that your other axiom is disputable, namely, that *the general applause of a co-existing public is not an infallible test of deserved pre-eminence ; for in its*

* I should rather have said on any production, the success of which appeared doubtful to the publisher. We know that some works of the greatest merit, and of eventual, nay speedy, popularity in their line, were either totally rejected, or most meanly appraised, by Book-sellers as enlightened at least as those of Milton's period. Blair's *Sermons* were positively declined by old Mr. Cadell, until Dr. Johnson got the perusal of one of them, and soon gave it his imprimatur ; but even then the dubious purchaser (not dubious of the Doctor's judgment, but of the public taste) would not offer more than a hundred pounds, for what afterwards brought him thousands. Burns's *Justice* is another such example ; and there are abundance of later instances, and in regard to more generally attractive compositions. How wary are the bibliopoles of the current period ! What scores of works are rejected in manuscript ; and what hundreds given to the world in that prudent but illiberal manner which leaves all, or nearly all, the risk upon the author ! Even Waverley was once pronounced an unsaleable commodity, and it was thought the *Black Dwarf* would not be endurable ! All these errors of judgment on the part of individuals, however, were quickly corrected when the public were referred to ; and to *Paradise Lost*, there was extended similar justice.

† The truth is that the effects of genius are, the same in all ages on the intelligent portion of the community, and are viewed with admiration, and felt with enthusiasm, whenever the human mind has been sufficiently cultivated. National propensities will cause admiration to be differently expressed, among different people, but the greater efforts of the mind will be almost equally appreciated by all ; though the method of displaying them will vary, in its mere physical effects, agreeably to the habits of different countries, much, for example, as we admire the writings of the Greek and Roman Poets, our ears could not endure what is ascertained to have been their sing-song mode of reciting those productions ; and deeply as we can feel the eloquence of Cicero, it would lose its whole effect, of persuading and convincing, if it could at this day be exhibited in the British House of Commons, as it was by himself to the audiences whom it delighted and subdued as much by the manner of its delivery, as by the merit of its reasoning. What would an assembled Parliament think of the approved Roman action practised by Cicero and inculcated by Quintilian ; the "*supplicatio pedis*," and the "*percussio frontis et femoris*," which Cicero himself informs us were usual gestures in the forum ? But such accompaniments had nothing to do with the genius itself, and it is as much admired by the moderns without the action, as the adjunction of the latter could have rendered it by the Romans. None of Cicero's rivals were so extolled as he was by contemporaneous judges, and consequently none of them have come down to us in such a garb of glory.

favorable estimate of genius, when has the voice of the public been known to err ; and in the particular case in question, upon what principle and on what examples, do you maintain yourself and your minority to be the better judges—the true literary Daniels in a question of ability ? [22] I keep you to the terms you have deliberately laid down. You have acknowledged that the immense majority have concurred in extolling the poetic genius of L. E. L. but “you and yours” insist that they are wrong, and you have represented them as besotted to such a degree that the dictum of a single, and a partial critic—Mr. Jerdan—has had the effect of neutralizing their own judgements, and making them the subservient slaves of his midnight lamp. First, Sir, prove that the intellectual public is *apt* to err, and then you may assume that it has erred in this case ; [23]—*but* will you, when you have gained that point bow to its infallibility in the instances of Byron, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans, and the like, and rest satisfied with the sacrifice of L. E. L. while writers like Hunt, Keats, and that distinct class, are refused the places of honor, and seated below the literary salt—the *sal atticum*, which they seem not to have tasted ?

Again, you appear to rule that a gifted writer and a voluminous one are not compatible [24] : and you make an observation, which I cannot compliment by denominating it profound, which in substance is, that poets like Goldsmith and Campbell are really greater than Southey, or Scott, *because* the former wrote comparatively so little, and took such time to polish ! [25] In the first place you assume more than I am disposed to admit without a struggle ; and more than what well known facts will bear you out in. Goldsmith did not write so little poetry *in consequence* of the pains he took to make that little perfect (of which unusual pains we have indeed no proof) but because he wrote a great quantity of various prose, which he found better calculated to procure him “meat, clothes, and fire,” from the greater ease with which it was produced and the greater profit it accordingly brought him. Campbell I do not look upon as an *inspired* writer, in the poetic sense of the term ; nor indeed was Goldsmith either. But Campbell can plead other causes (which bring him wherewithal to “plenish his mailin too) than mere care and long polishing of his verses, for the little he has written in the form of poesy ; and to upset that part of your argument at once, here is the *fact*—that the most truly inspired writers are almost all voluminous, in comparison with the methodical ones who polish their lines to weakness ; and the naturally laborious, who “squeeze from hard bound brains six lines a year.” Behold the proofs ! Homer is voluminous, even as we have him now. We know that of the in-

inspired tragic writers of old not half the works have come down to us but that only a very few of their productions have reached the present time. Virgil wrote much, and he is a powerful instance against you ; for it must have been his inspiration alone that "pricked him on," as his care and even his timidity, were constant checks upon him. Horace was for ever writing ; so were the more celebrated Roman satirists. Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. all wrote voluminously, and all chiefly from inspiration ; and the inspired of our own times are all voluminous and fluent writers either in verse or prose. L. E. L. will therefore stand upon that principle, against you : and it may be taken as a general and a safe rule, that a writer does not compose too rapidly, nor publish too much, as long as the public do not get tired of him, which they would certainly do, if the constant use of his powers weakened the spell which their first application enabled him to cast over them.*

I have permitted my subject to carry me beyond the limits which a periodical can afford ; but where materials are abundant it is not easy to be moderate in appropriating them. I have no objection to any of your supporters taking up the glove, in defence of *your* critical canons ; but unless they can prove by undeniable instances that the general rules for estimating a poet correctly, are such as you have laid down, and that mine are but the exceptions, I do not think the admirers of Miss Landon, have much to fear for her. I have written this in a great hurry and under the bodily disadvantage of sitting at my desk in the graceful and easy figure of a Z with a tail to it (an accident having thrown one leg into the hands of the Surgeon) and have had to rely a good deal on my memory—an outpost not being possessed of a Library quite so extensive and complete as the Bodleian !—which facts corporeal and mental, I am so egotistical as to record, in order that any signs of weakness in the composition may be more charitably accounted for, than by the attribution of violent stupidity !

Your's obediently.

Etawah, 28th June, 1830.

R. A. McN,

* To compel Poets to write much, is, in truth the natural influence of inspiration ; and accordingly, as I have said, the truly inspired have ever poured forth their song abundantly. Those who have been divinely so, are farther illustrations of the truth of my assertion ; for we find that it will apply in all its strength to Isaiah, David, Solomon, and the rest of that heavenly gifted throng, whose out pourings render the Holy Scriptures all, excellent compositions. That dull and plodding writers may be also voluminous, though I think they are not generally so, cannot be denied while Sir Richard Blackmore, and a few others of that genus, are held in nominal remembrance ; but mental quiescence is incompatible with inspiration, though the mind may be active without being inspired.

EDITORIAL NOTES TO THE "CANONS OF CRITICISM."

NOTE 1.—The Reader when he has arrived at the conclusion of this letter will find how little these words are justified by our correspondent's reasonings. The Italics are ours.

NOTE 2.—As our correspondent was so convinced of the impotency of our criticisms it was hardly worth his while to bestow so much attention upon our breach of "established rules;" but with strange inconsistency in a sentence or two further on, he says, it is "of consequence that your readers should be made aware of your fallibility." Now as our readers, by his own admission, are "naturally expected to be guided by our dicta" they are precisely in as much danger of being persuaded into our opinions respecting the genius of L. E. L. as of being led into improper notions regarding the laws of Criticism by our mode of reviewing. If we have influence in the one case, we have influence in the other also.

NOTE 3.—This is certainly a somewhat invidious observation. We had no wish whatever to "lower" the fame of L. E. L. but it was our avowed purpose to account for the circumstance of her popularity being more extensive than that of Wordsworth, Coleridge or Southey, (unquestionably greater Poets,) and to analyze to the best of our ability and with an impartial hand the peculiar elements of her poetry. We most readily admitted that with all her faults and deficiencies she possesses real genius, a sacred word too indiscriminately used in modern criticism. We concluded with the remark that she was still young and that many of her defects might even yet be removed, while we should be among the first to rejoice at any change that might tend to the advancement of her powers, and the stability of her reputation.

NOTE 4.—But who can enjoy the poetry of L. E. L. or even Little's amorous effusions and ingenious conceits!!

NOTE 5.—A mistake of this nature would not prove a person incapable of appreciating the wit and humour of Butler. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." It is astonishing how people of considerable sagacity are apt to confound a knowledge of names, dates, and words, with a knowledge of things and thoughts.

NOTE 6.—We have merely given rapid outlines of Miss Landon's plots, in the manner which most Reviewers have adopted. The extracts we have given sustain our charges against her of abruptness and want of invention; for we have shown that the principal incidents of the generality of her tales have a similar melodramatic turn, and that nearly all her heroes and heroines meet with the most startling and improbable adventures that were ever recorded on the pages of romance. Her Lovers are awfully woe-begone, and affected with a sickly sentimentality, until they very interestingly die in each others arms, and are buried in the same grave!! We utterly deny the assertion that Shakespeare's plots and characters would appear to equal disadvantage if explained and criticised on the same plan and in the same manner that we have adopted towards L. E. L. They have infinite variety and an air of moral truth, evincing in the author extraordinary powers of invention com-

bined with exquisite judgement and a profound knowledge of human nature. What a witty writer might do is another question, but as we are said to affect the "sententious" style, (though we are not aware of it ourselves) we should find it difficult to turn Shakespeare into ridicule:

NOTE 7.—We need only mention HORACE as one of our authorities for this procedure, for, as he is described by our Correspondent himself as the "very" author of the art of Poetry, and one who practised as he preached, we presume he will not cavil at such a name, but allow it to be "a tower of strength." A passage in Warton's beautiful work on the Genius and Writings of Pope, is so much to the point, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it. The reader will perceive that Warton, whose critical sagacity and judgement but few will venture to dispute, has carried our experiment a degree further, and transposed the order of the words.

HORACE AND WARTON *versus* OUR CORRESPONDENT.

QUERY.—"What sense is there in the plan, or what criterion does it yield of judging merit? — By no acknowledged and able critic has it ever been applied to the ascertainment of genius."

"Nothing can be more judicious than the method Horace prescribes, of trying whether any composition be essentially poetical or not; which is, to drop entirely the measures and numbers, and transpose and invert the order of the words: and in this unadorned manner to peruse the passage. If there be really in it a true poetical spirit, all your inversions and transpositions will not disguise and extinguish it; but it will retain its lustre, like a diamond unset, and thrown back into the rubbish of the mine. Let us make a little experiment on the following well-known lines: "Yes, you despise the man that is confined to books, who rails at humankind from his study; though what he learns, he speaks; and may, perhaps, advance some general maxims, or may be right by chance. The chameleon bird, so grave and so talkative, that cries whore, knave, and cuckold, from his cage, though he rightly call many a passenger, you hold him no philosopher. And yet, such is the fate of all extremes, men may be read too much, as well as books. We grow more partial, for the sake of the observer, to observations which we ourselves make; less so to written wisdom, because another's. Maxims are drawn from notions, and those from guess." What shall we say of this passage? Why, that it is most excellent sense, but just as poetical as the "Qui fit Mæcenas" of the author who recommends this method of trial. Take ten lines of the Iliad, Paradise Lost, or even of the Georgics of Virgil, and see whether, by any process of critical chemistry, you can lower and reduce them to the tameness of prose. You will find that they will appear like Ulysses in his disguise of rags, still a hero, though lodged in the cottage of the herdsman Eumæus."—Warton's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*.

NOTE 8.—Who said that it would? We implied exactly the reverse!!! We printed L. E. L.'s poetry in a prose form to show that it was not elevated either by the thoughts or language above ordinary prose composition, and it would have been an extreme inconsistency in us, had we admitted that the alteration of its shape either added to or deducted from its real merit, when it was our purpose to prove that if the illusions of metre and the division of lines were abstracted, it would be perceived at once that her poetry owed its character solely to the Printer. It was poetry only to the eye. As genuine poetry will not read like common prose because it is printed as such, we could do no injustice to L. E. L. by such a mode of rendering her thoughts and language more intelligible to the mass of readers, who are often be-

wildered by the externals of verse which they confound with poetry itself. Our Correspondent is arguing against himself, and generously offers us an advantage.

NOTE 9.—It was by no means our chief object to show the bad *versification* of Miss Landon, by printing it as prose, but to prove, as we have said before, that her *thoughts and diction* are often adapted to the level of an ordinary prose style, owing to her want of condensation and polish, and her sometimes mistaking a command of words for the inspiration of the Muse. We do not deny, that we also intended to exhibit the bad structure of her verse by showing that it was characterized by a slovenly feeble and *prosaic* modulation. Whereas a passage of poetry from Milton, though printed as prose, betrays the accents, inversions, and rhythm of metrical composition. In familiar and witty verse the absence of these peculiarities is regarded as a merit, but in works that make any pretensions to the dignity of true poetry, they are indispensable. Elaborate and finely modulated blank-verse, Milton's, for example, would not make "*easy and graceful*," prose, any more than the art of singing would form a proper medium of common conversation. In both cases, however, the sentiments, whether poetical or prosaic, would remain unaltered. As to prove that verses which seem beautiful while sung to music are utter nonsense in reality, we often legitimately repeat them in a familiar common tone of voice, so on the same principle have we changed L. E. L.'s *verse* into the form of prose, to demonstrate how much it owed to the typographical arrangement, which often blinds uncritical readers to very great defects, both of thought and language.

NOTE 10.—This is strange logic, and we confess it is rather unintelligible to us. If the writer asserts, that unless good prose will make good poetry when printed as such, that our mode of taking the external form from prosaic verse and printing it as prose, is not a fair way of shewing its absence of all intrinsic excellence, as far as the *spirit* of poetry is concerned, we must positively leave his argument untouched, for we can really make nothing of it.

NOTE 11.—It is hardly necessary to reply to this, for who ever maintained for a moment the general position, that because a Poet's METRICAL lines were transformable to PROSAIC ones, that he must be incapable of exercising one necessary branch of his art? Our Correspondent uses the word *prosaic* here in an ambiguous sense. If he mean it to apply to the *printed form of prose only*, as he appears to do, it requires no further comment, for no man in his senses would assert that because our printer could set up *Paradise Lost* in the form of prose that Milton must therefore be no poet. But if the word *prosaic* be applied to the diction, thoughts, imagery and modulation of the verse-writer, and these when printed as prose seem in their proper place and possess no features inconsistent with the sober and subdued tone of a didactic essay or a traveller's diary, then we say there would exist a very strong presumption indeed that the author was not a genuine poet. But we are really ashamed of this explanation of so palpable a truism.

NOTE 12.—We inserted in our critique five different passages of this kind from L. E. L.'s poems. The one our correspondent has just given is by far the least prosaic of them all, but yet sufficiently unpoetical, in our estimation, to answer our purpose. It contains, however, one original and beautiful simile which our correspondent

has noticed. With this exception it seems to us equally defective either as prose or poetry. We will here repeat two other specimens :—

FROM "THE CHANGE."

There were two boys who were bred up together, shared the same bed, and fed at the same board; each tried the other's sports, &c. they parted, &c., they met again, but different from themselves; the one proud as a soldier of his rank, and of his many battles, and the other proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill and toil that gathered it; each with a brow and heart alike darkened by years and care. They met with cold words and yet colder looks, each was changed in himself, and yet each thought the other only changed, himself the same; and coldness bred dislike, &c. &c. &c.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF THE LYRE"

I soon left Italy: it is well worth a year of wandering, were it but to feel how much our England does out-weight the world. A clear cold April morning was it, when I first rode up the avenue of ancient oaks.—We passed through Rome on our return and there sought out Eulalia.

NOTE 13.—The effects of a change of typographical form on the *metrical* arrangement we repeat again is not the main point in dispute. Our Correspondent seems to forget the importance of thoughts and diction.

NOTE 14.—We can hardly think our querist serious, and therefore shall not venture a reply to so extraordinary a question. We shall merely remark that the *poetry* of this passage from Milton seems in no respect injured by our printer. Upon the comparative merits of the case of L. E. L. *versus* MILTON we positively dare not enter—the subject is too intricate and important to be handled in the very hasty manner in which we are compelled to write these notes.

NOTE 15.—We reserve our remarks on the subject of versification for an article at the end of these notes.

NOTE 16.—Cowper was the first who introduced a greater freedom of modulation into the heroic couplet!

NOTE 17.—We certainly perceive no beauty in this passage, which we think rather unfortunately selected, notwithstanding the name of its distinguished author. It is deformed by some of Moore's worst faults. The italics are ours.

NOTE 18.—This passage is part of a description of Mount *Ætna*. Blair condemns it for its *lowness* and vulgarity, and Arbuthnot, in speaking of a translation of it, says, that the mountain is represented as in a fit of the cholera. We need not reiterate our reply to the arguments founded on this and other extracts of the same description.

NOTE 19.—Ossian's productions though printed after "*our method*" are good poetry, though bad prose, because comparatively stilted and artificial in their construction, and this would be the case with Homer's—under the same experiment.

NOTE 20.—The use of this word UNIVERSAL, (*in which the whole force of our Correspondent's argument is involved*) is a gratuitous assumption! We have never said either that L. E. L. had "*universal*" popularity, or that "*universal*" popularity was not a proof of some desert! We spoke of her "*extraordinary*" popularity, and at the first thought it *does* seem extraordinary, considering her vast inferiority to such comparatively neglected Poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey! But when we compare the character of the great body of readers with that of the "*fit audience*," though "*few*," with which the loftiest poets have been contented

we at once account for her success and recognize the distinction between *fame* and *popularity*. Is there a single critic of any reputation for sound judgement who would seriously compare this ~~infant~~ young Lady to the Master-spirits of the age? Many of the minor periodicals have spoken of her with a degree of praise which ~~themselves~~ would most willingly subscribe to. But if we admit the pathos and refinement of a Goldsmith, are we inconsistent if we also assert that it would be the extremest stupidity in any one to compare him to Shakespeare? If we allow the beauty, delicacy, and tenderness of many of L. E. L.'s productions, must we necessarily regard her as equal to Milton, or indeed the great living Poets we have before alluded to? There are critics, it seems, who can distinguish no gradations in genius, and who apply the same epithets to the author of a collection of pretty love verses, and the most exalted of Epic bards!! But to return to the question of popularity as a criterion of merit. We have expressly admitted that "*extensive popularity is a pretty certain indication that a writer is not utterly devoid of every species of merit*, though it by no means follows that he is necessarily superior to his less favored rivals. Popularity is no more a proof of genius than unpopularity is a proof of the want of it. Neither is a decisive test of actual genius. But as the first implies merit of some kind or other of however low a grade, yet palpable to common readers, so its opposite is generally occasioned by certain defects that are equally obvious to the general eye, while the excellencies, if such there be, require more penetration to discover and taste to appreciate, than are possessed by the multitude." Now we will apply this argument. L. E. L. possesses merit, all her beauties are obvious to the general eye and she is therefore a *popular* Poet. On the other hand Wordsworth has also merit, but it is of a kind which requires more than common taste and penetration to discover and appreciate (his defects being palpable and his beauties recon-dite) and he is therefore an *unpopular* Poet. As a further illustration of the nature of popularity and fame we shall observe that Goldsmith, is a more *popular* poet than Milton, but Milton has more *fame*. L. E. L. is more popular than Wordsworth and may continue so, but Wordsworth has now, and will continue to have, more *fame*. For every single *genuine* admirer of Milton and Spencer we verily believe that even L. E. L. could number half a dozen! What does this demonstrate? That popularity is "an unerring proof of pre-eminent desert?" or that the *many* are not the best judges? For our own part we think a true poetical taste almost as rare as poetical genius *itself*. Shakespeare, let people talk as they will, is not a *popular* writer, as far as pure poetry is concerned. His plots, characters and incidents alone are what attract the mob. The gods of the gallery applaud as much as the critics in the pit, but is it because they have an equally vivid sense of the purely *POETICAL* beauties of Shakespeare? By no means. The critics have pointed out his matchless merits, and the mass of readers merely raise an echo. The multitude are always *finally* led into right opinions by the judicious *few* to whom Milton has so beautifully appealed.

NOTE 21.—We wish our Correspondent were a little less ambiguous in his expressions, or kept more closely to our actual assertions. When did we speak of Poets deemed *mediocre* by their coevals, being exalted by posterity? It is a position of so *vague* a nature that we hardly know how to meet it. No doubt, every Poet, great or small, has been deemed *mediocre* by *some* of his contemporaries. Shakespeare was

regarded by many as a very ignorant fellow, and Waller, a popular Poet, spoke in the most contemptuous terms of an old blind school-master of the name of Milton! All that we have to prove is that some of our first poets have been treated with neglect by the great body of their contemporaries, and "exalted by posterity." We will favour our correspondent with a few examples. "Lord Bacon," says Wordsworth "in his multifarious writings, no where quotes or alludes to Shakespeare, and Dryden has told us that even in his time, two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of the Prince of Dramatic Bards. And so faint and limited, was the perception of his poetic beauties, in the time of Pope, that in his edition of the plays, with a view of rendering a necessary service to the general reader he printed between inverted commas, those passages which he thought most worthy of notice!" In an article on Shakespeare's Sonnets, which appeared in the *Calcutta Literary Gazette* in the course of the last year we showed that only eleven of Shakespeare's plays were printed in his life time. In one hundred years were published only four editions of his works! "How little," says Mr. Steevens, "Shakespeare was once read may be understood from Tate who in his dedication to the altered play of King Lear, speaks of the original as AN OBSCURE PIECE RECOMMENDED TO HIS NOTICE BY A FRIEND, and the author of the Tatler having occasion to quote a few lines out of Macbeth, was content to receive them from Davenant's alterations of that now celebrated Drama in which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised or arbitrarily omitted." "The nation" says Dr. Johnson "had been satisfied with only two editions of Shakespeare's works from 1623 to 1664 a period of 41 years." That this disgraceful circumstance was not owing to "a paucity of readers," may be satisfactorily proved by a reference to the fate of other Poets. A seventh edition of Cowley's Poems was printed in 1681. A fourth edition of Flaxman's Poems was printed in 1686, and in the same year was published the fifth edition of Waller's. The productions of Norris, a now forgotten Poet went through nine editions a few years after! Nor was Shakespeare alone thus neglected and thrown into the shade by the POPULARITY of such writers as Cowley, Flaxman, Waller and Norris! The divine Milton himself, for nearly a century shared a similar fate. The early editions of *Paradise Lost* were printed in a form that allowed them to be sold at a low price, and yet only three editions of the work were published in 11 years, during which many inferior Poems enjoyed a sale of twenty times the extent. He got only five pounds for the first edition published in 1667. It was stipulated that he should receive five pounds more for the second edition, and another five pounds if it reached a third. After the publication of the third edition, the widow to whom the copy was then to devolve, sold all her claims to the book-seller for eight pounds!!—So much for our Correspondent's arguments to prove that no great Poet was ever neglected in his life-time, and that extensive popularity is an unerring test of merit!!! He asserts that "what is called the public (be that circle great or small) has never been known, to neglect true genius or to foster dulness!" What does he mean by the "public, be that circle great or small." Does he imply that there are two publics, and that one or the other is sure to patronize true genius. There are crowds who admire L. E. L. and neglect Wordsworth, while on the other hand a few admire Wordsworth and neglect L. E. L. Can both these parties be called the public? If so it is quite clear that no Poet, good or bad, was ever yet neglected, for the meanest scribbler has some few admirers, and so had Milton in his most "evil days." This indistinct

mode of expression renders it difficult for us in some cases to grapple with our Correspondent's arguments. If he means the great body of readers (which we designate *the public* when speaking on Literary subjects) he is easily answered by referring him to the names of Hayley, Glover, and Sir Richard Blackmore! Every one familiar with the history of Literature, is aware that these writers were regarded as men of great "mark and likelihood" in their own times, but they are thought very dull fellows now! The prosaic Hayley was extravagantly admired as a Poet, and his works had a rapid sale. Glover's *Leonidas* which no one reads now is said by Warton to have been "most *eagerly* perused and *universally* admired." As to Sir Richard Blackmore, his Poem of *Prince Arthur* had a prodigious sale and met with such distinguished honour as raised the animosity of Dennis and the envy of Dryden. Even Dr. Johnson himself speaks of his Poem of the "Creation" in a manner that shows him to have been prejudiced in his favour by the ignorant admiration of *the public*! "This Poem" says he, in his *Lives of the Poets*, "if he had written nothing else would have transmitted him to posterity AMONG THE FIRST FAVORITES OF THE ENGLISH MUSE"!!! We cannot resist the temptation of giving one more example of the way in which *the public*, as well the common herd of critics have "FOSTERED DULNESS." The success of Elkanah Settle, whose very name is ludicrous, made Dryden tremble for his own fame. The extreme popularity of one of the former's "Tragedies in Rhyme" was sufficient according to Dr. Johnson to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger, and he could not repress those emotions which he called indignation and others jealousy. So popular a Poet was this Elkanah Settle, that it was thought necessary by the booksellers to bring out his works in a style of peculiar splendour. His was the first Play that was ever "embellished with sculptures," and this distinction gave his RIVAL Dryden, so much pain that he attacked him furiously both in prose and verse. There is no limit to what Wordsworth calls the "obliquities of admiration," or the versatilities of taste. The Monthly Review edited by Dr. Kenrick a learned and able man attacked Goldsmith's Poems on their first appearance and described the *Traveller* as a *Flimsy Poem*. A contemporary critic spoke of Gray's *Elegy* in the following terms "This little Poem, *however humble its pretensions*, is not without elegance or merit." "The Odes of Collins" says D'Israeli "were purchased by Millar" (the John Murray of those days), and printed in the form of a slight pamphlet, but all the interest of that great bookseller could never introduce them into notice. Not even an idle compliment is recorded to have been paid to the Poet." "To our poor Bard" continues the same author "the oblivion which covered his works appeared eternal, as those works now seem to us immortal." He consigned his Odes to the flames in a fit of terrible despair, and to the perpetual recollections of his poetical misfortunes are we to attribute the unsettled state of his mind, which ended at last in madness. We think we have now sufficiently maintained our positions that the public often "*foster dulness*," that a popular Poet is not always a true one, and that the greatest Poet may be underrated and neglected by the mass of his contemporaries, and yet be raised up into splendid flame by the voice of Posterity. If our arguments therefore are worth any thing, the great popularity of L. E. L. is no proof of her deserving more praise than we have given her, while Wordsworth and Coleridge though comparatively neglected now by general rea-

ders, may hereafter occupy so conspicuous a position in the temple of Fame that even the ignorant vulgar may repeat their names with reverence.

NOTE 22.—We only express our own opinions with the same confidence that our Correspondent does his, and we have both of us an equal right to do so. *He may be right and we may be wrong*, but because he is in the majority (counting the mob) and we in the minority, it does not necessarily follow that the error is on our side. We have already proved that the majority, in matters of taste, so far from being always in the right are more frequently in the wrong.

NOTE 23.—"First, Sir," says our Correspondent "prove that the intellectual public is apt to err, and then you may assume that it has erred in this case." This is rather illogically put, for it has as yet nothing to do with the question of L. E. L.'s merits, the writer not having proved that she is admired by the intellectual part of the public. We have admitted that L. E. L. is esteemed by a large majority of readers but are the majority, the intellectual portion of mankind? We think not.

NOTE 24.—"You appear," says our opponent "to rule that a gifted writer and a voluminous one are not compatible." WE RULE NO SUCH THING—we allow Wordsworth and Southey to be at once gifted and voluminous. All we assert, is that they would have been better Poets with less self-confidence and more condensation. "*And you make an observation which I cannot compliment by denominating profound, which in substance is, that Poets like Goldsmith and Campbell are really greater than Southey or Scott, because the former wrote comparatively so little and took such time to polish.*" Here is another gross misconception—we SAID NO SUCH THING! Our argument was that a man's genius is in these times too often estimated by the size of his volume, and that he is thought a great Poet in spirit who is bulky in externals, whereas more thought and poetry is sometimes compressed into two lines of one writer than in two thousand of another. Both Southey and Wordsworth are infinitely too diffuse and verbose, and this appears to us to be the most fashionable sin of the present times, as well in prose as verse. We never elevated Goldsmith and Campbell above Southey or Scott, on account of their greater polish and condensation, or on any other grounds. *The name of the latter does not even once occur during the whole article alluded to!!*

NOTE 25.—We have here a repetition of the writer's mistake respecting our opinion of voluminous writers. We again state that we never maintained the absurd position that no inspired writer was voluminous; but that quantity in verse, as in every thing else, was no test of quality. There may be more wealth in a Lady's jewel box, than in a Merchant's ware-house, and more thought in five couplets of Pope than ten cantos of Sir Richard Blackmore. The great mass of voluminous writers are dead and gone. Posterity examines unwieldy luggage with a very scrutinizing eye, and seems glad of an excuse to toss it on one side. The few voluminous writers of genius that remain would have been lost also, had they not been as careful as they were copious. Our Correspondent mentions the names of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare, Dryden and Pope as voluminous Poets. Let him remember what a vast host of voluminous writers may be opposed to these who have been buried under the weight of their own lumber. Every author of a condensed style could be voluminous, if he were not anxious about the quality of his materials. The converse of this will not hold. Sir Richard Blackmore could not have compressed his thoughts

like Pope, but Pope had he so pleased might have been as diffuse as Blackmore. Many writers could be *wordy*, but few have the power of concentration. It is by no means clear that a voluminous writer must be a careless one. We have not a single proof that any one great and voluminous author did not polish and condense. While from all that has been gathered of their habits of study it has been shown that men of the greatest genius have bestowed considerable labour on their works. "Milton" says Richardson "would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, AND THEN REDUCE THEM TO HALF THE NUMBER." We have a similar anecdote of Virgil. "It is related" says Dr. Johnson "of Virgil that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies!" Pope's poetical studies were attended with similar labour. He wrote his first thoughts in his first words, and then "proceeded gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify and refine them." Rousseau, a Poet in prose, has described the "ceaseless inquietude" by which he obtained the seductive eloquence of his style and has said that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. "His existing manuscripts" says D'Iraeli "display more erasures than Pope's, and shew his eagerness to set down his first thoughts, and his art to raise them to the impassioned style of his imagination." "All my Poetry" says Burns "is the effect of easy composition, but of laborious correction."

Let us hear what Cowper says on the same subject, and he is not looked upon as a particularly cautious writer. "TO TOUCH AND RETOUCH is though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to shew their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself." Moore, whose own Poetry bears internal evidence of excessive care, observes in his Life of Byron, that his Lordship was no exception to the general law of nature that imposes labour as the price of perfection. Drummond of Hawthornden beautifully and truly says

"I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of spirit are so dearly bought."

Southey, voluminous and diffuse as he is, has not disdained the labor of correction, as we lately proved in the *Literary Gazette* by a specimen of a sonnet altered in almost every line, even after publication. If we turn to prose writers we shall find the same assiduous care bestowed upon their compositions. The Memoir of Gibbon was composed nine times, and after all was left unfinished. Shenstone has observed that "fine writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and laboured composition." But it is by no means necessary to produce further examples and authorities in support of our argument, however easy it would be to do so. We shall conclude this note therefore with the following extract from Horace :—

Sæpe stylum vertas iterum quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus; neque te ut miretur turba labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus.—*Horatius.*

Would you a reader's just esteem engage?
Correct with frequent care the blotted page;
Nor strive the wonder of the croud to raise
But the few better judges learn to please.—*Francis.*

ON VERSIFICATION.

MILTON AND L. E. L!

The writer of the preceding Letter has strange notions on the subject of Versification. He seems to think that the metrical freedom of L. E. L. is of the same kind as Milton's! But the fact is that *his* verse is characterized by *variety* and *her's* by *disorder*. It is sometimes, as the Edinburgh Review said of parts of Southey's *Thaïa*, "a jumble of all the measures that are known in English poetry." Those who defend L. E. L.'s irregular metres can show no fixed principles on which they are constructed, and as freedom does not consist in a defiance of all law, it is very clear that

"Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty."

To show such of our readers as may not have studied the subject, upon what principles we condemned the metrical construction of a large portion of L. E. L.'s Poetry, we must venture a few words in explanation of the rules of versification, and shall endeavor to be as intelligible as possible. We admit that English Prosody is by no means so well fixed, nor so well defined, as to present a code of laws, by the knowledge of which a person with a bad ear could construct a poem with all the graces of metrical modulation. A poet, however familiar with the laws of verse, must possess a quick natural sensibility to every variety of sound, and exercise an exquisite natural judgement in the combination of his notes, or he will be very apt to fail in his attempts at the music of versification. A man's ear may be improved, and so may his thoughts, but all the culture in the world, will not render him either a perfect musician or a perfect poet; unless he has been originally gifted by nature with the genuine spirit of inspiration. Exquisitely harmonious poetry is the result of natural genius and cultivated taste. It is not necessary to pore over a treatise on versification to become acquainted with its principles, for a careful perusal of our best poets will soon familiarize the student, who possesses a good ear, to the varied harmonies of verse; and he may perceive what is right and what is wrong, though he knows not the name of a single poetic foot, and is unable to explain his opinions in a scientific manner. There are some writers, however, who, though endowed with sufficient natural gifts, are too careless or too self-confident to improve their sense of harmony by a study of the best models, and disdain to "touch and retouch" their most unpremeditated productions. Others again, though familiar with the finest specimens of versification, evince a total disregard of all established rules, and with ludicrous presumption pretend to have discovered the impropriety of lowering their genius to an attention to those principles which have been honored and obeyed by all preceding poets. The admirers (for such they have) of these audacious Out-laws in the kingdom of Parnassus, have the folly to defend their conduct by a reference to the example of Milton, who is beyond all comparison the most learned and careful versifier in the English Language! Every page of the *Paradise Lost* is not only the production of

gigantic natural powers, but a profound knowledge of metrical harmony, and a most studious attention to its laws. So far from its being unlicensed or unlabored the only plausible objection that was ever advanced against it, is its occasionally pedantic and artificial air. There is certainly no poem in English Literature, in which the construction of the metre, is so elaborately wrought. Every line, nay every accent seems the result of the maturest consideration. We shall presently give specimens to illustrate our remarks, but before we do so it is necessary to explain, a few of the more prominent features of English Prosody.

The most common form in which our verse is constructed is the *heroic*, that is to say lines of ten syllables, generally speaking, with every second syllable accented. When the music of each line depends entirely on the regular accentuation of every second syllable, the measure is called the pure *Iambic*. The single words *ab-hor*, *de-test* and *re-ceive*, and the two words, *I am*, *thou art*, are styled *Iambic* feet; five of these feet therefore make an heroic line.

The following is a specimen of *Iambic-heroic* verse.

Büt äna-iöus cäres thë pën-sive nýmph öp-prëssed
And se-cret pass-ions lu-boured in her breast.
Not Youth-ful kings in bat-tle seized a-live,
Not scorn-ful vir-gins who their charms sur-vive,
Not ard-ent lov-ers, robbed of all their bliss,
Not anc-ient lad-ies when re-fused a kiss,
E'er felt such rage re-sent-ment and des-pair
As thou fair vir-gin for thy rav-ished hair!

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

The *Iambic* modulation is not confined to lines of ten syllables, or with rhyming terminations. Here is a specimen of the *Iambic octo-syllabic* line.

Oh, La-dý twine nö wrëath för me,
Or twine it of the Cy-press tree,
Too live-ly glow the lil-y's light,
The varn-ished hol-ly's all too bright,
The May-flow'r and the eg-lan-tine
May shade a brow-less sad than mine.
Then La-dy twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the Cy-press tree.—Scott.

We will now give an example of *Iambic Blank* verse from Milton.

————— Yet from those flames,
No light, büt rä-thër därk-nëss vi-si-ble,
Served on-ly to dis-cov-er sights of woe,
Re-gions of sor-row, dole-ful shades where peace
And rest can nev-er dwell; hope nev-er comes,
That comes to all; but tor-ture with-out end
Still urg-es, and a fis-ry de-luge fled
With ev-er burn-ing sulph-er un-con-sumed.
Such places th' e-tern-al just-ice had pre-pared
For those re-bel-lious.

Nothing seems more difficult and perplexing to the unlearned reader, than a treatise on Versification, because the few works we possess on this subject, passing over the broad general rules and principles, dwell with tedious and pedantic minuteness on rare exceptions and minute details. We will venture an assertion that has never, we believe, been made by any essayist on metrical music, and which seems to be, nevertheless, not only correct, but likely to save the general reader, who is desirous of understanding the matter, a good deal of trouble. It is this—*The Iambic measure is the foundation on which almost all our Versification has been constructed.* All other feet are introduced into English metre for the sake of variety, but if they are used too lavishly, they produce discord and confusion. We are now alluding to the construction of long and serious Poems, Stanzas for music, and short humorous compositions are often independent even of the Iambic. But these are the exceptions to our rule. In all Epic Poems the Iambic takes the lead. Though the Iambic is by far the most majestic, firm, stately and harmonious of all our measures, and the most congenial to the English language, it would seem monotonous, in a long poem, if every other foot were rigidly excluded. On this account other feet are inserted occasionally in occasional lines. These are called the Trochee, the Spondee, the Pyrrhic, the Dactyle, and the Anapest. The first three, like the Iambic, are feet of two syllables. The last two are feet of three syllables. We shall give specimens of each. After the Iambic there is no foot we think so much used or with such good effect as the Trochees. Its accent is the reverse of the Iambic, the first syllable being emphatic, as in the word, *lift-y*. When introduced at the commencement of a line, as it generally is, it gives an impulse to the succeeding Iambics, and a spirited tone to the whole verse. The following are specimens.

*Some In the fields of pur-est e-ther play
And bask and whi-ten in the blaze of day.
Her live-ly looks a spright-ly mind dis-close
Quick as her eyes, and as un-fixed as those.
Hark a glad voice the lone-ly de-sert cheers;
Pre-pare the way! a God, a God ap-pears!
Rise, crowned with light, im-pe-rial Sa-lem rise!
Ex-alt thy tow-'ry head, and lift thine eyes!*

This foot is sometimes introduced into the body of the line for the sake of variety, but it is apt in that case to have a harsh and abrupt effect and requires to be managed with the greatest nicety. Milton frequently uses it in this way, but he almost invariably places it immediately after the cæsural pause, or a pause in the sense, by which judicious arrangement so far from injuring the verse, it gives additional force to the poetry, without disgusting the ear. In the following harmonious and beautiful passage which is composed almost entirely of Iambics will be found two specimens of the Trochee. Let the reader observe with what admirable effect they are made to tell.

He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud
 With vain attempt. *Him* thē Almighty power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the æthereal sky
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell,
 In adamant chains and penal fire
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, hē wīth his horrid crew.
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
 Confounded though immortal : But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
 Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay.

Milton never introduces the Trochee without turning it to advantage. When he makes a sudden pause in the regular and majestic march of his Iambic verse, it is generally for some especial and worthy purpose. Let us give another specimen---

Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness ; ūp hē starts
 Discovered and surpris'd !

It is one of the grossest possible mistakes to regard Milton as an inharmonious writer. He has often nearly a whole page of unmixed Iambics, and other feet are generally admitted with great caution for the sake of variety, or to make the sound an echo to the sense. He has not only paid the greatest attention to the *accent*, but to the *quantity* of his verses. Some critics have strangely asserted that quantity (or the length and brevity of the syllables), is an element of Latin and Greek verse, and not recognized in English poetry. Now one of Milton's conspicuous excellencies consists in the fulness and precision of his quantities. How long and firm—for example are the accented syllables in the following delightful passage :

He now prepared
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his peers : Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last,
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

But when this great poet has an object in view, he sacrifices the quantity as well as the euphony for the sake of a still greater beauty--an echo to the sense. The fourth and fifth of the following lines illustrate this remark :

Then in the keyhole turns.

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron, or solid rock with ease
Unfastens; *on a sudden open fly*
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate.
Harsh thunder.

Now the whole line which contains the passage in Italics is formed of pure Iambics and so is the following from an elegant living Poet, and yet observe the difference in the modulation of the two lines. This difference depends entirely on the quantity.

When o'er the blasted heath the day declined.—*Rogers.*

It is astonishing what errors the critics have fallen into on this subject. Many seem to have mistaken accent for quantity, and have held that every accented syllable is long. To prove beyond a doubt, that this is not the case, we need only refer to the extract we have just given from Milton.

We should take pleasure in extending these remarks to a much greater length, but we fear our readers may be weary of what we have already written on a subject that may be uninteresting to many of them. We must therefore hasten to a conclusion.

The *Spondee* is a foot that is formed of two even syllables as in the word, *māintāin*, and may be placed in almost any part of a line without being very palpable to the ear: The following is a specimen. The second foot is the spondee.

And the *shill* sounds ran echoing through the wood.

The *Spondee* is of such an equivocal nature that we wonder the critics have given it so much consideration. It is sometimes scarcely distinguished from an Iambic when fixed in the place of one, and is equally liable to be mistaken for the Trochee if the general euphony of the verse in which it appears has led us to expect a foot of that description.

The *Phyrrhic*, is described by Crowe the Poet, who very lately published a treatise on versification, as a foot having no accented syllable as [*va*] nity, (*ea*) gerly. He observes that an example of this foot cannot be given in a word of two syllables because every such word has one syllable accented. The following is a specimen.

In a soft silver stream dissolved away.

The *Dactyle* has three syllables with only one accented, as *handily*, *reverence*, &c.

Timorous and slothful yet he pleased the ear.

The Anapest is a foot of three syllables with the last accented,

The great hī-ě-rar-chal standard was to move.

It is of importance to observe that all these feet are very subordinate to the Iambic, and are never permitted to take such liberties as would interfere with its supremacy.

Now we intreat those readers, who take any interest in the question, to open their copies of Milton, and observe with what admirable art these various feet are employed by that master of versification. We hesitate to multiply quotations, or we should soon show that they are so used on almost all occasions, as to produce the most harmonious results. The Trochee when introduced into the body of a line will inevitably check the flow of that line, and render it less perfect if considered by itself, but in connection with other verses, it heightens by its contrast the general melody. This Milton felt, and therefore made only *occasional* use of it in that place. So conscious was he of its grating effect on the ear, that as we said before, if he introduces it any where but at the commencement of a line, he always contrives to make a pause of sense and sound immediately before it. We are more particular in our remarks upon the Trochee, because after the Iambic it is by far the most important of all our poetic feet. Some little poems have been almost entirely composed in it. The following stanza is a specimen.

O yě Thēbāns hēre bēhōld hīm;
This is Œdipus you see;
He that solved the dire enigma,
Wise, and great, and good was he.

But though there are many small poems composed in various measures with few or no introductions of the Iambic foot, they are for the most part very deficient in dignity. It is not our purpose however, in this place to enter into a consideration of any measure, but the heroic, or such forms of verse as are constructed chiefly of the Iambic foot, and only admit other feet, rather as an agreeable variety, than an *actual necessity*. Under this description is included every extensive poem in the English Language, for the quick and sprightly combination of sounds in lines that have not the Iambic for the *leading note*, would be utterly wearisome and incongruous in a long production. On this account they are confined exclusively to small songs and brief and fanciful stanzas. Neither time nor space is sufficiently at our command to allow of our diverging from the path we have prescribed to ourselves, nor it is necessary that we should do so, for that portion of L. E. L.'s versification, our censures on which it is now our main object to justify, are confined entirely to lines where the Iambic is or ought to be the predominant measure.

Though the euphony of verse depends principally upon the judicious arrangement of the accents and quantities, we must not omit to mention that in every line there is what is called the *cæsura*, or, slight pause, that diversifies the cadence. This pause may fall most legitimately after the 4th, 5th, 6th or 7th syllable, and by the proper choice and change of its position does a poet display the accuracy of his ear and judgment. In the first four lines of the following extract, the pauses are placed after the fourth syllable, in the fifth line the pause is on the fifth syllable, in the seventh line on the seventh syllable, and in the last line on the sixth syllable. The reader will not fail to perceive the spirit which these changes of pause have given to the music.

Tis not enough|| no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem|| an echo to the sense,

Soft is the strain|| when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream|| in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges|| lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse|| should like the torrent roar.
 Not so when swift Camilla|| scours the plain
 Flies o'er th' unbending copse,|| and skims along the main.

The following line has the pause on the seventh syllable :

And in the smooth description|| murmur still.

The cæsural pause should in a great degree be directed by the sense, and not be permitted to divide a word, or occasion the voice to rest on an insignificant monosyllable. Milton and Pope have both very carefully attended to this rule. The reader of the former especially will find his ear continually gratified by full harmonious pauses, both of sense and sound. The most majestic and solemn pause of sense and sound is that after the sixth syllable, and was a great favourite with Milton. Dr. Johnson has said, that he could never read such a passage as the following "without strong emotions of delight or admiration."

Before the hills appeared or fountains flowed,
 Thou with the eternal wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
 With thy celestial song.

We have now hurriedly explained those elemental principles of versification, which in a criticism on L. E. L., we ventured to assert she often grossly and inexcusably neglected. We here repeat that assertion, and beg our readers to consider carefully the specimens we then adduced, and which shall presently be laid before them for a second time. They may then see whether we are right or wrong in our endeavours to prove that they are not to be scanned or defended by the laws of verse, or the example of Milton! We may as well premise that we do not of course consider Milton's versification to be wholly faultless, for what human production is so, but we maintain that it has fewer blemishes than that of any other writer. It is an egregious absurdity however to recommend the imitation of even Milton's faults. Because he has occasionally an imperfect line, many minor poets seem to imagine that they are to be sheltered from criticism, if they fill every verse with similar defects. One of the chief objections to Milton's verse, is the use of disagreeable elisions, which however, in so immense a poem as the *Paradise Lost* are as spots on the sun. But if these spots were collected and concentrated together in a smaller poem, they would be like a dense cloud upon a star, and utterly extinguish every ray of beauty. A few rugged lines may also be discovered in the pages of our great Epic Bard, but no sound critic would on that account instruct a young writer to set the rules of versification at defiance, and make his lines as rough as possible. Another circumstance, that should never be forgotten, is that the harsh lines, of Milton are not admired for their harshness, but for some

other quality. The defender of L. E. L. has directed our attention to the following passage.

HĒ, ābōve thē rĕst
In shāpe ānd gēstūre prōudlŷ ēmīnēnt
Stōōd likē ā tōwer : hīs fōrm hād nōt yĕt lōst
All hēr drīg'nāl brīghtnĕss ; nōr āppĕāred
Lĕss thān Arch-āngĕl rūined, and the ĕxcĕss
Of glōry obsĕured : ās whĕn thē sūn, nĕw rĭsen
Lōōks thrōugh thē hōrĭzōntāl mĭstŷ āir
Shōrn ōf hīs beāms ; ōr frōm bĕhīnd thē mōon
In dīm ēclipse dĭsāstrōus twīght shĕds
On hālf thē nātĭōns, and wĭth fĕār ōf chānge
Pĕrplĕxĕs mōnārchs.

Now the lines marked in *Italics* are not by any means a model of fine *versification* which is the only subject in dispute. They are overcharged as it were with meaning, and in this respect only has Milton, "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art." Considered simply, as a piece of music they are any thing but agreeable, and if they only conveyed a common prosaic thought they would be quite contemptible. The splendour of the *poetry* redeems the inaccuracy of the *verse*. If L. E. L. would thus encumber her lines with a load of glorious thoughts we should be among the first to forgive her want of smoothness, but if she have only an elegant and pleasing genius, we advise her to embody her ideas in elegant and pleasing verse, and not imitate the faults of Milton unless she be capable of atoning for them by the force of kindred sublimity. Though the passage just quoted has three such imperfect lines, considered merely as *verse*, not only do their *poetical* beauties make noble amends for their *metrical* defects, but the modulation of the previous and succeeding lines is of a nature to reconcile the sternest critic to so brief a departure from established rules. How pure and noble an iambic line, for instance, is the following.

In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds.

We shall now proceed to the specimens of L. E. L.'s irregular versification, and shall beg the reader to remember that if her metrical errors were as infrequent as Milton's, or were accompanied by the same resplendent beauties, we should have never undertaken our present ungracious task. For the sake of simplicity we have marked the whole of the lines as if they were pure iambics, because they are the leading feet, and give the key-note to the reader. The introduction of Trochaics or any other feet should never be permitted to interfere so palpably with the general flow of the verse, as to offend the ear.

His very faults were those that win,
Tōō dās:kĭng ānd rĕādŷ ān ēntrānce īn.
Whĕn wĕarĭed bŷ thē vāin chĭll'd bŷ thē cōld,
Impatient of society's set mould.

She had the rich perfection of that gift,
Her Italy's own ready song, which seems,
The poetry caught from a thousand flowers.

Language so silvery, that every word,
Was like the lute's awakening chord ;
Skies half-sunshine, and half starlight,
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight.

I looked upon the deep blue sky,
And it was all hope and harmony.

I saw a youth beside me kneel ;
I heard my name in music steal ;
I felt my hand trembling in his :—
Another moment, and his kiss &c.

Then came remembrances of other times,
When she opened her rich bowers for the pale day,
When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes,
Were answered by the lute and vesper lay.

Of fear and pain, there were these the last night,
With a remembering like that which a dream,
Leaves, &c.

Curled half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

This hope is vain, my grave must be
Far distant from my own country.

Some one had brought dew of the spring
With woman's own kind solacing.

She pressed her hand to her brow or pain
Or better thoughts were passing there,—the room
Had no light but that from the fire-side.

Which like the meteor has from darkness birth,
She watched her circle,—ready smile or sneer,—
Smiles for the absent ones, smiles for the near.

We said that her blank verse had “slovenly and feeble terminations” and gave the following specimen.

Her voice.

Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that Father's steps, and told
How brave, how honored he had been,—But when
She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centered in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age, &c. &c.

Now we would ask the admirers of L. E. L. if there is any example of such blank verse as this in *Paradise Lost*, or whether this flimsy and careless composition is not a flagrant breach of the laws of English Prosody.

We have confined our specimens of inaccurate verse to those previously given, as we brought them forward in the critique that has excited so much discussion as proofs of the justice of our censure, while our Correspondent is inclined to consider them undeniable improvements in versification—after the manner of Milton!

We have now said enough, and perhaps more than enough upon this subject, and it only remains for us to assure our Correspondent, that he is very much mistaken indeed, if he thinks, that our late critique upon the poems of L. E. L. was the result of any determination to underrate her real genius.

We most readily acknowledge that her poetry, has many pleasing qualities, and that it would be as disgraceful in the public to entirely neglect it, as it is ridiculous in the Editor of the *London Literary Gazette* to assure his readers that her powers are of so splendid a character that “*as far as his poetical taste and critical judgment enable him to form an opinion, he could adduce no instance ANCIENT OR MODERN, OF SIMILAR TALENT AND EXCELLENCE*”!!!

When a writer like L. E. L. is thus characterized in a public print of extensive circulation—when terms of eulogy are lavished on her name, that if applied to that illustrious trio of modern Poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, would bring the blood into their cheeks—when she is elevated by implication above the still more illustrious trio of Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, it is time indeed for an honest critic to perform his duty, and to warn the crowd of readers, from listening to such monstrous absurdities.

FRAGMENTS.

POVERTY.

Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's lore?
There I lose riches; and a wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read.—*Decker.*

DERISION.

O call this madness in: see, from the windows
Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
Wrinkled with idiot laughter: every finger
Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn,
By which thy name is hurt, thy honour torn.—*Decker:*

INSINUATING MANNERS.

We must have these lures when we hawk for friends;
And wind about them like a subtle river,
That seeming only to run on its course,
Doth search yet, as it runs, and still finds out
The easiest part of entry on the shore,
Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touched,
Yet still eats something in it.—*Chapman.*

AN ORIGINAL POEM BY L. E. L.

We had just finished the preceding article when we were favored by a friend with the following hitherto unpublished poem from the pen of the Lady whose poetical powers have been the subject of so much consideration. We cannot more appropriately and agreeably close the discussion than by the insertion of this little specimen of her genius. It is written in her best manner, and is sufficiently elegant, correct, and harmonious, to form a contrast to those careless and irregular compositions to which our censures were applied. If these pages should ever meet her eye, we trust that this celebrated young Poetess will not think herself harshly treated, or illiberally under-rated, because we have pointed out what we conceive to be her defects, and described her as inferior to some of those profound and philosophical poets to whom a few of her more extravagant admirers have foolishly compared her. For our own parts, after all that we have advanced against her claims to indiscriminate eulogy, we are under no apprehension of being convicted of inconsistency in paying our tribute of praise to the extreme grace and tenderness that often characterize her occasional effusions.

ON BEING ASKED TO RETURN A SONG.

Oh, do not claim again the lay,
 The lay that we have loved so well,
 'Twill come when thou art far away
 To me as memory's sweetest spell.
 I'll think how often we have hung
 O'er the dear page while every thought,
 Was lost in what the minstrel sung
 As we the minstrel's rapture caught.
 All that we loved is here enshrined,
 The beautiful, the bright, the dear,
 The music of the midnight wind,
 The softness of the twilight's tear.
 The rill, like hope's streams pure and clear,
 Our summer walks from all apart;
 Our flowers, are all recorded here,
 Song is the legend of the heart.
 Then leave with me the strain whose flow
 Of other happier hours may tell,
 I'll love the song whose spell will throw
 A soothing charm around,—farewell!

L. E. L.

THE DEATH OF MEERUN.

A PASSAGE IN INDIAN HISTORY, A. D. 1760.

A writer in the third number of the Calcutta Magazine, has related with elegance and pathos the calamitous and unfortunate end of Surajood-dowlah, who although in no way a character to be held up as a model for mankind, may yet deserve our pity for having fallen from such high estate. It were indeed but negative praise to assert Surajood-dowlah to have been equal to those who succeeded him; capricious and vindictive as he was, they who subsequently occupied his place made themselves still more conspicuously infamous. Jaffier, was fortunately bound by his connexion with the British, which in some degree prevented the savage outbreaks of his temper; his principal officers too, were men whose permanency in situations was to a certain point guaranteed, and they greatly curbed his ferocity. His son Meerun was under none of these restraint and acted as he deemed fit in his own eyes. In proportion, as Jaffier was a cypher, Meerun carried on the principal business of the Court; and if history has not belied him, there never was a blacker villain. His education had been in every way neglected, which, as he was in no degree deficient in ability, had it been cultivated, might have tended to check the hasty sallies of his temper; but untaught and illiterate, he suffered his temper to rage uncontrolled. Early power is said to have a tendency to corrupt the best of minds; and to this temptation also was Meerun exposed; his word, when young in life, was law, and at last he became so fond of human blood, that like the Tyger, having once tasted of it, he would without reluctance slay men for his amusement. Satiated with the view of execution, nothing at last would suffice this son of a King, but performing himself the office, which was shunned by the meanest of his father's subjects, and Meerun with his own hand is said to have committed murders within the walls of his haram. Tyrants are ever suspicious, and the apprehension of treason never quitted Meerun's soul; unhappy was the man on whom suspicion fell, for without further evidence than caprice or other judge than prejudice, death was a sure and certain punishment; his constant saying was "Treasonable thoughts deserve death, and there is no greater punishment for treason itself; when I suspect, I use the sword; and then I am released." Previous to setting out on his last expedition, he carried with him a list which might equal the Roman proscription, and it was

of the same species; Meerun, had not time to stay at Patna, but he had a corrected account of old scores which he faithfully intended paying off, had not the mercy of heaven saved the people from his direful tyranny.

It is to be regretted, that the times now alluded to, the latter end of the eighteenth century, before the arrival of Lord Cornwallis, were not particularly favorable for the exhibition of the British character in India. There have been some, who have attempted to palliate the faults alleged against the British rulers; but the attempt has been made, by endeavours to twist the facts of the case, for when the facts are proved, the inferences, which flow therefrom are damning and overwhelming beyond any vindication. Though every patriot would wish to see his country's name stand as fair as possible, yet such fairness cannot be obtained at the expense of truth, and the colours laid on to conceal the marks of infirmity, but shew more strikingly the hideousness of that which it has been endeavoured to hide. It must on all hands be allowed, that in corruptness and rapacity, many British in India were at that time unequalled; lowness of salary is offered in vain as an excuse for these enormities. Accustomed as all princes were, who ascended a throne, to make private donations to every official at or near the head of the Government, it cannot be wondered, that they deemed their power precarious, and imagined that a higher offer than their own, would at any time depress them from a greatness however slavish, to the lowest degradation in the eyes of mankind—a fallen prince; neither is it to be admired at, that when a change of the reigning princes produced a donation, the members of the Government should some times themselves think a successor to a living king necessary, when in fact had they been less biassed they would never have dreamt of the measure. Actuated by such motives, it was but a small step to neglect considering the nature of the man to be elevated, whether it was in any way likely to secure the safety and happiness of his subjects; no other principle, (if principle there was any) could have induced the Government to support the atrocities committed in the name of his father Jaffier, under the protection of the East India Company, by the villain Meerun. Mr. Robert Grant in his history of India, has indeed endeavoured to prove, that the acts imputed to him, were falsely laid to his charge, and that his character has been grievously calumniated. It must be recollected, that they on whose information Mr. Grant relies, were interested in making such a statement; their own character was in some measure at stake for supporting so infamous a creature; a defence was necessary, and its nature was not too closely to be enquired into. If the uniform assertions of native historians, be worthy of credit, and

the time is not yet so far back, as to be beyond the hearsay of many, Meerun must be handed down to posterity, as a cold-blooded and detestable tyrant.

It must be in the recollection of the reader, that Ali Averdy Khan, who had conquered Bengal and Behar left his possessions in 1756 to Soorajood-dowlah, who was the author of the celebrated black hole Massacre, and was finally deposed by Jaffier, with the help of the English in 1757. Jaffier and his son Meerun resided at Moorshedabad, reduced to comparative poverty by the sums they had found it necessary to pay to the English Company's servants, and for the keeping up of armies. These days of poverty were not even days of peace, for foes were on all sides, and those implacable yet intangible plunderers the Mahrattas threatened the kingdom of Bengal; on one side of the river Ganges, Sha Allum termed Emperor of Dehli (for his power there was abolished) commonly called the great Mogul had collected from the refractory Rajahs of South Behar an armament, and overlooked the city of Patna on that side. On the North of the river, lay the forces of Kadin Hossain Khan the Governor of Poorneah, who had been appointed to that situation by Jaffier himself; he had, with the arms supplied by his benefactor, risen against him, and marched with all his troops to the aid of Sha Allum.

Ramnarain, who commanded on behalf of Jaffier in the city of Patna, was in a destitute condition as regarded men and money; the Europeans too were alarmed at the prospect of being with very inadequate means of resistance, surrounded by two powerful hostile forces. On both sides, letters demanding assistance, were written to their respective superiors, while themselves were occupied in fortifying their position to the greatest advantage. It was fortunate for Ramnarain and Jaffier's party that their opponents most accountably delayed the operations; for succours were distant, uncertain and precarious. The danger to which the important city of Patna was exposed, induced Jaffier to make every possible effort for its relief; he busied himself in preparing a sufficient body of troops, and applied to the English for a powerful aid, seldom refused. Three companies of Native troops, with one of Europeans, and two guns, could only be afforded; but the command of this small detachment was given to the intrepid Captain Calliand, and he was in himself a host. To render the armament, if possible, more imposing, it was determined that Meerun in person should take the field at the head of the Nabob's troops. When preparations had been duly made, the army fully provided with every supply necessary, left Moorshedabad for the upper country.

Before Meerun, however, had quitted Moorshedabad, he had given orders for the carrying into execution the last atrocious act of his life. Since the death of Ali Averdy Khan, his two daughters Ameena Begum and Gasseetee Begum, had lived quiet and unmolested at Dhacca; they were celebrated for their beauty and universal charity. They never had been known to mix in politics, and had they been so inclined, their remote situation would have rendered their intrigues liable to instantaneous detection. Scious of a noble, though fallen stock, there was every thing in their past history and present situation to command respect and excite pity; nor could the most far sighted person connect in any way the two ideas of their life and Meerun's danger. It cannot well be conjectured, what operated in the mind of Meerun, when, on his departure for Patna, he first determined on the destruction of these two helpless and innocent females; revenge he had none to satisfy, and as apprehension was wholly out of the question, it can only be attributed to the natural depravity of his mind. An order was despatched to the Governor of Dhacca, named Jesalut Khan, to the effect, that he should forthwith in the mode he thought best, kill the two Begums, and certify their death to the Court. Jesalut Khan was a man of ancient family and untarnished honor; he had served under the members of Ali Averdy Khan's family, and had by them been raised to rank and affluence; his noble heart revolted at the thought of the horrid violence intended against the females, and with the spirit of a virtuous man he disdained, being instrumental to it. "Your commands," thus he wrote to Meerun, "in regard to Ameena and Gasseetee Begums have duly reached me. I cannot forget the obligations I owe to their family, and though you can testify that I have not flinched in the hour of battle, I have never as yet steeped my hands in cold blood. I have hitherto proved my devotion to your family and your fortune; but if in this instance your commands admit of no refusal or modification, I am ready to deliver over my Government to whomever you shall be pleased to appoint, for in this case I cannot obey." Foiled in his plan, Meerun was far from relinquishing its prosecution; he looked on all sides for a fitting instrument for his design. A native Court unhappily presents too many persons, anxious to get place and power at any and every expense; persons to whom blood and murder are as household gods: It was upon one Hingun a private soldier, that Meerun first cast his eyes; and if no other praise be due to him, he is entitled to that of selecting the fittest person for his purposes, Hingun was in every way adapted to the task he undertook—plausible, remorseless and desperate, his resolution was fixed by a present in hand and a specious promise

of speedy elevation. On the day that Meerun departed for Patna Hingun with a small retinue set out for Dhacca ; his journey was short and speedy, nor did a messenger of Meerun, be his business what it might meet with any obstacle on the road. Hingun, from what he had previously heard, was conscious that his intentions would be as much as possible crossed, thwarted and obstructed by Jesalut Khan the Governor, he therefore cast about in what way he should commence his machination. Spies were employed to survey the house of the Begums ; their habits and manners, their time for going forth to take an airing or to pray, were carefully watched, but it was in vain that schemes like these were laid. Much did Hingun wish to avoid the necessity of publicly demanding the Begums at the hands of the Governor, and to this end he tried to get possession of their persons secretly ; the Governor however, had intimation, that some plans against their safety were in operation, and his vigilance in their behalf was redoubled ; Jesalut Khan conceived, that if the conspirators had any legal authority they would never fail to use it, and he was the more confirmed in his opinion because no further orders in regard to the females, had been received from Meerun or the Nawab. When Hingun found all his artifices and schemes for getting possession of the Begums failed, he had but one further resource ; this was, to produce Meerun's order to the Governor and compel his obedience. How much soever this course laid his proceedings open to the public view, he saw no other method, his own prosperity was at stake and he resolved to act. Jesalut Khan it may be presumed, at first doubted the authenticity of the papers, which directed him to deliver over to an unknown ruffian the person of two royal and beautiful virgins ; long he looked and gazed at the orders ; he forthwith suspected the fate of these unfortunate women, and determined to assist them. Hingun, suspicious of his intentions, pressed the instantaneous compliance with the orders ; it was in vain, Jesalut Khan hesitated, stated his opinion of the papers and demanded time to compare them, for Hingun coolly explained to him every particular and shewed him the princes seal, signature, cypher and private mark, until there could be no longer the shadow of a doubt on the subject. With reluctance, Jesalut Khan admitted the validity of the orders, and promising compliance on the morrow, withdrew.

It cannot be told, how many schemes the worthy Governor turned over in his breast on that eventful night, for he was firmly resolved, if possible, to give the Begums a chance of escape. Much as he thought and considered the subject no feasible plan offered itself. Whatever assistance Jesalut Khan could afford, it must be done with secrecy, for were it known that he had in the slightest instance opposed the projects of Jaffer or Meerun, his life

was not worth half a year's purchase. It was very plain, that he could by no plan effect the flight of the Begums, from under his immediate inspection, without incurring suspicion—and he did not doubt that Hingun had spies in all directions, watching his every movement and ready to denounce him as a traitor. Convinced, after mature reflection of the impossibility of any immediate aid being afforded, he was at last reluctantly compelled to confine his endeavours to the future. With considerable trouble it was ascertained from one of his companions, that Hingun had ordered boats for the conveyance of his charge, and that his intention was to proceed speedily for Moorsshedabad and Patna. With all secrecy the Governor caused a swift sailing Vessel to be prepared on which he placed a careful commander with a stout and able crew, to the Captain he briefly gave summary and confidential orders to attend Hingun's vessel, and keep continually near her under the guise of being a trading-boat—and to act according to circumstances relative to attempts of personal violence on the princesses.

The news that Ameena and Gasseetee Begums were about to quit Dhaacca, soon spread in the city, the situation of these unfortunate females had excited general commiseration, which was by no means lessened when it was known, that Meerun had sent for them. Hingun would willingly have kept their departure a secret, but it was out of his power. The poor and afflicted gathered in crowds round the house from the inmates of which they had ever found ready relief, and anxiously enquired as to the truth of the report : its confirmation produced a general and deep feeling of regret. On the morning of their departure, they were met by the good Governor Jesalut Khan, who escorted them with all the pomp of office to the river side, and the lower classes of the city followed the procession. The minds of the people were much excited by the reports which were current ; but when the assembled multitude observed Hingun and his party advance half the distance with all possible respect to meet the Begums, and the attention evinced on the part of the Governor, their anger was assuaged, and their fears vanished. Had they been in any way aware of the designs entertained against their benefactors, they would doubtless have risen in tumultuous wrath and rescued the victims from the hand of the oppressor. As it was, the Begums embarked with all the ceremonies due to their rank, and the multitude raised a cry of universal blessing with prayers for their welfare, as they departed. The two sisters wondered much respecting the cause of their transfer from one place to another, and bewailed their hard fate in not being allowed to spend their last days in quiet and peace, in a place which they loved, from the scene in which they were held ; but they had seen and suffered,

too much and too long in the world to give way to regrets or remonstrances, which they were conscious were equally unavailing. For some time they were treated by Hingun with the usual deference due to females of rank, and had no cause of complaint; as they proceeded further from Dhacca, and entered the more desert and uncultivated country, where witnesses were few, the behaviour was changed. Gradually, the Beguns began to suspect that they had not been carried off without some sinister intentions, and as their conductor behaved daily more savagely, their suspicions were confirmed, until at last they entertained a deep but silent conviction that their deaths were determined on. The conviction was but too true, and its proofs were soon to be adduced. The vessel which they occupied, anchored one evening at a desert island in the midst of the river, on which no habitation of mankind was visible. At this place, Hingun broke through all the little show of respect he had hitherto paid; he roughly entered the private apartment, and bid the women change their apparel and bathe in the river. Such insolent and unaccustomed behaviour but too plainly evinced the nature of the summons. Ameenah the eldest of the sisters, at once perceived that their death was at hand, and openly demanded of Hingun if such was not the case; the villain avowed his intentions in plain terms. She burst out into a fit of weeping, and asked why she was to be unjustly slain; the younger sister Gasseetee, who possessed a firmer mind, exhorted her to be of good cheer, representing that death was common to all human creatures, and that to them it was of little consequence if they were summoned to their fate a few days sooner or later. The ruffian Hingun bid them prepare in half an hour, and retired. This brief interval was employed by the unfortunate sisters in the offices of religion; they changed their clothes, sprinkled the holy dust of the Imam Hossain's burial place on their heads, and repeated the prayers appointed for those at the point of dissolution. The period expired, and the victims, with veils thrown over their heads were brought upon deck. Ameenah was silent, save the broken sobs which burst from her breast, as she supported herself on her younger, but more composed sister. As the executioners of this bloody tragedy approached, Gasseetee threw up her veil and addressed Hingun "To the merciful God we have been great sinners, yet from him we hope for pardon; against Meerun we have committed no sin, and it is by his order we suffer death. It is our consolation that we quit this world innocent and unjustly treated; on Meerun's head we cast our sins, and let him at the day of judgment answer for them as well as his own. For yourself, you are the minion, the unworthy minion of a villain; you are too vile to cast away one thought on; but

if our prayers be heard now and in heaven, we imprecate on the head of Meerun, the swift and certain vengeance of the God above us; may the lightning of the avenger fall on him, and he be smitten to the dust." It needed not that the impious hands of the assassins should touch her uncontaminated body; she slightly stepped on the rails of the vessel, and so dragging her sister, with her leapt over board. The rolling waves carried these unfortunates with a resistless force into the body of the stream, and their miseries were speedily ended. The boat despatched by the Governor of Dhacca, had been obliged, by some accident to linger behind, and as it followed a few miles in the rear, the attention of the crew was called to the bodies of the two sisters, as they floated down, united in a mutual close and deadly embrace; they died as they had lived. The senseless corpses were picked up and privately buried. The Captain of the vessel was horrified at the occurrence; the thought, that had he been at hand, he might have prevented this catastrophe, preyed upon his soul; although without orders to that effect, he made all sail, in a few days came up with Hingun's boat, attacked it and slew every soul on board. Thus did one actor in this enormous villany receive his reward; the end of the principal was at hand, but it was more tragical.

Meerun on quitting Moorshedabad, proceeded with his army to Patna, where his enemies were assembled in force; it has been before said, that he did not find leisure to enter that city and perpetrate the massacres he intended. The urgency of the case induced him to land on the opposite side of the river, near Hajee poor, where Khadim Hossain Khan and his forces lay encamped. Meerun in his rashness, had preceded the English troops, and until their arrival he did not dare to combat his enemies' army; Khadim Hossain, on the other hand did not conceive himself strong enough to attack Meerun, until the arrival of some forces, upon a junction with which he had calculated, previous to the arrival of Captain Callaud. His calculations were erroneous; the English army arrived sooner than expected, and he had no other resource than flight. Early in the morning he despatched his baggage across the river Gunduk, and to cover his own retreat, drew out his troops as if for battle. Meerun followed his example, and both armies were arrayed for the fight; the English commander, who from prudential motives disapproved of risking an action under the circumstances of the case, declined accompanying him. The day was spent in a distant cannonading, and a few personal combats between individuals of the two armies, but nothing like a general engagement took place, nor was any extensive injury received on either side. Immediately that the evening day favoured Khadim Hossain's flight, he mounted his

horse and galloped off; as is ever the case where deserted by their leader, the troops dispersed in all directions, and in a short space the semblance even of an army did not remain. Meerun resolved on pursuing his foe: directing a few articles of furniture to be sent, he set forth with fifty chosen horse in the direction of Ettiah, whither he supposed Khadim Hossain to have gone. The attempt was vain, for Khadim had taken a different route, by which he eventually escaped to his own country. It was on the same night, in which the fate of the two Begums was sealed, that Meerun and his exhausted followers halted a few miles on this side of Ettiah, where his baggage soon arrived. As the gathering clouds gave token of an impending storm, he caused the tents to be pitched as speedily as might be, and sat himself down with his companions to enjoy the comfort of a quiet meal, and to talk over the victory he had gained and the hosts which the strength of his arm had discomfited. The banquet was kept up until late, when every one retired to rest. By this time, the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the rain descended in torrents; Meerun distrusting the strength of his large tent to withstand the impetuosity of the tempest, gave orders for his bed to be prepared in a small routy, well secured with thick ropes and pins. Thither he retired to rest, having only with him his improvisator or story teller, and a servant to perform the office of champooing his tired limbs. Lying luxuriously at full length, his obedient attendant was occupied in kneading his body, while the story teller was exerting himself with his most wonderful tales, to sooth his patron's mind to a soft slumber: it was the slumber of death. A rattling peal of thunder rolled across the heavens, and a flash of lightning descended; the prayer of the dying Begums was heard, and their pure spirits had but time to ascend to the skies, ere their tyrant and oppressor had breathed his last. The servants who came to relieve those on duty, could get no answer from within the tent; the chiefs were called, and Meerun with his two companions were found struck dead. The tyrant's head bore five small black marks, the handle of his sword, which lay exposed from under his pillow was melted, and the top of the tent was completely consumed. "See," said Yusuf Khan, an old soldier, who, though serving under Meerun, detested him for his tyranny, "when heaven directs the engine, how surely will the fire reach its destined mark."

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

SCENE.—*A Terrace, overlooking an open Country.*

EMILY.

The morning latens, and He comes not yet !—
The birds and butterflies are all abroad,
 wooing the rath flowers on the dewy lea,
 And yet—ah ! *now*—look where He bounds along
 Across the mead,—he and his faithful hound,
 Over the knolls and fences ; and, in glee,
 Forgetful of each graver thought, buoys up
 His young rejoicing heart upon the sports
 That court him healthfully !—Alas, that heart
 Is shut, as a closed volume, to the light
 That fain would love to linger on his path !

* * * * *

Oh Woman ! Woman ! fond, unhappy Woman !
 Whose bosom nurtures plants that vainly look
 For the soft sunshine and the cheering rain !
 Whose heart is an arena, where hot war
 Is waged between the passions ;—and whose Love,
 —Like some poor twining plant that hath no prop—
 Creeps after the vain shadow of a stay
 That *will* not bend to aid it !

—Why have I loved him !—*Why ?*—

Go, ask the night-bard why it loves to sing
 Upon the rose's stem, spurning the breath
 Of buds as fair and fragrant !—Ask the flowers
 Why to the sun and dew their chalices
 They hold forth greedily !—Ask the pert bees
 Why do they hover o'er the clover field,
 The bean-flower's blossom, and the banks of thyme,
 Nor seek the blue sky and the sparkling stars !
 —Love is no purchase, made by dint of craft,—
 No bargained merchandize,—no borrowed badge,—
 No rich recognizance, by wealth bestowed
 Upon a petted minion,—nor doth the heart
 Pick out and choose its paramour ! and so
 I love—and love while Love may never show
 The image of an answering shadow here !

Hark !

A foot—he comes,—he comes ! I know that step,
That careless step !—Ah ! had *he* ever loved,
And hopelessly—(but *that's* impossible !)
His heavy heart would on his airy tread
Have set a burthen !

DISBROWE.

A blithe good morrow to you, sweetest Coz !—
Down, Carlo ! down—and prithee do not soil
The robes of our young Honeysuckle.

EMILY.

Heigho !—In sooth, I'm tired,—

DISBROWE.

I fain would sleep ;
Why, mercy on me, Coz !
Hast thou had scanty rest, or evil dreams ?
Why, Emily ! that cheek is waxing pale,
And—oh ! those silly Love Tales—dearest Coz,
You have been coöning them until your eyes
—Those beautiful blue eyes—(how I love violets !—
They are so like them !) look like little gems,
Bright sapphire gems in wells of chrystal light !

EMILY.

'Tis nothing, Disbrowe, nothing.—Have ye no news ?—
You've been a truant, too—all yesterday,
And yesternight ; and last night—oh ! last night
'Twas very rough and stormy !—But you 're tired,
And I can wait to hear of your adventures.

DISBROWE.

Oh, no !

I am not tired of that you wish to hear,—
But do you care to hear ?—You look so cold—
I almost think you do not love me now,
As you were wont to do, when we were young,
And played together 'midst the clover fields ;—
And wandered in the woods,—and on the shore
Gathered such store of shells !—Girls are so cold
When their proud bosoms swell to womanhood !

EMILY.

Yes, Disbrowe, cold they are : so are the snows
That rim the crater of the hot volcano.—
—I do not love thee less than I had wont—
Less ?—what a word ! thou knowest I do not, and—
But last night where wert thou ?

DISBROWE.

I started, as you know, with my fleet hound
 And my true gun—two surer friends, dear Coz,
 Than court or camp can give,—just as the dawn
 Began to blush upon the mountain's brow :
 And long I rambled, free from care or thought,
 Save once or twice, perchance, when, sooth to say,
 A doubt came o'er me of your sudden change
 Of 'haviour to me :—well ! some hours thus passed
 With various success—I reached the forest—
 The Cheviot forest—you remember it ?

EMILY.

Oh, Disbrowe, yes !—Here, in this tiny bag,
 Sewn by my fingers, is that very violet—
 The selfsame one you gathered there for me,
 Bidding me keep it for you till you came
 Back from the wars !—
 * * * * *And yet you call me cold !*

DISBROWE.

Is it the same ?—indeed ?—the very same ?
 Mine own dear gentle Cousin !

Well ! there I came,
 And, tired with walking, threw me on the grass ;
 And all around me Nature looked so bright
 That even I had nearly worshipped her
 With poet's prayers. The forest looked so green,
 Like a saloon where fairies hold their revels ;
 And on the boughs the dewbells clustered thick,
 Like beads upon a rosary—which the sun,
 Now burning brightly, told off, one by one,
 Like some old anchoress !

Around me all the Earth
 Was a mosaic of flowers :—daisies flashed up
 Glad glances from the scented grass,—like eyes
 From perfumed curls ;—primroses, sick with odour,
 Languished around and filled the air with sighs ;
 Whilst harebells meek, that ever read the earth,
 Bent down their beauteous lips to sip the dew :—
 And there were violets too, sweet Coz, as fair
 As that which you have kept for my poor sake,
 And blue as your own swimming eyes, my Emily !
 And birds were carolling, and bees were humming,

And pilfering in their progress all the sweets
 The rich flowers had so craftily wrapt up
 Within the fair folds of their painted hoods!
 And winds, that have no usherer, entered in,
 Roving through every green recess and nook,
 Like a young girl in search of mysteries,
 Love-secrets, and all that. Oh, it was sweet!
 And there I lay, until my fancies took
 Full many a strange and dreamy shape; and then
 Sleep stole upon me, like a gentle thief;
 And dreams of hounds, and horses, and wild waves,—
 The combat's hurry, and the conqueror's haste,
 Worked in my mind; and then too—it was odd—
 I had a dream of you.

EMILY.

Of me, dear kinsman!—how?

DISBROWE.

Oh! I was wounded, and you dressed the wound,
 And it grew well; and then—but mock me not—
 You will get angry if I tell the rest.

EMILY.

Psha! angry?—at a dream?—you dreamt that—

DISBROWE.

That I did love you, Emily! ————

EMILY. (*Quickly.*)

Was that a dream?

DISBROWE.

But hear me out—and that *you too loved me!*
 —There! how you start, and colour up, all red—
 And catch your breath—nay, do not look so angry!

EMILY.

Angry?—Oh! Disbrowe! Disbrowe!
 What poor interpreters of woman's looks
 Are thoughtless men! Well! your dream?

DISBROWE.

My dream!—oh! then I woke—and took the road
 To the Squire's Hall; and in the afternoon,
 Thinking of you, and wishing you to read
 My dream—now do not frown!—I homewards turned.
 But there had come a change o'er Nature; and
 Frowns had crept o'er the smiling face of day.

There was a stormy breath abroad—the wind,
 That had played gently in the morning hour,
 Piped sullenly, and wrestled with the trees,
 And tossed the torn leaves on my path,—and threw
 The oak's strong branches, like a maniac's arms,
 Afloat upon the air,—and of its fruits,
 The clattering acorns,—made wild castanets,
 To which it danced in furious merriment!
 And rose o'erhead the dense clouds, black with showers,
 Like the dark eyes of a fond fearful woman,
 That fill, and fill, until they flood! and so
 They did, those clouds,—and lightnings flung about
 Their forked banners, thunders growled aloud,
 And I was wet and weary.

EMILY.

My poor, poor Cousin! you were wet and weary,
 And I so warm and snug! but trust me coz. !
 I thought of you. Where found you shelter?

DISBROWE.

In Margaret's hut, your good old nurse, and she
 Interpreted my dream.

EMILY.

Your dream! that good, old, silly crone! she knows
 Nothing of dreams.

DISBROWE.

But she knows much of *hearts*, of young hearts, Emily,
 More than do you or I.

Oh! do not turn away

May I not clasp a cousin's waist? are we
 Of kin no longer? and in our glad youth
 Did I not call you—"wife!"

EMILY.

Oh! cousin Disbrowe, whither shall I turn?
 You do not love me, nay, you *hate* me now,
 I feel you do. I dare not look on you.

DISBROWE.

And why not look on me, my Emily?

EMILY.

Because my foolish, prating eyes would tell
 The long hid, treasured secret of my heart.

DISBROWE.

My timid Bride ! what ? did'st thou think that I,
 Though reckless, thoughtless, wayward, thus could live
 Within the magic of thine artless grace
 Yet 'scape its power ? Nay, I have loved thee long,
 And though I cannot tell a lover's tale,
 Nor whisper words that crowd about my tongue,
 Fain would I crave thy love, my blushing Queen !

EMILY.

'Tis thine, dear Disbrowe ; ever, ever thine !
 Oh ! truly hath the Poet said of Love,
 " First love is still the strongest : " first and last
 Is mine for you ; for, even, when a child
 I gambolled merrily among the fields,
 You were far dearer to my simple heart
 Than nurse, or handmaid, fawn, or bird, or flower :
 And, as to womanhood I drew, I found
 My heart still wandering to the past, to glean
 From that old path sweet thoughts of you ; for still
 Your image lodged within my memory,
 As in the bosom of some gentle stream
 Lie the soft shadows of embowering trees !

Secundrabad, June 1830.

SONG.

All creatures that joy in the feelings of love,
 Sleep now in the brake, or the branches above,
 And the dull bat and owl, by the old ruin'd tower,
 Share with me this heavy disconsolate hour.
 The bell of the fountain strikes sad on my ear,
 And the sounds of the forest like wailings appear ;
 The moon sends me tidings of grief from above,
 She crowns my despair, for she shows not my love.
 When my Lucy is absent nought in nature I prize,
 The light of my life is the glance of her eyes ;
 Midst the bloom and the grandeur of seasons I bear
 In my bosom a winter of wasting despair.

J. F.

WHO IS IT THAT GOVERNS ?

(A free Translation from the German.)

THE BOOK-KEEPER.

"I am a ruined man !" exclaimed Mr. Dégoutin when he returned, from the Board of Admiralty at Paris where he held the office of Book-keeper. "I am a ruined man Henry ! We must part. I can no longer provide for you. I cannot keep my promise to your mother to be a father to you. I am a lost man !"

Henry Launay, without Mr. Dégoutin's assistance with whom he had been for two years, would have been the most helpless and solitary creature in the world. For in the small country town in which his mother by adverse circumstances was reduced to get a wretched livelihood by spinning and working at her needle, he acquired nothing but a fine hand writing, which enabled him by his skill in copying to defray a portion of the absolutely necessary house expences. Mr. Dégoutin an old friend of his mother, was so good as to take Henry into his own house where he treated him as his own son ; and on account of his beautiful hand writing, he occasionally employed him in copying. Henry was a good soul, with a charming face and a tall noble figure. Mr. Dégoutin a bachelor of sixty-two, without a family, loved him as his own son, and intended to leave him the whole of his very moderate fortune. "You a lost man Mr. Dégoutin ? for heaven's sake, what can you have done ?" "Alas, I have done nothing but I am to do,"—said the Book-keeper throwing his pocket book on the table—"what we will speak afterwards. I will hand you all my cash, my last bequeathment. Should you not see me again to-morrow know that I am arrested : then fly from here, look out for a situation, and whatever report may say, regard me as an honest man !"

Henry was beside himself from terror and pity. He begged of his friend with tears in his eyes to confide to him what had happened. He swore rather to die than to abandon him.

The old man was silent for a long time. A weight seemed to lie on his heart. At last with a deep sigh, he said, "To thee Henry, but to thee only I will tell it. Woe be to thee if thou shouldst dishonour my confidence. It might be at the expence of your liberty, or even of your life. But it is well perhaps that I should trust to thee, that thou shouldst know that I am innocent and that likely no one else will believe me so. But be as silent as a grave, and should you want to ruin yourself, speak only of my gray head has been severed from my withered body."

Henry with trepidation promised all his foster father required of him.

"My son listen then to me" said the Book-keeper in a tremulous voice. "In the Marine Treasury there is a deficiency of a million of francs. It has become known, it can no longer be concealed. The head of the department Mr. de Gattry through immense dissipation has ruined himself. To save himself he is ready to sacrifice any innocent victim. God in heaven knows by what I have deserved it! Mr. de Gattry has pitched on me. He offered me forty, he offered me sixty thousand francs if in a letter addressed to him, I would declare myself guilty. He was on his knees before me. He said that as I was without wife or children and my own master, I had nothing to lose, but much to win. But not so he. He had rank, dignity, the honour of his ancient noble relations, besides his wife and children—all was at stake—he said it would be an easy matter for me to make this sacrifice, that I had only to write him a letter for every line of which he would give me ten thousand francs and assist me to fly beyond the boundaries. Like a maniac did he jump up when I poor old man, modestly ventured to utter some just scruples. Then again with a forced emotion he lowered his tone of voice into apparent apathy. "It is now too late," said he, "to retreat. I demand of you the books, the accounts. Already according to my views and interests they have undergone the necessary changes. Will you now precipitate me into the gulf? Par le saint Dieu—you will break your neck before me! Choose, for we now play for life or death!" I was so terrified that in my anxiety I could not utter a word. In his rising despair he seemed about to murder me. Had he killed me he might have said that I had declared myself guilty, that I had craved his forgiveness which he not being able to grant I in my despair had destroyed myself. Oh Henry of what are great men not capable!

"They are sometimes devils incarnate!" exclaimed Henry. "I will run to the Minister, to Cardinal Bernis, to the King. I will throw myself at their feet and implore their justice."

"Do no such thing at the risk of your life," says Mr. Degoutin. "You vowed silence. Don't take a single step, don't hazard one word. I don't wish you to be precipitated along with me into the gulf. I have asked time for consideration. Mr. de Gattry has accorded me twenty-four hours. Early to-morrow morning precisely at 10, I must be at the office, I must give my decision, viz; to copy verbally the letter which he handed to me, as if addressed to him from me, and to fly immediately, or—to take my lodging in the Bastille at 11 o'clock. Till then I dare not quit my house, nor may you. He has forbidden both of us to stir out. We are narrowly watched. Spies are placed in my

house and our lives are at stake. That frantic man hazards all. What is the sacrifice of two men's lives, if he can wash away a stain upon his character."

"And what do you intend to do, Mr. Dégoutin?"

"I rely on God, he will not suffer innocence to perish! I must await the result, if I go to prison; God's will be done! In the hands of justice I am at least secured against assassination. I will then speak out, be the consequence what it may. God will not abandon innocence. Till then remain silent. Here is all my cash, take it. Should I be innocently condemned, should this villain triumph through the powerful influence of his relations, then fly from this! Your death can be of no service to me."

Both continued for a long time to talk over this unfortunate affair; the Book-keeper with the firmness of a pure conscience, Henry with the despair of a grateful and affectionate son. Mr. Dégoutin during this discourse regained by degrees his former serenity and self-possession while in the same proportion Henry lost both. As he consoled Henry, he was himself consoled. He desired him to go to his room and divert himself as well as he could. Henry obeyed in silence and sadness and went away. Mr. Dégoutin who felt that he was in the situation of a doomed man, put his papers in order.

MARGARITTE.

Henry Lannay passed through the Court of the Palace on the ground floor of which Mr. Dégoutin occupied a few rooms. The palace belonged to Count Delosia who with his spouse lived in one of the most splendid houses at Paris. It was even rumoured that Prince Soubise paid his addresses to the Count's daughter. Indeed, the Prince was a frequent visitor, and apparently much occupied with his attentions to the Count's daughter, but in reality his visits were on account of her lovely companion Margaritte de Chateaunay. Margaritte an orphan without fortune entirely dependant on the Count's bounty, cared little about all the sweet things which the Prince who was nearly forty experienced in the intrigues of a profligate court, could whisper her. She in the most blooming age and with the charms of Venus had clearer eyes for the handsome young Henry. How could it be otherwise? she saw him so often for she had constantly some very important business to arrange with him. Either for her or the young Countess he had to copy some poems, or music, that brought him frequently some handsome little sums of money. But he never dreamed that he had conquered Margaritte's heart. His intercourse with Margaritte had become an agreeable necessity. Why should he not have been with pleasure in the company of a love-

ly girl? But the secret glow which overwhelmed her heart he could not see. He went to her without any quicker beatings of the pulse and came quietly away.

Margaritte was at the window when Henry passed across the court, pale as death and wringing his hands. She was terrified when she saw the idol of her heart thus abandoned to grief and despair. She called out to him in an under-voice. But absorbed in his despair he heard nothing. "Henry! Henry!" she again and with a louder voice called out, and with her hands she beckoned him, when he at last looked up, and obeyed.

"What can the matter be, Henry? For God's sake tell me, whence your excessive grief? she asked with anxiety when he entered her room in tears; Henry sighed but answered not. "Dear Henry speak, your silence kills me. Has any misfortune happened to you? Has.... I tremble all over. Tell me should it be ever so horrid. I conjure you by what you hold most sacred, tell it to me." But Henry sighed and remained silent.

Now Margaritte's anxiety had risen to its climax. "How Henry, you don't deign me an answer? Have I offended you? Am I so very cheap to you? Oh! do not leave me any longer in this mortal anxiety. Do speak for God's sake!"

Henry shook his head, and said. "Dear Madam let me remain silent, I dare say nothing—only that we must part. Tomorrow I must leave this house, perhaps Paris! A death-like paleness shot over her beautiful countenance when she heard this intelligence; enfeebled she sat down, gazed at her friend in despair, seized his hand as if she wanted to hold him fast to prevent his leaving her, and with scarcely an audible voice, said: "My Henry, why?"

Henry was silent.

After a short interval of time, she repeated her question in a tremulous voice. Her eyes filled with tears. "Am I so worthless in your eyes that you will not so much as tell me the reason why you must leave Paris. If you should think so, Henry I should for ever leave you with all my heart—if I could. No Henry, I can never hate you. Go, I thought I had one friend on earth. I am undeceived. Go, you will find friends, enough in this world, but no one that partakes so much of your bad and good fortune. Go!" said she, and sobbing aloud she covered her face.

When Henry saw the beautiful girl in tears, his mind was absorbed in grief. "Alas! beautiful Margaritte it is not my fault that I am obliged to go. How glad I should be to remain. Oh how much I am moved by your participation of my sorrows. Did you know how dear you are to me. Did you but know, what I..."

At these words Marguerite looked up to him and interrupting him said: "Hypocrite! I dear to you? and yet you love to torment me so; thanks to Heavens that I have no brother, God forbid that he should act like you; I should soon be in my grave!"

"And had I a sister," replied he in a melancholy mood "and she resembled you, oh then I should be happy, I might then unbosom my heart to her. But"...

"Pour out then your sorrow! Perhaps my dear Henry I might assist you with good counsel. Imagine that I am your—sister", she got up and gave him her hand.

Henry kissed it respectfully, and much embarrassed he gazed in his *sister's* eyes that searched with so much tenderness for his secret. "What can unseal that beautiful mute mouth?" She thought to herself and tenderly touched his rosy lips and let her hand negligently fall on his shoulder. I have forgotten the time of such sweet tête à tête, else, I might say how long they remained in that position, nor can I recollect whether a change from it is sudden or gradual; hence I can only say that *brother* and *sister* leaned their cheeks against each other, then by some unaccountable mistake their lips seemed to approach till in one long kiss they forgot all the miseries of the world. The seal on his lips, to be sure, could not long resist the burning heat of love. He had no longer any secret for his sweet sister. Under vows of eternal secrecy he communicated to her all which half an hour ago he promised to Mr. Dégoutin so solemnly never to disclose.

Marguerite however, frightened at the recital yet felt as happy as if placed before the gates of heaven. She loved, she had now sipped the cup, she felt the agreeable sensation of the rushing of the blood over her whole frame, and thought that to love, nothing was impossible!

"Comfort yourself my good Henry, you cannot, you dare not leave me. There may be found means by which your foster father shall be saved!"

"But", said Henry with anxiety, "without betraying the secret."

"Could I but find some way to extricate him:" said Marguerite with a low voice. "But go now Henry, go I wish to be alone. I must find out some means!"

Henry went away somewhat less melancholy.

PRINCE SOUBISE.

A short time after the carriage of Prince Soubise halted before the gate. The Prince ascended the flight of stairs at the top of which Marguerite came out of her room. Her face was still glow-

ing from her sisterly interview. The Prince thought he never before had beheld her so beautiful—and indeed, how could it well be otherwise, in the excitement of first love!

“Good God! how transcendently handsome you are,” said he kissing her hand. She led him into the saloon and expressed her sorrow that he should have missed the Count, who with his spouse and daughter went out on a visit.

“You pity me and I congratulate myself on my good fortune. Yet may every mischance be so agreeably repaid as this!”

Margaritte used to his flattering compliments paid no attention to this. She was lost in thoughts of her newly acquired brother, how could it well be otherwise, she still felt his fraternal lips impressed on hers, yet she reflected how she could contrive to prevent his departure, in assisting Mr. Degoutin to get out of his troubles. At first she thought of discovering what she knew to Count Delosia, and through his influence and prudence she hoped to extricate the old Book-keeper from his dilemma, who went forward to meet his fate.

But her courage vanished when she reflected on the probable lazy selfishness and proud insensibility of the Count, towards the sufferings of a poor man—a mere Book-keeper.

The arrival of the Prince brought on different plans to divert the blow from the grey hair of the old man; He, the favorite of the then all powerful first, minister, who even could directly visit the King, he, and no one else, could be the saviour here.

“Seigneur” she said “I beg of you to leave joking aside for this time! Let us speak of something serious.” “How my handsome Margaritte, do you then indeed think love a joke?”

“At all events your’s is.”

“If my love for you is a joke only, then all that is beautiful in heaven or on earth is a joke, and there is nothing true under the moon; then oh Margaritte your divine shape, the glance of your eyes in which glitters the most perfect soul, all the seducing charms that surround you, are false and illusive.”

“I beg of you to cease, Prince, such language ill suits you to offer or me to hear; but why do you tell me all this? Is it because you feel weary of my company? Or, that you want to give me a proof that you are a most polite gentleman? I know that as well as the whole court, the whole town. Or do you wish me to believe all the flattering compliments you are pleased to make? Oh! you surely cannot have so bad an opinion of me.”

“If ever you believe a truth,” replied the Prince “believe in that which your own charms prove beyond all dispute. Believe that for the truth of my words, I will testify with my life, or my blood.”

"May heaven preserve me from blood, Prince. But should I be so happy as to possess in a little degree, a claim on your esteem."

"You do—you do!" exclaimed Prince Soubise and now followed a succession of assertions, and asseverations, which it may be as well to leave the reader to supply according to his own fancy.

But Margaritte knew how to draw her own advantage.

She advanced a modest request which the Prince declared as granted before he heard it. She now related under the seal of the deepest confidence the unfortunate history of the Book-keeper which by an accident she had come to hear, and for whom she felt the most lively interest, merely because he was her quiet neighbour. "You, Prince" she continued, "you can here enlarge the glory of your silent virtues. You can save oppressed innocence from an ignominious end, and you will prevent the villany of the great from prevailing over the honesty of the poor. None but you can help here, your word with Cardinal Bernis".

"—— Oh don't mention him! replied the Prince. I cannot trust him. He is the favourer of the prodigal Gattry, and if I am not mistaken an adorer of his daughter. The Cardinal must be left out of this play entirely, but..." the Prince suddenly remained silent, and after a short reflection, said "I am going to leave you, there is not a moment to be lost. I am jealous of any man who might deprive me of an opportunity to gain credit in your eyes. Adieu, fair Margaritte, I shall not repose till I have fulfilled your philanthropic desire." He then kissed her fair hand and went away.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

He sprung into the carriage and drove to the court. When in the Tuilleries he took the direction of the rooms of Madame de Pompadour. Every one of my readers knows of what weight Madame de Pompadour was at the time of King Louis XV. his most Christian Majesty. She was the unbounded mistress of his heart, of his will, his empire. Yet her time of spring was passed. She was then about thirty-five years of age. But her gracefulness was not in the least diminished. The easy flow of her conversation, the charms of her mind, the brilliancy of her fancy—the gracefulness of her manners had increased with her years. The King was still bound in her soft chains. Neither the will of the whole royal family nor the artifices of the royal Premier Bernis, could prevail against hers. That was well known to the whole court, and in every town throughout France.

This sagacious woman knew it well, and was but little afraid of the opposite party, the Queen's. The principal members of the court were on her side or rather they lay at her feet. Even Voltaire was not a little proud that she looked upon him with favour. But after the King no one stood higher in her favour than Prince Soubise.

Indeed the Prince though a man of forty was completely formed to please. He was an accomplished courtier, witty, ingenious, and seducing. Above all she believed him to love her for herself only and not for any thing else. The Prince was one of those gallants who are every thing to every one.

Thus near the Marchioness, he was a lover charmed by her personal attractions, and with strong compulsion only could restrain the fire of his ardent passion, which he—did not feel. Madame de Pompadour perceived often, and not without being tenderly moved, his struggle between respect and love, and her heart in spite of her will was irresistibly drawn towards him when it ought to have belonged to the King alone. She felt for the Prince what she did not wish to feel, but just because she did not wish it, she loved him the more. Yet this woman with her caution and knowledge of the world took good care that no one should perceive what she herself was ashamed of. And indeed it never entered, not even in dreams, the imagination of her courtiers. But the Prince was a shrewd guesser, he continued to play his part and laughed.

"What have you forgotten, butterfly?" she asked him when he entered her apartment, which he had left only one hour before.

"Oh dear Marchioness, near you I have always the misfortune to forget myself. But why should I complain, said he, pressing her beautiful hand to his lips."

"To the point my dear Prince. When you say you are going to speak of yourself I don't know, if with yourself you don't mean France, or the whole of Europe, your sphere is so large."

"Fair Marchioness, you speak ironically, and yet you speak truth. Indeed I was going to speak of myself, viz: of France, that is to say of yourself."

Oh what poetical licences! You have a fine talent for poetry."

"Who has it not when he has the good fortune to be near you?"

"You were going to speak of yourself, Prince!"

"True Madam of myself, but my being is absorbed in yours, what is against you is against myself. I have"

"Prince I cannot guess your meaning to-day. Speak in prose."

"Be it so, in dry prose then! Do you know in what society they first sung that ballad in which insipid meanness was to stand for vivid wit?"

"You mean that low ballad principally against me? In what company? Perhaps at the Cardinal's? Haven't I guessed it?"

"Half by his protégé the lewd de Gattry. The miscreant is now abandoned even by all his former tippling companions, and would be on the point of punishment for his villanies, to be a galley-slave for life, but by his influence with the Cardinal he is in a fair way to rest his sins on the shoulders of a poor but honest old man."

"What, do you say?" replied the surprised Marchioness.

"In the treasury of the Marine Board, is an immense deficit they say of more than two millions. I forgot to tell it to you an hour ago. Thus I was right in saying that it regarded me, because it regards you and it regards France."

"But are you sure you have heard this accurately?"

The Prince related to her all the particular circumstances he knew and adorned his narrative according to his pleasure. He described the roguishness, the villany of Gattry in such glowing colours, he painted with such a feelingness the deathlike despair of the old innocent honest Book-keeper, he related so touchingly the sufferings of the poor defenceless unprotected Degoutin that the charming Marchioness melted into tears.

"No, said she, that shall not be, this innocent old man must not become a sacrifice for another man's villany. Can you answer for every circumstance being true as you have told me?"

"I am answerable for every word I have said."

"Then take leave of you. I must go to the King! I thank you for what you have shown me the way to do a generous action. Such infernal villanies as Gattry broods upon shall not stain the soil of France. The King thinks nobly."

"As long as his good angel does not leave him. Permit me to kiss the hand of that angel that I may also be sanctified."

The Prince took his leave. The Marchioness had herself announced to the King.

THE KING.

"I expected you a long time ago, my dear Marchioness!" said the King as he went to meet her.

"I was told that your Majesty had given a private audience to the English Ambassador."

"Yes, oh that fellow has excruciated me with the most tiresome affairs. I am glad to be rid of him, he has wearied out my patience. I could not endure it any longer and sent him to the Cardinal to settle his tedious stories. But what is the matter with you?"

Are you not well my dear Marchioness? I really believe that you have shed tears!"

— "Near my King I feel always well."

"My good Marchioness! Please to sit down. Have you brought your work along with you. I will assist you in stringing the beads. I can relate to you a fine story of Lady de Mutach. A love intrigue, sans pareil. You will scarcely credit it. I have nearly split my sides with laughing while hearing this story. But how can I see the eyes of my Antoinette bedewed with tears! Tell me first what sorrow has caused them?"

— "Well, Sire, it is indignation for the revolting wickedness of some men and my chagrin, that under the best monarch they dare thus to maltreat innocence! For....."

"Relate it to me my dear child. I will indeed give an example of severity. What am I then if with all my royal power, I am not able to prevent you shedding other tears than those of joy. Who dared to offend you?"

— "It is he who has offended the dignity of the name of the most just, most humane of all Kings."

The King was astonished and with great eagerness he inquired for further information.

The Marchioness related to him the whole story of the infamous plans of Gattry and by what means he wanted to force the honest Book-keeper to avow himself guilty of such a villainous crime for the sake of a few thousand francs. She related it with her peculiar irresistible eloquence, and by the brilliancy of her ideas she heightened the colours of the picture of human wickedness and of abandoned helpless innocence. She herself was moved to tears by the lively scenes of atrocity and misery.

"Oh well," said the King when she had finished, with astonishment in his looks and tone, "is it only that? nothing else? What does that concern us? Let the court of justice care for it; they will punish no doubt. But now hear my story of the gallantry of Lady Muttach!"

— "Let me only observe, Sire, that with to-morrow the appeals to the court will be too late. Should Gattry have the written documents of the Book-keeper in his hands, and if he has taken his flight he is condemned and the villain Gattry as a faithful officer honoured in his employ, and your Majesty cheated of two millions.

"That's true, we must inform the Cardinal of it."

"He is a particular friend of Gattry."

"Well then the police minister. He might in the mean while send a confidential man to the book-keeper to learn the particulars. He may then act as is proper."

"Excellent Sire ! I must again admire your penetration and honor your good heart. I indeed did not recollect that if the police could lay hold of Gattry's own hand-writing which the book-keeper has in his own hands to copy, Gattry would be caught in his own trap.

"Of course ! you are a child Marchioness that you wonder at the most natural proceeding in the world. Such things are done with ease. But I recollect it is his time to be here." The king rung the bell. A valet de Chambre made his appearance. The king ordered the blue room to be shown to the police minister whither he went immediately himself, saying to the Marchioness. "You, my dear Antoinette, remain here, that we may have a hearty laugh about Lady Muttach as soon as I shall have given the necessary orders about that foolish book-keeper's business."

THE CONSEQUENCES.

It was late in the evening. The book-keeper Dégoutin sat gloomy at his writing table, taking notes of various transactions. Henry Launay with suppressed tears stood near him.

"Now my dear son," said the old man as he had finished his work "now I have nothing more weighing on my heart. My worldly affairs are now settled. It will go hard with me, but I am prepared for the worst, and whatever be the consequences I shall never either verbally or by letters avow myself guilty of that theft. I am in the hands of God. How consoling is a clear conscience, with it you may scorn a whole hord of hangmen and even hell itself. Should I be sent for life to the Gallies, I shall go with a smiling countenance."

A knock at the door was heard. A police officer entered. As he opened the door, they could clearly see several armed men, standing near the door.

The officer excused his visit, as he had orders from high authority, and asked for Mr. Dégoutin who turning pale pointed to himself. Henry trembled as if he was seized with the fever.

"You had this morning a notable conversation with Mr. De Gattry ?" said the police officer to Mr. Dégoutin. To which he only bowed, as from terror he could not say yes.

"Are you in possession of a paper which he gave you to copy ?"

The book-keeper was thunder-struck at the omniscience of the police and stared at the officer with a wild look and open mouth.

"Will you please to answer me ?" continued the officer more seriously. The book-keeper bowed again.

"Reply Sir, I ask you in the name of the king, and if you have that paper, hand it to me without hesitation."

The book-keeper turned towards his writing-table, opened a drawer and with a trembling hand he gave it to the Sergeant.

"You will now have the goodness to accompany me, Mr. Dégoutin, a carriage waits before the house."

"Where to!" cried Henry in an agony of despair. "He is innocent! Take me along with him; I know of all."

The officer looked at the young man with astonishment and said: "I have no orders to take any one but Mr. Dégoutin to the chief of the police; however I believe I may consent to your desire. You Mr. Dégoutin seem to be alarmed. Collect yourself."

"Let this young man remain here, said Mr. Dégoutin, if you have no positive order for it. He can be of no use in my examination. I shall tell the truth without him. His friendship for me alone promoted him to make this unadvised request. I know my accuser and wherefore I am dragged away. Mr. De Gattry is my foe. I follow you."

The police officer replied: "Your compact with Mr. De Gattry does not concern me. Without doubt you will have the honor to see him. He also is arrested this moment. In the mean while I must request you my young gentleman to accompany me too."

"Mr. De Gattry arrested?" repeated Mr. Dégoutin in a tone that betrayed agreeable surprise.

"Ah! fear not then, Gattry is arrested!" exclaimed Henry joyfully. "You are saved! Now I perceive, I see all! All! Come, come exclaimed the enthusiastically happy Henry stretching his two hands towards Heaven, Come, Oh thou incomparable celestial...." he had almost said *Margaritte*. But he in good time, collected his mind.

They took their hats, stepped with the officer into the carriage and drove off.

The minister of the Marine Board was with the minister of the Police.

Mr. De Gattry at the first cross examination already prevaricated. But when at last his own hand-writing was shown to him, when the book-keeper was brought before his eyes, he lost the command of his senses and begged for mercy for the sake of his family.

Mr. Dégoutin and Henry were on the same evening released, Henry on the same evening with newly copied music under his arm went to *Margaritte's* room which he saw illuminated, and drew his handsome *sister* who stood before him, in her—ball—dress to his grateful heart.

The same evening *Margaritte* at a ball in dancing with the enraptured Prince *Soubise*, pressed his hand with tender acknow-

ledgment, whilst she whispered to him: "Prince you have done an act worthy of your great virtue!" The same evening the Prince leaving the ball-room early, laid himself at the feet of the Marchioness de Pompadour and exclaimed! "You are more than an angel! I must adore you!" The same evening his Christian Majesty in the arms of his beloved, confessed that he was delightfully rewarded, on account of that silly foolish book-keeper.

THE PROMOTION.

On the following day Mr. De Gattry's arrest was the news of the town. The treasury of the Marine Board was examined and a greater deficiency found than was even expected. There was besides his own confession sufficient proof to condemn any man, yet the process was pending. Mr. Dégoutin did not survive the end. Fear and terror since that fatal unlucky day had proved too powerful for the old man's mind and health. Henry was inconsolable at the loss of his paternal friend. The small fortune he left him comforted him not. He would willingly have become a beggar if such a sacrifice had been able to recal Mr. Dégoutin from the shades of death to the living. But what to begin now? His small inheritance was insufficient to maintain him.

"And will you not, said Margaritte, will you not be in Mr. Dégoutin's place, the book-keeper of the Marine Board?"

"Good God, my Lady what an idea! How can I raise my expectations so high! Book-keeper of the Marine Board! It is true that under the superintendence of Mr. Dégoutin I have often conducted all his affairs particularly when he could not from sickness. I have only signed. But of what do you think, Madam, book-keeper of the Marine Board! Mr. Dégoutin has proposed me in vain three times to a vacant writership under him. Oh no my thoughts run not so high!"

"O dear modesty, how charmingly it suits you!" Said Margaritte, and gazed with delight on the handsome young man. "Yet, don't you think that I am at least as high in rank as a book-keeper of the Marine Board?"

"You jest Madame!"

"Well, but yet your thoughts are raised up to me!"

"No, never, beautiful Lady! but your angelic goodness prompts you to descend to me."

A few days afterwards Margaritte in a splendid party had an opportunity to speak to Prince Soubise unheard by any one else:

"Do you know Prince that terror and grief have killed the old book-keeper Dégoutin, so that he has still been a sacrifice to De Gattry's profligateness."

“ Not a word of it, charming Margaritte !”

“ Do you not wish to accomplish your noble deed ? You are able to appease the manes of that venerable old man, Mr. Dégoutin by receiving under your patronage his son, who now is lost, abandoned by all, no one to whom he may look up for shelter or protection. It is the same young man who in that famous trial, craved leave to go to prison or even to die, instead of Mr. Dégoutin, should such have been the decree against him.”

“ I remember.”

“ Well this Launay for such is his name was in fact the book-keeper. Old Dégoutin only signed his works. Do you fulfil the wish of the dying old man who departed this life in sorrowful anxiety about the future fate of his son. You told me yourself that old Dégoutin was to be richly indemnified for the cruel adversity he had suffered. But he is no more ! How is he now to be indemnified ? Do give your protection to his son. Heir of the late book-keeper’s honesty and integrity, he deserves the present vacant place at the Marine Board. But, alas no lips move in his behalf.”

“ What ? No lips speak for him, when the most beautiful ones appeal with irresistible eloquence in his favour ? How happy I should feel if once these same lips were to breathe so much pity for me. Believe me I deserve your compassion more than the son of the book-keeper !”

“ Only Monseigneur get first very unhappy and I shall not be wanting in pity for you, as you are not wanting in mockery of me now.”

“ Oh ! sighed the Prince, just now we are gazed at by superfluous eyes, else, on how much I suffer for the young man ?” on his memoranda the name of Henry Launay

The recommendation came from a quarter that it was not likely he should neglect. He remembered it in proper time when with the Marchioness de Pompadour he was engaged in a familiar discourse. She herself began about Gattry’s trial, and then with sensibility and sympathy spoke of the old Dégoutin who through his master’s baseness was brought nearly to imprisonment for life, or even the loss of existence.

“ Gracious Madame he has actually lost his life. Terror and anxiety have killed the poor old man. He stands now before his God, and amidst the angels of heaven, he names with gratitude the earthly angel who saved him from an ignominious death !”

The Marchioness was terrified and moved. The Prince perceived it and assuming a mournful look, spoke with great feeling of the unmerited hard fate of many an honest man :

"His sufferings are over!" continued the Prince in a deep low tone after a pause, whilst indeed a tear glittered in his eye: "He can no longer be indemnified or rewarded!"

Madame de Pompadour saw the tear in the Prince's eye, and the sight moved her to the quick: "But has he left no family? I know the king is good."

The Prince spoke of the distinguished talent and ability of that adopted son, Henry Launay, and with real enthusiasm of his strict integrity. He wiped off his tear. He then continued drawing in his breath: "And this honest able man must starve because he has none but God to look up to. He is only the heir to the virtues and poverty of his foster father!"

Madame de Pompadour with deep emotion took the Prince's hand: "Prince I have always known you as an accomplished and amiable gentleman but not as a feeling man. Do not be ashamed before me of a tearful eye. Such tears as you shed do honor to a man. Take this kiss for it. Launay shall have his father's situation."

When the Marchioness spoke to the king about it, he replied: "Indeed the minister of the Marine Board has handed these papers to me. Promotions that I am to sign. See if the name you tell me, is there." The Marchioness did so, and found the name of Salon for the vacant place of book-keeper.

"Well then, let it remain as it is. The minister must know him. He knows him better than we do. Let us not interfere with such trash."

"Sire," replied the Marchioness, "it is just the interference of your Majesty, that alone can accomplish the noble works which you began and which still fills all Paris with joy and applause. Your Majesty has pardoned the proud criminal, and saved oppressed innocence. You Sire were the last thought of the dying old man, for you had saved him. Grateful he calls your name in heaven!"

The king burst into a fit of laughter: "I always thought, that you carried on correspondence with superworldly beings! otherwise how could you know what the book-keeper transported thither. My name then! Very honorable indeed! From counter courtesy. I cannot do less than send his foster-son's name to the Marine Board." He made a stroke of the pen through the name of Salon, and wrote Henry Launay.

"Oh how wicked you are, and yet so very good!" replied the beloved, and kissed the Monarch's hand that wrote the name.

THE BOX ON THE EAR.

Henry, from astonishment was beside himself when he received his nomination from the king. He set out immediately to

pay his grateful respect to the minister and other superior officers.

"It gave me a real pleasure to propose you to the king," said the minister "for in you I wanted to see the memory of Mr. Dégoutin honored."

"My merit to your nomination is but small," said the Chancellor "yet I am willing to own that I had to overcome some struggling on that account. Your excellent works which you made in Mr. Dégoutin's name, were well known to me. As an upright man I could not but recommend you."

Thus Henry perceived by his sundry visits at the superiors that they all had acted for him in the most handsome generous way without his knowledge. When he related this to my Lady Margaritte, she replied smiling: "You are a child Henry. You have forgotten the principal person. Go to-morrow and request the favor of an audience of Prince Soubise, and kiss his hand. Do not forget it."

"But Prince Soubise is not the principal person, but my modest handsome sister, whose hand I would a thousand times rather kiss!" However Henry was prudent enough to go and kiss the Prince's hand, and the Prince when he saw him to be so handsome a young man, was prudent enough to recommend him to pay his dutiful respects to Madame de Pompadour, and when the new book-keeper of the Marine Board was admitted, the Royal Mistress was not insensible to the homage which she knew she merited. She was the more pleased at what she had done, as she perceived she had been serviceable not only to a grateful but to a handsome young man. Mr. Launay who was not new in the business of book-keeping, the Marine Board soon acquired the approbation of all his superiors even of the minister himself, not on account of the masterly way in which he conducted the business, but because no one could guess how he had obtained a situation to which every one had recommended his own particular favorite. They were of opinion that he must have powerful interest at the court. They all treated him with marked distinction.

Henry well pleased with his good fortune, and knowing by what secret ways the chain of his fate had been linked to King Louis the XV. enjoyed with modesty the gifts of chance. He had been humble enough never to aspire at a lot which he by lucky circumstances had obtained, nor was he wanton enough now to pretend to more. It was not an effect of his peculiar wisdom or virtue, but rather of a phlegmatic disposition intermixed with a happy levity of mind. He was drawn into all societies into which a plebeian could be admitted; many a young and handsome Parisian threw her charmed net at him, but

which he soon burst through. Though he only felt for the charming Margaritte a respectful tenderness, she felt for him the most passionate love, and was convinced nevertheless that he felt the tenderest love for her. For Henry himself spoke to her of all his female acquaintances and of their fruitless endeavours to captivate him. How could he more satisfactorily convince her of his fidelity. Yet she found fault with him that he began to give too much time to his amusements and that she saw him less often than before.

"I am almost sorry" said she in a pouting way "to have raised you to the place of the Marine book-keeper. I should have let you continue copying music, you would oftener have remained at home and I might have spoken to you as I chose." He promised amendment, and he kept his word.

One evening in going after the theatre with some of his friends into Druid's garden where there were illuminations and balls, and where the beau monde of Paris and even some of the higher classes used to assemble, he met one of his acquaintances, the daughter of the book-binder who worked for the Marine Board. She was by common consent called the beautiful Charlotte. The girl was regarded by him with indifference, but she danced like an angel with Sir William James an Englishman, who belonged to the British Embassy in Paris. Henry could not but admire her, and when she noticed him he felt himself flattered, particularly when she smiled at him, and even while she was dancing she gave him now and then friendly glances. Sir William James her dancing partner perceived those amorous glances, which were not quite so agreeable to him as to the good-natured Henry. After the dance was over, and before he had reconducted her to her seat, and entered into conversation with her, Mr. Launay came up to her. She seemed to have expected him, and leaving the Englishman, followed the young book-keeper and joined him in the next dance, without even being asked for it. The Englishman, in an angry humor followed them with his eyes. It was visible that the fire of revenge consumed him.

"I trust I have not committed a robbery on that gentleman?" said Henry to the handsome Julia: "He makes a face as if he wished to jump out of his skin." "Quite the reverse, I am much obliged to you Mr. Launay to have rid me of a tiresome plague! It is hard enough that I must see that man twice every day at home, where he overloads my father with presents. I accept nothing of him. I hate him like sin, yet he follows me as my shadow." Henry could not get rid of his partner, for upwards of an hour, she seemed to have aimed at the conquest of his heart. He was glad to get an opportunity, to go out into the garden, to

take some refreshments. It so happened that he took a seat, where opposite to him he saw the unfortunate lover of the handsome Julia, at his side there was one of his acquaintances, Secretary Druegon.

They were in a lively political discourse, and as the company was nearly equally divided between French and English they spoke of those affairs for which the Earl of Albemarle was in Paris as well as of the Cabinets of the respective powers, neither did they here in the garden spare each other their reproaches. The French complained that the English wanted to lay claim to an immense tract of land betwixt Acadia and New England; the English said of the French, that they laid foundations of forts along the Ohio, to destroy their commerce with the wild Americans. The parties seemed not less inspired by wine and punch than by the love of their country. As Launay entered when they were in the midst of the discourse, he remained a silent and indifferent spectator. But Sir William opposite, on whose face an impending storm was gathering, became warmer and more eloquent when he perceived the Book-keeper who had carried off his beloved Julia. He spoke now in thunders against the French diplomatic pretensions, he seemed to be of opinion that if he let whole France feel his anger, he would of necessity also strike his hated rival. But no one felt himself less marked at than Henry. He left it to his countrymen to retort the proud insolence of the Englishman, the rather as he perceived that the discourse was carried on with more heat than was necessary for the right understanding of their argument.

But the longer Henry remained quiet, the more furious the angry Sir Edward became. With every word of sarcasm the Englishman pronounced on the Frenchman's head, he laid his eyes on the innocent Henry. One after another the Englishmen dropped away. They saw that the dispute was too much heated by wine. The other Englishmen endeavoured to pacify their passionate countryman. But it only served to enflame him the more. "It is true," said he rising from his seat in a loud voice, addressing the French, "it is true, I say it is true that to be triumphant as a Diplomatist, our king should not have sent Earl Albemarle, but a London prostitute. There are a thousand amongst them that are handsomer than the decayed Pompadour!"

As Henry heard the name of his benefactress thus profaned he broke his silence, and said leaning forward over the table, in a low voice not to affront the Englishman "Do not forget, Sir, that you are on French ground."

Sir William James in reply gave him a powerful fillip in the face. "What business has this saucy fellow to stretch

his impertinent nose to a Gentleman, and arrogate to himself to give his advice, without its being called for." But scarcely had he uttered these last words which he addressed to the company, when Henry applied to him a sounding box on the ear. Sir William like an oak in a storm, tumbled with his head sideways on his neighbour, who was just in the act of bringing a glass of warm Punch to his lips, but by the shock the contents of the glass were diverted from the intended direction, and poured on the infuriated face of the Secretary, so that he became immediately of opinion that he was coloured with his own dear precious blood. All the party got instantly up from their seats. Sir William drew his sword, Henry to defend himself, drew his. But before they could be separated Henry received a wound under his arm. All this happened in a few seconds. Many Frenchmen immediately left the place not to become involved in an affair which threatened to become more serious as it happened with a member of a foreign Embassy. The English disappeared as quickly, dragging away their enraged countryman to prevent him from committing more excesses.

Mr. Dugeon only remained with the wounded Henry, conducted him to his carriage and went directly to the house of a Surgeon. He examined the wound which he declared not to be dangerous as it had only pierced the flesh. After dressing it Mr. Dugeon carried Henry back to his own habitation.

WAR AGAINST ENGLAND.

Mr. Dugeon who in the Garden had been one of the most zealous and spirited defenders of the honour of France, continued in the carriage to thunder against the insolence of the English. Henry who had a particular reason to love the English nation, joined with a full heart in abusing them. "Mr. Dugeon: I am astonished that our court hesitates so long to chastise that insolent shop-keeper race. Were it to depend on me, even to-morrow I should declare war against those proud and boasting islanders." This idea was real balm to Henry's wound. His resolution was immediately taken. With confidence he pressed his friend's hand. "Comfort yourself," he exclaimed, "before another fortnight is passed, all the English shall be chased from Paris, and war declared against them!" Mr. Dugeon smiled and thought of the power of the Punch, but Henry thought of the power of Margaritte.

The wounded man was confined to his bed by order of his physician. He had lost a great deal of blood, and got a burning fever. In a few lines he informed lady Margaritte of the accident, ere she might hear of it by report. For Henry did not doubt, that the court and town would be occupied with his affairs.

But he was mistaken, no one heard or spoke of it, no one cared for it. The English did not know the French that were in the company, neither did the French know each other, they had assembled there by mere chance. Indeed the accident was nothing more than a mere heroic political fray inspired by wine.

But the loving Margaritte did not think so; after having received the lines of her friend with mortal fear for the surety of his endangered life, she passed a long day. Towards evening she complained of headach to save her from the obligation of accompanying the countess, and through the interior court she went on towards the rooms of the Book-keeper. With the blush of innocence and love she stepped before the bed of the sick man. The old and honest Samuel, his only servant, inherited from the late Mr. Degoutin, very prudently and honestly went away to stand sentry.

"What is the matter with you," she enquired anxiously of her Henry who tended his hands towards her. "What have you done? Who has wounded you? What is the cause? Have the doctors forbidden you to speak? Why did you fight? Where did it take place? Do you feel weak? Who is your physician?"

Here was matter enough to fill up a whole day with replies. Henry related all the minute circumstances of the affray, not, however, without some tributes to Margaritte's beauty in his observations about the beautiful Julia. With heartfelt pleasure did she perceive the fidelity of her lover. The celebrity of Julia's charms was well known to her, and that Henry never visited the bookbinder's house, however, numerous opportunities he had or might have. She perceived that the Englishman from ill-founded jealousy had persecuted, insulted, and nearly killed her dear Henry.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed: "he owes you the heaviest satisfaction. Were he a Frenchman he would have to go to the Bastille. But he belongs to the Embassy of my lord Albemarle. We must well consider what is to be done."

"There is no need for long consideration my dearest lady Margaritte. Should I meet this Sir William I'll pierce him through and through, or rather when I am recovered I'll challenge him to meet me in the small wood of Bologne. He attacked me not like a man of honor, but rather like an assassin an unarmed man."

"Will you increase your misfortune! She said in great anxiety: For if fortune should be against you, how could I survive you? And should you happen to kill him would you not be obliged to leave me and France for ever?"

"He and I cannot both live in Paris, it is best that all the English should be driven away. It is rumoured that our court is pending between war and peace with England. Cardinal Bernis is for peace, so is Prince Soubise. Speak with him."

"War ought to be declared against those haughty English. If not, I foresee the evil consequences. The Prince has an overwhelming influence."

Margaritte and Henry were unanimous about the declaration of war, as soon as it was mentioned. Both rejoiced at the revenge. It may well be pardoned to a girl in love, that in her anger about the spilt blood of her lover, she wished the ruin of all England.

As soon as on a subsequent day Margaritte had an opportunity to speak with the Prince, she did so, with all her peculiar female cunningness. You know Prince the unfortunate accident of the book-keeper Launay who had repaid with his blood in the most noble manner, the favor which you have shown him?"

"With his blood?" replied the Prince "not a word of it, do I know!"

She explained, but without mentioning a word of the beautiful Julia; like a by-matter it was omitted, so also the fillip, which would have sounded too unpoetically in a story, in which Mr. Launay was to appear the hero. On the other hand in a very sly manner the Prince was given to understand that the ill-natured remarks of the English were principally directed against him. In what way did she insinuate all that? She only let him guess so, from the words of Sir William James against Madame Pl. The Prince when he had heard all, wished to know more, those Englishmen had spoken against himself. Lady seemed as if she were embarrassed, as if she felt reluctant to repeat the indecent language they made use of in their direct allusions against him. The more obstinately she refused to speak out, the Prince became the more restless, the more abominably did his imagination paint the enormities of their insults.

"And for such a people you take part?" continued the young Lady "what will France, what will Europe think of you Prince if you are one of the most jealous advocates of peace with a nation to whom it is a triumph to scoff at France before the whole world, and even on French ground, to deride her most estimable amiable Prince?"

This made such a deep impression on the feeling heart of the Prince that he even forgot his tender passions. "But from whom do you know these circumstances so very accurately?" "The whole town knows it, and relates it," she re-

plied, "but as to you, you will be the last person, that is very evident. No Frenchman cares to tell you such sad reports to give you uneasiness. But pardon my loquacity, and if that finds no favour with you, then my jealousy of your immaculate name for informing you of it."

The Prince covered her hand gratefully with kisses. Hitherto he had been against war because he was against the Duke de Richelieu who advocated war to get the command of the Army. He said he would take more particular information of the events at Druet's gardens. Fortunately from Margaritte's relation he recollected Mr. Drugeon. As the best witness he ordered him to be called, and when he stood before him, he requested him to declare all sincerely and without hesitation Mr. Drugeon obeyed, the Prince heard of some more details, but nothing of what immediately concerned himself. He made enquiries, Mr. Drugeon shook his shoulders, excused his ignorance, but from his hatred to the English, he had the malice to give him to understand, that it was more than likely, the Prince had been spoken of in terms much more insulting than the royal mistress. The Prince immediately drove to the Duke de Richelieu.

"I have read" said he "your memoirs about the pretensions of England, you have conquered my scruples as you will conquer the English. I unite myself to you. The British must be sent away, and the declaration of war must be sent immediately after."

The Duke de Richelieu was astonished at the Prince's change of mind. He embraced him. The reconciliation was complete. They concerted about the necessary steps. Cardinal Bernis, the king and the whole court were informed.

The Prince promised to the presence of Madame de Pompadour. That was not difficult. The words of Sir William. "The king of England instead of Lord Albemarle, should have sent a London prostitute to Paris!" was sufficient, but the addition "we have thousands that are handsomer, than the worn out Pompadour!" caused a deep blush on the cheeks of the Marchioness and a mortal enmity towards the English nation in her bosom.

Henry was not a little surprised when the next day some men of the highest rank were announced to him. They were sent by the Marchioness to hear of the book-keeper the circumstances at Druet's gardens. His words were put in writing to which he affixed his name.

Three days after the Earl of Albemarle received his passports to recross the Channel. War against England was declared.

THE DIPLOMA OF NOBILITY.

Lady Margaritte received the first news of those remarkable events from the lips of the Prince. In her rapture she was almost jumping at the Prince's neck. He perceived her joy. He read in it only the declaration of a heart devoted to him, and as a man experienced under the banners of Cupid he ventured to take advantage of his victory favored by the solitude of the moment. He pressed her to his bosom, and snatched from her rosy lips the first kiss, Margaritte blushed, became serious, and, with a virgin modesty, turned off the impetuous man. He nevertheless was sure of the near approach of the final conquest and left the beautiful prude with a brighter prospect.

With the more impatience she waited for the evening to give to her friend the surprise of the first news of war. But unluckily Count Delosea had company at home from which she could not absent herself. She therefore informed him of it in a few lines, adding that he might expect her towards evening, though late.

Henry came to know the news in a much more surprising manner. A servant of the Embassy of the Earl Albemarle, brought him a letter of the following contents :

" Sir, on the point of departure for England I was informed of the name of one I ill-treated in such an unworthy manner at Druet's gardens. I acted under the influence of wine, you were innocent, yet I spilt your blood.

" I could not leave France without giving this apology and satisfaction ; permit me to believe that you will pardon me, and that you will accept of the inclosed papers on the French East India Company ~~and~~ annually to ten thousand francs. From France I will take nothing with me but your pardon."

" W. JAMES."

But Henry did not wish to take advantage of his generous present, he returned the papers with his cordial forgiveness. The Englishman accepted the latter only, but returned the papers.

It was nearly midnight when Margaritte slipped into Henry's apartments. Henry came to meet her. How much they had to say ! He led her into his room and showed his correspondence with the Englishman and she was astonished at his generosity. " Had we been able to foresee this, added she, we might have spared the declaration of war against England. The man whom we have pursued, has made you a rich man. He likely acted as passionately in generosity as in jealousy. In both cases he was wrong, you are richer than I am now. But do you know what you are still wanting to a splendid career ?"

"I want nothing" replied Henry, embracing her, "have I not all here?"

"But can I be always yours?"

"Who will separate brother and sister? Well Margaritte, one thing more I want to be more worthy of you—a Diploma of Nobility then I would dare to"

He was afraid to say more, he trembled lest by the presumptuousness of his desires he might give her offence, which, by his silence she well understood. She leaned on his shoulders to hide her emotions. "You are right, you require a diploma of nobility, we must ask for it."

When Prince Soubise, the first time he had an opportunity to be alone with her, was on his knees to implore forgiveness, for since the stolen kiss she behaved very coolly towards him, and he was afraid to have offended her: "Tell me only divine Margaritte that you don't hate me!" he exclaimed.

"I have no right to hate you," she replied "how could I dare to do so?"

"You were offended at my temerity, I know it, beautiful Margaritte!" he continued "but if ever you had any regard for me, why deprive me of your friendship for the sake of one sweet kiss? Why are you so beautiful? Accuse your charms, but not its effects. You know it, you must know it, cruel beautiful Margaritte, I adore you!"

"Permit me, Prince, to take the flattering things which you are pleased to tell me, only in their real meaning. Your noble generosity, has often even in spite of myself led me to admire you. But now ... well I will openly confess it .. "you have given me a little suspicion of that noble-mindedness!"

"I! for Heavensake my beloved ~~Margaritte~~, never to you did I act hypocritically!"

"That I cannot say Prince. But from offended love of honour you have indeed caused to be driven away those abominable English without thinking of the man who has spilt his blood for the honour of your illustrious name. I expected, from your delicacy, that you would distinguish that man, that before the throne of the King, you would speak in his favour, that for his gallantry you would obtain from the hand of the King, the nobility for him—which he deserved. Your revenge satisfied, you forgot that man!"

"The Bookkeeper Launay? do you mean him?"

"I mean the man, who, when your illustrious name was profaned, who alone when every Frenchman remained silent, had the courage to speak and to chastise the proud insolence of that Englishman ... the man who yet suffers from his wounds which he has received for you and for you alone!"

"Oh how hard and unjustly you judge of me," exclaimed the Prince, who felt himself hit: "Know then, had you asked me, you would have been informed what steps I had taken, you would have learned that not only his promotion to the rank of nobility is in progress, but also decoration with the cross of St. Louis . . . perhaps they are now ready."

Lady Margaritte agreeably surprised by the Prince made a step nearer to him.

"Then I have done you wrong, so it is I who have to crave your pardon."

The reconciliation was made as such reconciliations usually are. The Prince went away more inflamed, than when he came.

But he did not forget that he had purchased with a lie the sweetness of that hour. It had never entered his mind to do any thing for Launay. If a hundred Launays bled for a Prince, why should there be any gratitude?

The rabble ought to feel pleasure when they have the honor to break shanks, bones and necks for a person of such illustrious birth. But, to be sure to get a friendly smile from a Margaritte, that cannot be too dearly purchased. It was easy to the Prince to persuade Madame de Pompadour that the handsome young gentleman who had the honor to enter so gallantly into combat for her deserved the name and the dignity of a nobleman. It may well be guessed that the merit of Launay was represented in a much brighter light than was the case. What's the consequence of a few more or less beautifully rounded phrases in such cases?

Behold! The diploma of nobility, and the cross of St. Louis appeared! ~~The valiant book-keeper~~ with his children and children's children was one of the ~~most~~ noble knights of France. Through the magic word of the king, his obscure birth became noble and his wretched cradle changed into a golden couch. But as new nobility is not esteemed high, for a few gold pieces in a few minutes it was made ancient as the oldest. From the affinity of names, a conjuror of a herald traced his name in a direct line from the Duke of Sully, Baron of Launay, the intimate friend of Henry IV. A genealogical tree whose roots sprung from the mists of the tenth century flourished beautifully for the son of the sewing-woman.

"And what do you want yet?" Asked smiling Margaritte.

"The ancestor, to be sure, I have found. But yet I want the children and children's children, so expressively mentioned in the diploma, who will derive the best advantage from it. We must reflect how we are to get these. No heraldry can procure them."

THE SHAWL.

The rapid succession of good fortune of the book-keeper surprised many, who from his obscurity as a poor copyist of Mr. Dégoutin had pushed himself forward into the brilliant rank of nobility. And well might they have cause to wonder, not that similar occurrences were unprecedented, for new figures almost daily made their appearance on the stage of power, and on the other hand persons of rank and power by a stroke of the pen from the Minister, returned to their primitive nothingness. Men in the sunshine of royal pleasure played a changeable dance. While one ascended with the flight of an eagle, others with burned wings descended as rapidly to the ground.

The gigantic strides of M. De Launay on the path of fortune caused a general astonishment, his patrons or patronesses were invisible, nor was he once seen amidst the swarm of adorers of one beauty of influence at court. No one thought of the poor orphan Lady Margaritte, who even in the house of count Delosea had a very subordinate part to act, who was a man without employment at court. But it did not escape Cardinal Bernis after long search, that Prince Soubise took particular interest in the book-keeper, though it was not conceivable what motive could engage the Prince, to give him his especial protection, as Mr. De Launay was in no way connected with him. The Cardinal who knew how to make a good use of whatever he conceived might now or hereafter be of advantage to him, endeavoured to draw De Launay to his interest.

Mr. De Launay one day received a call from the Cardinal. He was received with particular kindness, the Cardinal said to him: "Mr. De Launay, you are a long, and a fairer of your splendid talents. You are fit to fill a higher post. I am happy to be an instrument in the hand of your destiny. Accept here your nomination as royal counsellor. Henceforth you will work under me in the diplomatic department."

Mr. De Launay was certainly agreeably surprised, he spoke to Margaritte as the authoress of his new elevation. "By no means," she replied, "that comes by itself. As long you were nothing, with all the cardinal virtues and talents, the foot of every attendant would have trodden you to the dust. In vain with those qualities only would you have exerted yourself, though the baser character of an unprincipled man will often succeed by administering to the pleasures of the great. Now you have become something, and the slaves make room for you as you pass and bow before you. I should not be astonished if you become Count, Duke, or first Minister. You have talents for all those things as well as Cardinal Bernis who was formerly only a little

rhyme maker and glad to receive an annual pension of fifteen hundred francs."

The most agreeable part of his sundry promotions was that the young councillor was now invited to the Society of Count Delosea, where he could publicly see his beloved Margaritte. For she knew how to contrive matters, that he should receive a card of invitation. Their tenant who had once occupied the rooms of the back of the house quite unnoticed, now rented the entire wing of the same palace, and thus came in the immediate neighbourhood of the modest apartment of Margaritte. Count Delosea would readily have given his consent to him had he asked her hand. But Henry and Margaritte took care that it should not appear publicly how much they were attached to each other. For Margaritte was afraid of the Prince's jealousy, who had he known what a formidable happy rival he had in Henry, would infallibly have annihilated him. Henry contented himself with the substance, and did not fight for the shadow; to appear publicly as the happy lover of Margaritte could not augment his happiness.

He fulfilled his duties with the same faithful zeal as formerly in the Marine Board, even the most fatiguing, and troublesome business such as the frequent attendance at diplomatic visits and splendid dinners. He never failed to be present at any balls or pleasure parties. The comeliness of his figure gained for him the good will of the Ladies. Thence he was an accomplished statesman of course. "My charming Margaritte" said Henry whilst he pressed her to his bosom, "you remain the Queen of all the beauties which shine in those brilliant assemblies!"

"But Henry ~~did you not~~ remark yesterday the countess Von Lichtenthurn, none of all the ~~Ladies~~ could be compared to her in beauty and yet she is not particularly handsome."

"But, after you she certainly was the handsomest."

"You then remarked her, I thought so. Well, have you also observed her magnificent shawl? It is truly a magical shawl the most perfect I ever saw. It awoke the envy of all the Ladies. Paris contains nothing like it. Oh Heavens could I but possess such a shawl!" Henry smiled and said, "Surely this shawl is not the only one of its kind. I shall ask of the Austrian Ambassador from whence he has got this. You shall have a similar one."

"My good Henry, you'll know the price of that shawl, when struck with admiration we all surrounded the Countess I tell you she related that it was a present from the Empress. There are only three such shawls in the world. The Empress herself wears the second. And the third is not likely to be destined for me."

"Who knows, let us try. Are we both not all powerful?"

"My Henry," exclaimed Margaritte in ecstasy: "Oh! if that were possible! Henry in that shawl Margaritte, without further resistance, will become Mrs. De Launay!"

That was a high price, Henry was no longer the indifferent man he had been, when even to have hoped would have been presumption. In the dangerous proximity of such a beautiful sister, how remain indifferent? He loved. His highest aim was to lead her to the altar.

THE ALLIANCE WITH AUSTRIA.

The Count von Lichtenthurn Ambassador of the Empress and Queen Maria Theresa had hitherto pursued his design without success. The object was to engage France to enter into Alliance with Austria against Prussia. Prince Kaunitz had as Ambassador extraordinary of Vienna to Paris already done much towards it, but still more the King of Prussia by entering in a treaty with the English, the natural enemy of France. Nevertheless Cardinal Bernis, Madame de Pompadour, and every patriot of France abhorred the idea of entering into an Alliance with her old enemy Austria. Mr. de Launay with his thoughts concentrated on the shawl, entered Count Lichtenthurn's apartment, just after he had returned almost in despair from a long conversation with the Cardinal Minister. All hope for an Alliance of France and Austria had vanished. But the Ambassador's countenance did not betray any ill humour at the entrance of M. de Launay. He received him with the greatest politeness.

The conversation soon turned on the late Ball, on the beauty of the Countess and on the magnificent shawl, the envy of all the fair sex. The Ambassador listened, the royal councillor lurked. They came nearer to the purpose. The Count complaisantly related the history of the shawl, that it was of an immense value and came from Cashmeer, a present of the Grand Signior from Stamboul. What the Countess had said was a fact. There were in the world but three such shawls, two of which were in the possession of the Empress. M. de Launay did not then conceal that a beloved person was completely charmed by that shawl and that the possession of one would make his happiness complete.

"Then, my dearest friend, we deserve both to be pitied. For it is as impossible for you to obtain one of those imperial shawls, as for me to engage your King into an Alliance with our Court."

"We ought never to despond Count" replied Mr. de Launay, and he immediately thought of a price for which the shawl could be obtained. "How many things are possible in this world if they

are not considered as impossible." The Ambassador started at these words.

"How my dear friend, do you hold the alliance possible, after all the court has unanimously decided against it, after the Cardinal and Madame de Pompadour have openly declared against it?"—Mr. de Launay considered a moment by himself how many things have become possible to him. It served to raise his courage.

"Do not despair Count however difficult it may be!"

"Friend", said the Count in ecstasy and springing up from his seat "whatever it might cost, if the alliance succeeds, I shall be able to present you with that shawl—if I can accomplish the inmost wishes of the Empress, she will not refuse my request for a shawl." Now both diplomatists understood each other. Henry was very successful in the cabinet of Marguerite, who as soon as she knew the price at which the shawl was to be obtained, exclaimed. "Now let me labour!"

And she kept her word faithfully, as soon as she had an opportunity to speak with the Prince in the absence of witnesses. He according to his custom melting in tenderness, had the important news to communicate, that he dreamt of her, that in his dream she appeared to him, not handsomer than when awake, that was impossible, but with a glorified halo surrounding her, and being then less prude, she had made him a God.

"Ah Prince," exclaimed Marguerite with an embarrassed joy. "I am afraid a malicious fairy plays her pranks with us. Well, I too saw you in my dream. I too saw you in the splendor of superior amiability. I saw you at the head of a large army, splendidly rich uniform, surrounded by a brilliant staff of trophies. The air resounded with the delightful shouts of heaven. You had just returned as conqueror and hero. I was amidst the million of the shouting multitude. I stood in trembling admiration, I thought I was forgotten by the deified hero. But he graciously condescended to give me a look. He approached towards me. I was no longer by myself, and....."

The Prince with the vehemence of glowing passion seized the beautiful relator with both his arms and pressed her to his breast. But she seriously pushed him back and addressed him in a tone that commanded respect: "not so Prince! Remember we are not in a dream now. Don't forget that you want the army, the conquests, the trophies of victory. Could I ever be weak, it would only be for the hero who is glorified by the whole of France. Yes, I do not hesitate to say it, that were you as manly as you are, I should consider it as my duty as a patriotic woman to crown the hero of France with my love,

if in the glory of exaltation he were to condescend to accept of it."

"Oh for the malicious cruel girl! What a visionary or cunning Penelope you are, to show my happiness behind the curtain of impossibility!"

"Impossibility?" exclaimed Margueritte astonished. "Are we not in war with England!" "To be sure we are! but you well know my charming prat, that I am no seaman. And unluckily it is but by sea that the English are come-at-able. If I could build a bridge from Calais over the Channel, I should not claim the reward of love, till I had planted the French Flag on the tower of London. But my dear Lady, the bridge! the bridge!"

"The bridge do you say? it is ready! attack the English in Germany. Does Hanover not belong to the King of England. Why spare it?"

"Madame," said the Prince smiling, I see you are better acquainted with the politics of the heart than that of Kings. It is perhaps unknown to you that the King of Prussia had entered into a treaty with England, and so Hanover is protected."

"From whom? from the little king of Prussia do you say? Why does our Court not accept of the proffered alliance with Austria? Let the King of Prussia be occupied with Austria, and he will care little about Hanover. Why are you Prince against the wish of the whole nation, nay against the claims of your own reputation being against an Alliance with Austria against an attack on Hanover."

The Prince threatened with his finger and said, "Madame, Madame, I hear the Count of Lichtenhurn from sweet lips!"

In such a manner they ... or a long while their political conversation.

But the Prince in spite of himself, by the flattering things Margaritte lavished on him, became intoxicated with the ambition of future military glory, and he could foresee the reality of all his delightfully voluptuous dreams, if the court declared for a war by land in embracing the proffered alliance of Austria.

For some days his mind was wavering between ambition and love on the one side and the interest of France on the other. Through the favor of Madame de Pompadour he was sure of the supreme command. Margaritte well knew how to stir his ambition and keep it alive. She raised his jealousy with the laurels of the Duke de Richelieu and the Marechal d'Etrées. Her cunning flatteries at last prevailed. He was decided for the alliance.

Now he with all ardour and flattery addressed himself to Madame de Pompadour. But his eloquence, his persuasions, his flatteries made no impression on the royal mistress.

In vain did he set in motion all the springs of female vanity which he knew to touch with a master's hand. She remained firm. "I don't like at all that poetical King" she said, "and moreover I know full well that he has not a very exalted opinion of me—neither have I the good fortune to please the Empress."

The Prince made endeavours to give her a more pleasing picture of the Empress Theresa and in vain assured the Marchioness that in her private circles, amongst her confidential friends she used to speak of her in terms of the highest admiration.

"No, no!" replied she smiling, "you are so good hearted Prince that you take Lichtenthurn's words for ready money. Do not trust him! I for one will never believe it until she write so to me herself."

Prince Soubise concealed his displeasure. He felt to his mortification that he was by no means all powerful with her. All hopes would have vanished like a mist before his eyes, had the last expression of the Marchioness not made him see a new plan. "Every thing depends" said he to Margaritte: "upon bringing into play the pride of Madame de Pompadour. The Empress must be persuaded to write to her an amicable letter. That will cost her nothing. The day Lichtenthurn hands her the letter, the alliance is resolved upon. But how inform Lichtenthurn of it? no one is even to suppose that the proposal comes from me!"

"Leave that care to me Prince. Such an idea is easier pardoned to a girl than to a Prince. And what would I not hazard for a Prince like you! What not to know you at the head of the French army! reckoned amongst the first Captains of the age. Oh, Prince the day you receive the supreme command.....then you will no longer look down upon me!"

The Prince on his knees before the cunning girl swore eternal fidelity. She was inexhaustible in new inventions to inflame his imagination with the glory of a victorious General adored by the whole nation, his name to shine to posterity amongst the first conquerors by the aid of future historians. The thought of the shawl, raised all the powers of her fertile imagination.

Henry was immediately entrusted with the whole secret. He proceeded immediately to Count von Lichtenthurn for a secret conference. The same day the Count dispatched the quickest couriers to Vienna. Margaritte could not wait with more im-

patience for the shawl than the Prince for the letter to the Marchioness from the Empress Maria Theresa. One evening when the Marchioness was at home to a large and brilliant assembly, Prince Soubise was also present. Madame de P. was in uncommonly high spirits. She motioned the Prince aside and with a gracious smile she told him. "I am afraid Prince we must part!"

"And that" he replied with surprise; "you can tell me smilingly, Madame?"

"Though I shall be deprived of the pleasure of your company, yet I shall be consoled with the pleasing knowledge that I fulfil one of your noblest desires. Without doubt the King will present you with the bâton de Marechal and the command of one of his armies."

Soubise could not conceal his extreme joy. "But how is that possible?"

"The King is disposed to enter into an alliance with Austria."

"I must confess the Empress is one of the most intelligent women of the age. Oh were you to read the beautiful letter she has addressed me!"

"The Empress wrote to you Madame?"

"Not a word about it, now Prince. To-morrow you shall know all!"

Late on the same evening towards midnight a soft knock was heard at the door of Margaritte's room, after she had just returned from a party. It was Henry. He stepped in glowing with joy. Unfolding the most magnificent shawl he threw it over her. With the ecstasy of perfect contentment in the accomplishment of her dearest wishes, she stood like an angel of light. Too happy to express her joy with words she fell into the arms of the enraptured youth.

A few days after the Alliance with Austria was signed. Cardinal Bernis had unsuccessfully opposed it with all his eloquence. He could not conceive how the King, Madame de P. and the court could on so important a point have changed their sentiments so suddenly. Yet not to lose his respectability, perhaps his office, he was obliged to sign the treaty. He cursed most heartily the Duke de Choiseul whom he considered as the author of that unfortunate, unnatural Alliance. He did not suspect that the longing of a handsome girl for a fine shawl had frustrated all the craft of the diplomatist, and that one of the subalterns in his office had decided on the affairs of Empires.

"The cursed Alliance makes me sick!" exclaimed the Cardinal, as De Launay entered his apartment with a finished memorial in his hands for the Cardinal's signature. "Lay these papers aside, I am neither disposed to read nor to hear them

read, not even to see them. It is a most disagreeable and vexatious affair. From vexation I am almost inclined to turn Philosopher."

"Indeed I do wish for the benefit of your Eminency's health from the Apothecary of Philosophy, who is said to possess a remedy for all complaints—a dose of compound mixture of indifference and laughing humour."

"I might be able to laugh did I not foresee too great misfortune and shame for France," replied the Cardinal, "and it is to me that France will attribute all the blame, as this political abortion has appeared in my time, and is christened after my name."

"Alas! your Eminence, is it then so rare to partake of this common lot of man. He is a wise man who knows his own child," replied Henry in a comic pitiful tone.

"If I only knew at least the monster's father. Help me, my dear De Launay, to lead to the track."

"If contrary to expectation the miscarriage should prosper, more than one man will claim the father's right. You know that many a town that was at first ashamed of her son, afterwards raised statues to him. Thirteen cities claimed the birth of Homer. And my Lord who can prognosticate the future fate of a child in the cradle? Let us in silence await the result."

The Cardinal smiled and said. "Indeed I should never have expected in so young a man such a prudent comforter. You are right, we must put the best face on this foolish affair. But you then indeed believe De Launay, that this alliance with the natural enemy of France, against our old Ally the Emperor, can ever be called a prudent stroke, admitted the contrary. It may turn out a lucky one?"

"My gracious Lord, in this sublunary world, an event which has a fortunate end, is never termed foolish!"

"True my friend with the large herd of mankind; but all are not blind. People of sense will say; it was a foolish trick and not to the credit of its author, that it turned out fortunate. Thus will history speak of this Alliance!"

"Oh do not grieve my Lord about the judgment of future historians. These people measure all things from their good or ill success. Thence they praise Alexander, Brutus, and Cæsar, and curse Cromwell, and Attila. The wiser men will at the most say, the Cardinal played at Hazard, but he was fortunate. The still more knowing: Oh you empty sculls! The Cardinal was one of the most enlightened of men, who views the affairs of the world in quite a different light from you and others. What appears ha-

ward to you, was to him a simple calculation, which could not fail; what you suppose to be chance or good luck was the result of his will conducted by his never failing foresight."

"Well I'll content myself if luck is this time propitious to folly! But my dear De Launay I am afraid the thistles bring no roses."

"Since I have had the honor to work under your Eminence in the field of Diplomacy, I have found out two truths, that console me on all occasions whatever may happen."

"I trust you will communicate them to me, for I sadly want to be consoled."

"The first is, that we must never imagine that cabinets govern the world, for the world governs the cabinets. From the Throne down to the wandering Savoyard who cleans our shoes, there is an invisible chain that links all together without our knowledge even in spite of our will. The events of the world are only the fruits of the invisible causes and effects in this sociable concatenation and all our prudence is marred."

"The second is—in politics Heaven is the most faithful guardian of the stupid. I have seen the best heads miscalculate, and the most arduous industry of the most active people perform no more than the business of the squirrel which in children's cages winds round a wheel. On the other hand I have seen the most foolish transactions from silly heads have an extremely beneficial success and the inactivity of simpletons produce the most astonishing success!"

"You are in the right" replied the Cardinal: "You make me your scholar, De Launay! Fatalism is the philosophy of despair, and I am entirely in the humour of the fatalist philosophe. I sincerely sympathize with you that I find this philosophy of hard digestion. I long for solitude and I shall pass a few weeks in the attempt to divert my thoughts from this abominable affair. The King has given me leave to go to Fontainebleau. I must request your Company there De Launay. In those charming solitary places in the woods and amongst the rocks we may philosophize at our leisure. It eases me to think that I shall once more escape the noise and storm of a court life, and breathe the fresh country air. You accompany me then? During the present week we shall depart for Fontainebleau."

De Launay bowed, he felt himself too much flattered by the kindness and affection of the Cardinal to be enabled to conceal the pleasure he felt.

But Margaritte was far from feeling any pleasure on this account. "We may remain separated six weeks, perhaps two months, every day will be an eternity. Oh! what would I not

give to be allowed to accompany you, and to walk with you arm in arm in the solitary gardens of Fontainebleau. How happy we should both be there in the quiet enjoyment of our mutual company."

"With you, dearest Margaritte, Fontainebleau would be a real Paradise for me. But Count Delosea, is he not the proprietor of a farm house there? Do persuade the young Countess to pass the May month there."

"A golden idea!" shouted Margaritte, and she immediately went up to the young Countess and painted with such glowing colours the charms of a rural life in this time of the year, that the two young ladies were soon of one sentiment.

"Ah! said the young Countess to her father I long for solitude. The winter has ill-agreed with me. I must breathe the pure country air, I never was as yet at our farm house at Fontainebleau. Allow me to live there for four weeks only. The Court is in Paris. We might now better than ever enjoy the magnificent charms of Fontainebleau."

The old Count who willingly granted the wishes of his only beloved daughter, soon determined to make up the party. Prince Soubise as the friend of the family was of course informed of it. He immediately concluded that there Margaritte must have ennui, that there he might more unceremoniously enjoy her company, that perhaps in the refreshing shade of some arcade, amidst the fragrance of roses and jasmins he might obtain the completion of his happiness. Without saying a word he directly resolved to surprise her there by his presence. "I long extremely for solitude," said he to Madame de Pompadour "ere I precipitate myself into the crowd of a cold life and the tumults of battle. Once more I wish to enjoy the beauties of nature, and there amidst books and maps acquire the necessary information and prepare myself for the war. Would the King grant me permission to stay a few weeks at Fontainebleau? A word from you adorable Marchioness and it will not be refused." The Marchioness promised the King's permission, and indeed he soon received it. But as Madame de Pompadour reflected on the resolution of the Prince, that her favourite was soon to leave France, she was sorry to part with him sooner then necessary.

"Sire," said she to the King, "I feel an unconquerable longing for solitude. The brilliant sameness of the Court gives me ennui. Your majesty requires diversion. You proposed to pass the summer at Marly. But the spring calls for the contemplation of nature's treasures, what do you say to passing a few weeks at Fontainebleau?"

The King felt ennui—he replied: “You speak from my soul. Let the necessary preparations be made. By all means let us go to Fontainebleau, the sooner the better.”

THE ROYAL TAIL.

The Cardinal had been only two days at Fontainebleau with Henry, and praised his good fortune which he described in verses which are still extant amongst his poetical effusions, when lo! a palace in his neighbourhood became animated. The beautiful farm of Count Delosea was occupied by the proprietor and his family.

“I am glad of the charming neighbourhood, the young ladies are extremely amiable. We will make our rural visits to them. It will serve to vary our monastical solitude.”

A few days after Prince Soubise with a numerous retinue arrived and took possession of a wing of the royal palace.

“It appears,” said Henry to the Cardinal, “We shall not remain here so solitary! yet I am rather glad to see some motion in this dead world. I confess I feel somewhat dreary in this immense deserted palace. Every step awakes a hollow sound from the hundred rooms and halls, as if every apartment called on us to inhabit it. He who wished to live in the country to enjoy its rural pleasures should live in a cot.”

On the following day twenty waggons loaded with wardrobes, and kitchen apparatus, made their appearance. Shortly after in carriages and on horseback, in a long chain which seemed to have no end, Lords and Ladies accompanied by chamber maids, cooks, equerries, fiddlers, grooms, masters of ceremony, secretaries, keepers of the cellar, chamberlains, valets de chambre, parsons, comedians, huntsmen, court-dressers, stewards, dancing masters, surgeons, ropedancers, washerwomen, hairdressers, fire-workers, pastry-cooks, painters, poets, confectioners, &c. &c. &c. drove into the extensive court-yards of the royal palace. The courts, the gardens, the halls, and the avenues swarmed with variously colored figures. The air so resounded with calls, cries, and noises of hammering, knocking, and tumbling, that nervous people were attacked with fears and convulsions. With flying colours and loud music some battalions of the royal guard, foot and horse, took quarters in the barracks. For the use of the court, as well as for the military, they constructed in haste both baker’s and butcher’s shops which were soon set in busy activity.

“By the Holy Pope!” exclaimed the Cardinal as Henry entered his room “only behold this wild spectacle, unfortunate wretch that I am, what malicious spirit has made me choose Fontainebleau for my solitude!”

The next day the guns thundered in all directions, the bells of the town were set in motion, the drums were beat, the musical bands, played merry tunes, and the air was rent by a strange mixture of sounds. The King arrived among the shouts of the multitude.

Two hours after arrived the Marchioness de Pompadour followed by seventeen carriages.

"It is enough to turn an honest man mad, in this rural place" exclaimed the Cardinal, after he returned quite exhausted from many visits and audiences, he was compelled to receive and to give. "Paris" he continued, "has at least the advantage of being a large city and people may if so inclined avoid each other, in the midst of the tumult one may be alone, and deny one-self to unwelcome visitors. But here, Lord have mercy upon us! in this small nest composed of a dozen palaces, we are pressed and squeezed together to suffocation. No honest lie will help one to deny one-self, every one knows where every one is. To-day I should leave this mad-house for Paris, did I dare to do so. But the worst of all is to be in the presence of the King or Madame De Pompadour. I must look overjoyed to have the honor to breathe in the neighbourhood of his Majesty."

"I pity your eminence, but console yourself, you may soon be alone again." "By no means De Launay. It is quite the reverse, the king finds this place extremely agreeable, the Marchioness, charming, and the whole court, divine!"

"Yet I am happy to have the pleasure to tell your Eminence that it is rumored the court is leaving this for Marly."

"De Launay, there is no thought of it, yesterday only at Fontainebleau the king said so." "And an end,"

"For I haven't been to the country, I am almost resolved to remain at Fontainebleau."

Henry's consolations were of no avail. The frustrated views of the Cardinal were not to be washed away by words. Towards night he went to see Margaritte and heard from her how Prince Soubise came to think of Fontainebleau.

"Oh! Oh!" thought Henry. "A light comes on me. I drew Margaritte, Margaritte the Countess; Prince Soubise Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour the king, and the king the whole court. A right honorable tail which I carry after me." The idea made him laugh out-right. Yet his modesty made him almost doubt of the reality: "But it will depend on the counter proof. Let me see if I return to Paris whether the royal tail will follow me. Thus at the same time I might relieve the poor Cardinal."

"And why so pensive and gloomy?" asked Marguerite as she walked arm in arm with De Launay "has one of the beauties here made a conquest of the royal counsellor? It is dangerous to live under one roof with so many beautiful Ladies!"

"Since I live under the same roof with the charming Marguerite, I am so deep in one danger, that I am quite secure from all others."

"Then do confess to me Henry, why are you here in Fontainebleau so seldom with me?"

"Because I am less my own master here. We thought we might live here to ourselves from morning to night, but alas, we are here less alone than in the Palace of the Count. And should we remain four weeks longer in this Babel, I shall die from ennui and longing for you. Oh how I long again for Paris."

"You echo my soul Henry, I came here on your account not to see gardens, dung-hills or court splendor. If you can get leave from the Cardinal and quit this for Paris, I'll follow you."

The resolution was soon taken. Henry visited the Cardinal who was still grumbling about his mishap and cursing the whole court and its noise. Henry without much trouble gave the whole affair a comical turn. "If your Eminence will confide in me, I will try my charms and blow the whole court from Fontainebleau!"

"Blow away, blow away, that the whole court and all blackguards may go to hell!" "Permit me then to return to Paris my Lord. In eight days hence you will be at Fontainebleau alone like a hermit. For it is only in Paris that I can get that magical wind."

The Cardinal laughed. I understand you my friend. You wish to escape the noisy and dissipated life of the court. Well, go, for I cannot give you more than I have promised to you. You cannot keep me from my duties. I already have too much. I wish you a happy journey. I envy you. I wish to follow you, but etiquette forbids me. Depart, I must remain here. But do not forget to mount the steeple of Notre Dame as soon as you reach Paris and blow with all your might till the last kitchen boy is blown away, should you crack your cheeks."

Henry sent Marguerite a few lines and departed. Upon this she got a headache and pains all over her. She begged of the young Countess to let her depart for Paris, for she had all the symptoms of a severe malady, she felt as if all her joints were unhinged. On the following day, she was much worse, with tears in her eyes she entreated permission to return. The young Countess did not wish to part with her. The old Count returned to Paris with the young Ladies, particularly as a physician who had been called to see the sick patient had made a scrupu-

lous countenance before her bed, and could not well guess the nature of her sickness.

Prince Soubise no sooner heard of the sickness and departure of Margaritte, than he felt the ground of Fontainebleau burn his feet, there was no remaining there for him. With much dejection of spirit he went to Madame de Pompadour : " I thought to embrace all the pleasures of Paradise, in remaining here breathing the same air with my adored Marchioness, but alas, the blissful moments are of short duration . . . I must go. I have received dispatches from Marechal d'Etrées. My presence in Paris has become every moment more urging. The preliminary steps before the march must be accelerated. In my absence all business is at a stand, Permit me gracious Madame to yield to stern duty my greatest happiness."

Madame de Pompadour was surprised. She endeavoured by soft means to persuade him to change his plan. But he knew so well, and in so able a manner, to represent the necessity of his being present at Paris, and to review the troops himself, the paramount necessity of his own management in the board of war, and to act so naturally his inmost grief at parting with Madame de Pompadour, and testified his deep sorrow, by so many tears which he in vain endeavoured to conceal, that at last the Marchioness moved to her heart, told him in a melancholy voice : " Go my dear Prince where duty and honour call you : I myself am the greatest loser by your leaving Fontainebleau. Console yourself. I will take care of the moments you have yet to remain in Paris. It appears that the air does not well agree with the king. Indeed the weather is too rough as yet. Perhaps the court will return sooner to the Tuilleries, than you may suppose, from thence to depart to the summer sojourn at Marly." The Prince took his leave. He was not admitted to the king because his Majesty was indeed indisposed. The Marchioness was wrong only as to the cause. It was not the air of Fontainebleau but an oyster pie which ill agreed with the king. When Cardinal Bernis saw the Prince and all his suit, parting, he could not help laughing. " That begins well" he grumbled to himself ; " indeed I believe that my wind maker De Launay, with all his might now blows from the steeple of Notre Dame."

But when the rumours circulated, that the king could not bear the air of Fontainebleau, that the whole court was returning to Paris, when indeed the waggons began to be loaded ; and the Ladies and gentlemen of the Chamber, the grooms, the dancers, the fiddlers, the fire-workers, the masters of the cellar, the hair dressers, &c. &c. &c. prepared for departure ; when the king returned to Paris, when the Marchioness followed him ; when the whole court disappeared, and the last kitchen-boy

vanished, when the guards on foot and horse with flying colours, and tingling music marched off, and Fontainebleau was again reduced to death-like stillness, the Cardinal exclaimed: "What is this? is it chance? or has my wind-maker De Launay, entered into compact with Satan?"

THE BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

Through the departure of Prince Soubise to the army of the Rhine, a link of the magical chain was lost, by which Henry had been more powerful than he himself thought of. The circumstance at Fontainebleau made him aware of it, but alas, too late. But he did not complain, he had acquired at least prudence when from his discovery he could derive no longer an advantage from it. He saw himself in a situation of prosperity which he could never have dreamt of. His diplomatic situation, the high consideration which he bore with Cardinal Bernis, the consequence which he without knowing wherefore, had gained with the Ambassadors of foreign powers, gave him many rich presents, besides his comfortable income. He took a good opportunity to purchase landed property, the revenue of which was sufficient to make his life very comfortable. Nor did he wish for more. Even there he would have changed his political career for that of a gentleman farmer, if Margaritte had not been somewhat obstinate. She loved him, she fulfilled all his wishes, except that of marriage.

"You must wait a little Henry, she said. An unmarried girl is more powerful than a wife. There is something very flattering to behold one-self surrounded by admirers of various kinds, and to know one-self to be adored. Grant to my girlish vanity yet some more feast days. As ~~and~~ ~~you~~ ~~should~~ be a ~~consul~~ ~~but~~ ~~too~~ ~~soon~~ ~~appears~~ to all girls, the terrible twentieth year. Then good-night to my flower days! I should rather choose to die than be called a maiden of twenty years.

Henry remained content. But a girl survives nothing so fast, as her nineteenth year. The diplomatic shawl was taken and Margaritte was metamorphosed into the Lady of De Launay.

But it chanced that her nuptials were celebrated on the same day, that the French lost the battle of Rossbach. The same carrier that brought the mournful news to the Court possessed also a billet-doux from the Prince Soubise to the new married lady.

"Pity me" he wrote to her, "pity me my amiable Margaritte. I was outwitted by the little King of Prussia, I was deceived, I was beaten by him. Yes, you ought to pity me, since without my fault I was under the necessity to enter into battle. I was

forced to it from all sides, and when the affair became serious the cursed Imperial Army forsook me. Thus the King of Prussia, and you only have conquered me! But I curse the Prussians and love my dear Margaritte. You hoped to behold me at your feet as a conqueror; but though I am not the conquering hero I yet remain your prisoner."

Margaritte immediately replied: "Pity me amiable Prince I was outwitted by the little Henry De Launay, I was deceived, I was taken prisoner by him. Yes you ought to pity me, since without my fault I was under the necessity to enter into battle. From all sides my heart drove me to it, and when affairs became serious, my youth forsook me. Only consider I am attacked by twenty years which are more formidable than an Imperial Army. Thus Henry de Launay and my twenty years alone have conquered me, without my being able to conquer them. I curse the years, but I love my dear husband."

The Cardinal Bernis was in a very gloomy mood after the battle of Rossbach which was soon forgotten at the Court.

"I foresaw this misfortune!" said he to Henry, after the bad success of the French Arms. "They may laugh at it at the Court, but my name, my honour is gone for ever. France and all Europe will consider me as the cause of this damnable alliance with Austria."

"Sir," replied Henry, "to an experienced and wise man, the judgment of France, or the whole of Europe ought to be indifferent since you know full well yourself, how erroneous in general the judgement of mankind is on events and their causes."

"But I am the Minister, I was obliged to negotiate and to sign that alliance. It is my name, that is made a joke of, and posterity will say: who then governed France at that time, if not the Minister, the Cardinal Bernis?"

"No my Lord, the world and posterity have too much good sense to say so. Yes you are as truly the first Minister of France, as his Most Christian Majesty is King. But hear my opinion; every reasonable man knows that the King does not reign, nor you govern."

"What do you mean by that? who then reigns? who governs? do you think Madame de Pompadour does?"

"I beg your pardon, my Lord. The Marchioness is as innocent as yourself or the King."

"Do you think so? well, and who governs then; you raise my curiosity. Speak out?"

"I know not: perhaps cobblers, tinkers, chamber-maids, the Ladies of Royal counsellors, perhaps their daughters, or sons, or kitchen boys, or grooms, or such stuff; to-day,

this, to-morrow that one. Where there are not firm, fixed laws, chance alone governs. There is no middle road between immutable laws and the sports of chance. The Ministers and the King himself are only the executors and tools of other people."

"You consider France not as a Monarchy but as a royal Anarchy? Explain your meaning."

"Your Eminence has so happily expressed my meaning in two words, that I cannot be more explicit; Royal Anarchy! It is every where, where the King is the state, and where the people are made for the state. It is every where, where the will of one single man, is the law of the land," and where the capricious humor of a prince is the constitution of the realm. And indeed the will and humor of a single individual beyond whom there is no appeal, changes in the morning and evening according to the state of his stomach. But where there is a law not within the control of the Governor, there only is order and security.

"I perceive you have read Abbé Mably, and that with Montesquieu you are an admirer of the English constitution, and are one of the discontented Philosophers!"

— "By no means. I have too much reason to be pleased with this royal anarchy, and am modest enough to be convinced that in a monarchy of laws I should never with my humble mediocre talents, have had the honor to serve your Eminence. Yet you yourself will confess that the king in his decision on the most important affairs, may be influenced by his mistress, or a favourite, this one again by another favorite and so downwards to the most insignificant servant."

"It may be so. Yet a British Parliament is not ~~insufficient to maintain~~ Anarchy. A prince who has the good of the nation at heart, surrounded by honest counsellors, is better fitted to give the nation the best laws, and to govern it with order and wisdom, than an assembly of lawyers from the various orders of the nation, for the king and his ministers whilst they view the whole, know better and more accurately what may be useful to the people, than singly the best heads in the realm!"

"Herein I beg to differ from your Eminence. Were even a new Henry the fourth to sit on the throne, the lowest writer, the Government's meanest servants would influence the making of laws, and assist in deciding state affairs. Nor is it otherwise possible, the king is not omniscient, he follows the advice of his statesmen, of ministers and counsellors. Nor are the ministers, the chancellors, the secretaries of state, the general controllers, omniscient, but they listen to, and follow the views and advices of the governors of Provinces. The governors draw their information from the chief civilians. These get their in-

formations from magistrates and other functionaries, these again rely on the informations of their colleagues and subordinates. Does the king then know the state of the realm otherwise than from the reports of often the most ignorant men?" Thus the Cardinal and Henry continued to converse on these circumstances, but the reader might fall asleep over their arguments, or per adventure you Mr. Editor might not insert them, so I may as well spare myself the trouble to say a word more upon the subject.

THE EXILE.

This dialogue had the effects of raising Henry in the good opinion of the Cardinal, whose confidence in him increased every day, he became his daily companion, and was employed in honourable and most lucrative business. A shower of golden rain descended on the lucky Henry. Henry felt he was obliged to the Cardinal for this fertile shower. "Don't say a word more about it my dear De Launay" said the Cardinal: I have my reasons for employing you in affairs that give little trouble, and without exposing you to any danger are richly productive. To reap without sowing is the real business of nobility. I should wish to anticipate your indemnification if hereafter I should cause you misfortune."

"Cause my misfortune? you my Lord? never!"

"And should you with all your human knowledge, with your strong common sense be surprised at it? know then, It is you that have brought it to my mind, on what insecure ground I stand. I am minister to-day, do you know whether I shall be so to-morrow. Indeed, my friend, I know it as little as the grand Vizir of the Sultan, whether his master will keep him in office for 24 hours to come, or even suffer him to carry his head on his shoulders; you have the fortune to please me, because you are an honest man. Henry, it is my duty to take care of you. Should I fall, you will fall also, and the new favorite will fill all places with his creatures. Henry was deeply moved. He wished to console the Cardinal in his views of dark futurity, but he himself knew the Court too well, to believe in his own consolations.

"To-day," said Margaritte to him, "people bow before you, to-morrow, as the Cardinal's fall will cause yours, they will kick at you. Choose a more prudent part, send in your resignation. The Cardinal's forebodings may be founded on just apprehensions. He seems to wish to give you hints; take them. Thus you will preserve the universal esteem in which you are now held. Let us retire to our estates, the improvement of your land and rural pleasure will agreeably fill up our time, and should we

get tired with solitude, for few who wish it can bear it; then let us pass the winter at Paris. What can we wish for more?"

She gave such charms to the description of a rural independent life, and talked so enchantingly of the division of time and labor, of the diversity of their mutual employment, the exquisite pleasures of parental fondness, the progress of the education of their expected child, that Henry was no proof against such a battery of female eloquence; he yielded.

The Cardinal was grieved when De Launay sent in his resignation, but yet accepted of it. "Where nothing depends on laws, but all things on the caprice of a single individual and his favorites, the egotism of every one is natural. Go, my friend, I take your resolution not amiss. Go, my dear De Launay, may happiness be your lot, you possess all the gifts of fortune, a handsome country house, a young and beautiful wife, an independent fortune. Why be servant, when you can be master? Why should you not enjoy life in the fullness of your unimpaired health and of your best years? Insensibly we grow older, we postpone from year to year our happiness, till—exclaimed he with uplifted eyes—it becomes too late."

In a few days Henry received the most gracious congé, and on account of his faithful services a pension for life was attached to it, which he never could have expected. With joy they departed for their rural seat. There in a delightful country with agreeable neighbours, every imaginary want supplied, they soon forgot, and rejoiced to have abandoned, the bustle of the court. Henry deeper in love with his wife, than he ever was of the girl Margaritte, she living only for her beloved husband, both luxuriated in the enjoyment of a domestic and conjugal Paradise. ~~While they~~ they read in the newspaper that Cardinal Bernis had asked and obtained of the king his resignation, and that Choiseul had been nominated his successor. A few days after, while the happy couple were engaged in tender conversations, and in plans for their shortly expected child, they were greatly astonished with the sudden appearance before them of the figure of the Cardinal. It was he. His carriage had brought him to the inn, whence he was conducted by a foot path to the palace of De Launay. "Happy couple! said he, my desire to see you in your paradise will plead my excuse for this intrusion." The Cardinal was intreated to remain with them for the remainder of the season, but he could not be prevailed upon to remain beyond two days.

"My children," said the Cardinal, "you little know whom you receive in your hospitable mansion. I am an exile. I am banished from the land of my forefathers, in my old days, I am driven away from my country! I am on my way to Rome."

there I will blot away from my memory what I was, and endeavour to find consolation in the study of the Muses."

"How Monseigneur? you banished from France?" they exclaimed both at the same time.

"To a philosopher like you De Launhy, replied the Cardinal, this ought to be no matter of astonishment. That which you replied once to my question of *Who is it that Governs?* I have now found the truth of. Do you know, how the Duke de Choiseul had got in favor with the king? A pretty girl, Choiseul's relation, maid of honor to the queen, had the honor to please his Majesty. The lady dreamt of playing the part of Madame de Pompadour, of course she was not a prude, and things took their delightful secret ways. The Duke knew all, but did as if he saw nothing. The king was grateful to him for it; as soon as the Duke perceived that the transient passion of the king was departing from the lucky woman, he was the first to make a noise, and caused his relation to be removed from the Court and Paris. The king again felt himself obliged. But the duke as an experienced courtier wished to reap also the thanks of Madame de Pompadour, he therefore, under the deepest secrecy and confidence, and out of pure devotion for her person, betrayed the royal amours, and he only then had the girl removed when she requested of him to do so. He played his part as a master, and shortly after he was nominated as ambassador to Vienna. Yet he did not remain long, Madame de Pompadour felt the want of such a devoted man near her person. So that, no sooner did I send in my resignation, he did no longer endure solely the unfortunate war with Prussia, but that cursed alliance with Austria. Choiseul was his successor.

"But it drew banishment on me," said Marguerite. "A trifle," replied the Cardinal: "the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of a sutler wench."

"Your Eminence is not in earnest!" cried Henry and Marguerite at the same time.

"By all means!" replied the Cardinal: "I have pursued up to its source the stream that carried me so forcibly from the throne. A common sutler wench was the original cause of my misfortunes. One of my grooms about to marry that wench, was discharged from my service, because the fellow got drunk every day, and it was proved by the coachman, that he used to sell the greater part of the oats for my horses, to lay it out in brandy. The wench far gone in pregnancy, threw herself at my feet and implored my pardon, and the re-admission of her red-nosed lover. I sent the wench away: crying loud at my cruelty, she ran to her particular protector a young lieutenant of the

guards, not unlikely the cause of her pregnancy. The lieutenant ran to his especial protectress, the lady of a general of division. She prevailed on her husband to speak with me. I refused his request. He, angry and affronted at my positive refusal complained of it to his beloved maid, a maid of honor of Madame de Pompadour. The maid of honor said, the Lord knows what, to the Marchioness, and the Marchioness, the Lord knows what, to the King. Enough. I received a most gracious epistle, in which I was informed, that the liberty was graciously given me to change my residence in France for any other country, only that it must take place in the briefest space of time. And so I am on my way to Rome direct."

The Cardinal after a sojourn of two days took his leave from the happy couple, the eyes of all were bathed in tears. Henry and Margaritte felt the happiness of their enchanting seclusion the more. They remained in correspondence with the Cardinal, who, about the sixth year of his exile, after the death of Madame de Pompadour, returned in the full favor of the king. But he took care not to accept of any employment at court. For, thought he, "WHO GOVERNS?"* V. R.

* It will be sufficiently evident to our readers that the above translation is the work of a foreigner, as we have not deemed it necessary to alter the many peculiar and quaint expressions, which give an air of naivete to the whole composition that we think is any thing but disagreeable.—Ed.

SONNET.

Oh Lady! will it break the brittle spell
Which lingers round the scene where first we met,
If he whose heart is with his treasure set,
Utter the passionate grief he cannot quell.
Feeling he loves "not wisely but too well?"
Oh hearts grow old by feelings not by years,
And fairest hopes are water'd even by tears,
Till *these* congeal within their chrystal cell—
Lady forgive me! and if these vain words
Strike harshly upon long silent chords
Whose echoes die in vain—forget!
Or think of me as we never met!
The wounded hart run to the forest flee,
And fall without a wile, save the greenwood tree.

CAPEL SOUTH.

AN EPICEDIUM.

'Twas at —— pore, when parade was done,
 And high in the east rode the fiery sun,
 When the drums were hushed, and the guards were spread,
 That I mournfully passed to a comrade's bed.
 He heeded nor me, nor the rest who there
 Silently gazed on his haggard despair,
 Who marked the hectic of death on his cheek,
 And sickened in spirit to hear him speak,
 What well I remember—— it haunteth me yet ;—
 Oh, the words of the dying we never forget.
 He raised not his eye, he moved not his head,
 And, less like a living man than a dead.
 With a sneer on his lip, he sullenly said—

“ In eighteen hundred and twenty-four,—
 After waiting an hour or two,—
 I was let through a green self-closing door
 By a gentleman dressed in blue. ,
 He ushered me whither two worthies sat :
 (Greater chiefs than they were none,
 Sternly they looked, but I cared not for that,
 For I was a soldier's son.

“ Lords of the Eastern world were they,
 Convened to hear my oath,
 That I would toil in the battle array,
 Unmoved by fear or sloth ;
 That I would endure the angry sun
 And the pestilential rain ;
 And cheerfully leave, when all was won,
 Their creatures to pillage the slain.

“ I did not pause, I did not pause,—
 For glory cometh of strife,—
 And I was too young to weigh the cause,
 Which had cost my father's life.
 I did not pause ! for many a tale
 Of breach, and battle won,—
 With war-worn cheek no longer pale,—
 Had my father told his son ;
 And I had read, while a thrilling feel
 Excited strange delight,
 Of the trumpet-call, and the battle-peal
 And of Seetabuldée's fight.

" But as I passed the closing door
 In that palace of orient pelf,
 Through my startled ear, there seemed to pour
 The laugh of the devil himself.
 And in the hall, where the porters stood,
 In service coats of brown,
 Methought strange pity swayed their mood ;
 And a heavy tear rolled down
 The cheek of one, whose son was then
 Beyond the* unsocial sea :—
 A son he might not see again :—
 Oh that old man looked on me,
 With a father's anguish in his eye;
 While I heard his pale lips say,
 Though then I deemed it fantasy,
 Thou wilt rue this evil day !

" Little heeded I the omen strange,
 Of that ancient man in brown :
 Gay flew the days left me to range
 Through the pleasures of the town,
 No,—not till from the heaving deck
 My Country did appear
 No better than a floating wreck.
 Came the thought of that old man's tear.
 But fair the breeze and o'er the sea
 Our gallant ship flew on,
 So, when the sun rose on our lee,
 What seemed a wreck was gone ;
 And laughed I with the laughing crew,
 And jested with the gay,
 "Till,
 I seemed as mad as they.

" And many a day hath passed away :
 Oh, I have trials borne,
 And yet I never thought upon
 The Demon laugh of scorn.
 I have lain upon a fever bed,
 Where none could comfort give ;
 I have seen a scene of misery,
 Which few might see, and live ;
 Beheld some thousand warriors,
 The gallant, young, and brave,
 Sink down to rot, and be forgot
 Where the wide earth was a grave,

* Unsociable sea—"oceanus dissociabili."—HON.

I have heard a wild cacophany :
 The revelry and prayer,
 Of men who died in drunkenness
 Or prayed in their despair ;
 And felt the fetid morbidity
 Of vales, that seemed to moan,
 Where man betrayed his littleness
 And hosts were weak as one,
 Yet 'twas not then the Demon laugh
 Broke on my dreaming ear ;
 Nor ever came my heart to shame
 A single dastard fear.

" But now, but now as of that scene
 A dread memorial comes,
 And visions rise, before my eyes,
 Of death and muffled drums ;
 Now all my blood is a fever-flood
 And agues shake my frame,
 While voices strange my mind derange,
 As they mutter'd a distant name.
 That Demon laugh upon my ear
 Rings, out its bitter scorn.
 On every side it mocks my pride
 And the dreams of life's fresh morn.
 Oh the fiends, that laugh, now seem to quaff
 Delight from my distress ;
 For all around their voices sound
 And thus their mirth express.

23 " Hâ, hâ ! hâ, hâ ! for the Lord who
 Thee out to the deadly field
 Is a pension meant to buy content,
 And a trophy to grace his ~~shrine~~ ^{shrine} !
 Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! ha, ha ! ha, ha !
 The wealth he squandered then
 (Oh ! the thought is food to the devil brood—)
 Shall be wrung from poorer men.

And yet my weary mind was bent
 To find what my dying comrade meant,
 When an order came that evening's shade
 Should see his last sad honours paid.

CHESHUNT OWEN.

LIFE OF DR. FAUSTUS.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Of certain Articles and Provisos, which the Spirit demanded from Dr. Faustus.

At the aforesaid request of Satan, the Doctor desired him to communicate his wishes, the Devil replied, write them out word for word and give me thy promise not to repent. I will here prescribe to thee five articles; if thou agreeest to them, well and good, if not, thou shalt never compel me to appear again, even shouldst thou make use of thy utmost skill.

Thereupon the Doctor took his pen in hand and wrote as follows :

I. Thou must abjure all the host of heaven.

II. Thou must be the enemy of all mankind, particularly of those who wish to punish thy evil life.

III. Thou must not listen to any person of the Clergy or spiritual persons, but must inimicize them.

IV. Thou must go to no Church, never attend preachings and never use the Sacrament.

V. Thou must hate matrimony and never enter into it.

And that if he agreed to these five articles, he must sign them for confirmation with his own blood, and give him an obligation written with his own hand, as one man would to another, then should he devote the whole of his life in incomparable pleasure, and also should never have his equal in the Black art.

On this the Doctor fell into deep consideration and the more and the oftener he read over these fearful and apostate articles, the harder they seemed to him. At last he reflected, that altho' the Devil in general be a liar, and scarcely ever performed his promises, yet the present case might be an exception.

And then he thought that when the time should actually come when he must deliver himself up as a true forfeit according to the Bond, he would be before hand and would reconcile himself to the Church. Should he, contrary to all expectation, want time to get this done, still he would have lived to his heart's desire in this world; and if the spirit believed neither in heaven nor hell, it was the less necessary for him to do so. With these considerations he returned the following answer.

"Although thy Articles, Spirit, be but few, yet they cause me no little uneasiness. But since, thou art determined to have a

positive answer so I agree to thy first article, because I have never been able to satisfy my mind on such subjects."

"The second Article, that I should be every man's enemy is a little more difficult, because it then follows that I must hate and injure those who have never done me any harm. I have till now always lived in the very best Society, and cannot think of cutting all my acquaintance, for with whom else am I to enjoy myself? This however, I will promise faithfully, that whoever injures me, him will I hate and injure. If this compromise be allowed, I will immediately agree to this article."

As to what concerns the third Article, he had always been an enemy to the Clergy, on account of which and of his dislike to the study he had abandoned Theology altogether.

The fourth Article he could also easily keep as he cared very little for preachings, or church ceremonies, and would as soon be rid of them as not.

Lastly, as to avoiding matrimony that cost him a little deliberation, but when he considered that in marriage there was every kind of vexation, disquiet, care, perpetual slavery, and often the endurance of a wife's bad temper and misbehaviour, he had no great hesitation in giving it up.

To this clear exposition, the spirit made no other reply than this; It is indispensable that thou shouldst sign the whole with thine own hand in thine own blood; do this, lay it on the table and I will fetch it.

The Doctor answered, it is well, but I have one final request to make which is that thou wilt not appear to me any more in so fearful a shape as at present, but in that of a well dressed gentleman; this the spirit agreed to and vanished.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Of the dreadful bond that Dr. Faustus gave to the Devil, habited like a monk.

After the evil spirit had vanished, perhaps to gain time or to prepare the promised bond, the Doctor might have had time to reconcile himself to heaven by true repentance. But Faustus considered nothing, but how to please himself in the present world and was of the mind of those who prefer a bird in the hand to two in the bush.

Hereupon he took a sharp penknife and opened a vein in the left arm, received the blood in a wine glass, sat down and wrote with his own hand, and in his own blood the following fearful bond and it is given out as true, that there was ever afterwards seen stamped, on his left hand the words oh home fuge!

The words of the bond were these,—*"I John Faustus, M. D.*

declare openly in day light that after having clearly apprehended how the world is constructed with every kind of wisdom and perfection, and constantly inhabited by creatures of high capacity, yet my inclination for magic leads me to incline to the earthly God whom men call the Devil. He according to his promise shall furnish me with every thing that my heart, mind, sense and understanding can desire or will have, so that I shall never know a want nor a disturbance, and that it may be so I sign this with my own blood, and hereby declare that I make over that and also my body and limbs as I received them from my parents, and all that belongs to me, together with my soul, to this earthly God, and promise myself to him soul and body.

In attestation of this I hereby abjure all the host of heaven and all that is good, and after this our stedfast agreement shall have lasted four and twenty years, and when these shall have lapsed and fled, he shall as his own forfeit take this body and soul and be fully empowered to torment them at his pleasure, nothing being to oppose it.

In witness whereof I have written this with my own hand and signed it with my own blood.*

Immediately after finishing this horrid, fearful, soul and happiness destroying writing, the Devil walk'd into his room in the figure of a monk and the doctor made over to him the bond, whereupon the Devil replied, "Faustus since thou hast made thyself over to me so, know that thou shalt be truly served; yet thou must understand that I as Prince of this world serve none, for all that is under heaven is mine, but to-morrow I will send thee a learned and experienced spirit who will serve thee faithfully all thy life, and that thou mayest have no reason to be afraid of him, he shall appear and serve thee in the form of a grey monk as I am now.

Meantime I take thy bond and herewith bid thee heartily farewell." With this he vanished.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

How the Spirit appeared to Dr. Faustus in the same shape, promised to serve him faithfully and told his name.

The same evening after the Doctor had eaten his supper and gone into his study, some one came and knocked at the room door, a thing out of the common course because the house door

* Certain passages in this Bond are omitted. Some of them were so obscure as to baffle me in discovering their precise meaning, and others appeared unfit to be printed. In writing as well as speaking, we are bound to observe the third commandment, which it is far too much the fashion of the talented authors of the present day to transgress.—E.

had been made fast. The Doctor easily understood what this meant and opened the door, and there he saw a tall person dressed as a grey monk, apparently of venerable age, and with a huge grey beard. The Doctor requested him to walk in and be seated, which the spirit did.

The Doctor then asked him what were his commands. The spirit replied, oh Faustus how darest thou speak to me as if thou wert my equal, yet as I have received orders from my Captain to this effect, let that matter pass. When the end of my service comes, to me it will have been but a very short time, but to thee it will be beginning of eternity.

Hence then I shall be obedient to thee in all things, thou shalt have nothing to complain of me for I will serve thee faithfully, nor is there any reason why thou shouldest fear me, for I am no fearful Devil but a familiar spirit who willingly lives with men

Well then said Faustus, promise me in the name of thy master Lucifer, that thou wilt obey me industriously in all things whatever I may command and require. The spirit answered in the affirmative and thou art to know said he, that my name is Mephistophiles and by this name shalt thou hereafter call me when thou requirest any thing from me.

Hereat the Doctor rejoiced that now his long desired object was near its accomplishment and he said, now Mephistophiles my trusty servant as I hope, let me always find thee obedient and always appear to me in this shape. For the present depart and wait my further commands.

At this the spirit made a Salaam and departed.

A SONNET.

Hast ever, on some moon-lit summer's night,

From lofty roof or balcony, survey'd

The sleeping world; whilst the pale planet shed

Wide o'er the haunts of men her liquid light,

Making this earth an Eden to our sight?

Then downward, to enjoy the scene, hast sped,

But in its bosom found its magic fled?

Alas! at distance only all looks bright

More near - a slough, the rugged path, vile streams,

Or viler reptile, mar thy brief delight—

Some dull dead wall obstructs heav'n's glorious beams,

And petty ills of clay the heart's aspirings blight!

Say, is not this a type of youthful dreams—

How life is lov'd afar, but enter'd worthless seems?

PETER PINDARIC.

A NON SEQUITUR.

A lawyer once just fresh from Lincoln's Inn,
 Had a strong penchant for old Offley's gin,
 And 'twas his great delight
 On every Sat'rday night
 To plant his weary limbs withun a jarvy,
 For such 'twas termed in former day,
 Though now yclept a cabriolet.
 This dapper night
 In breeches tight—
 Stockings black of glossy silk
 Spruce beaver, neckcloth white as milk,
 Thinking himself a dapper fellow,
 Just on the point of getting mellow,
 Heard midnight strike; amidst the song
 He wished to stay
 But must away,
 Lest that for staying overlong
 His wife should wag her midnight tongue,
 Than which—he'd rather have been hung.
 So heaving up a heavy sigh
 He pushed through all the standers-by,
 And pressing through the outward crowd,
 For Tom, the coachman, called aloud.
 The man of reins appeared and lowly bowed,
 He mounted the box and took his whip
 And gave the signal "hip."
 Her chap not far behind
 Panting and puff'd with broken wind,
 (Though if the truth appear,
 I certainly much fear
 'Twas more from drinking gin and beer.)
 Let down the steps. The lawyer tumbled up
 Damning his fate to lose the pleasant cup.
 Cold was the night and sharp the breeze,
 He wrapp'd his cloak about his knees,
 "Home home," he cried "John's Square,"
 Sweet home it was not, I suppose,
 He thought of wife and tweaked nose,
 And wished himself elsewhere.
 The man who'd let the steps down, stay'd;
 "Drive on, drive on," the lawyer said

"With such speed as you can,"
 "Sir," says the man, "this cold November,
 I hopes as how you *will* remember
 The vaterman"
 "The waterman!" our lawyer cries,
 And opens wide his sleepy eyes,
 "The waterman?" "Aye Sir," says he
 The vaterman,—for I be's he."
 "Why" quoth the other feeling somewhat sore,
 "Why do they call *you* waterman, you bore?
 He scratch'd his head
 And said
 "Vy Sir, because I hopens the coach door."

R.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

In the reign of one of the Emperors of Hindoostan, at a village near the city of Arungabad lived a very celebrated, but poor man, of the name of Abdulla. He was deeply skilled in all the learning of the East, and had acquired great eminence in the study of the occult mysteries. By the vulgar he was regarded as a magician, but by men of understanding, as a profound philosopher. But with all his reputation he was unable to obtain a decent livelihood. Men of genius are seldom the favourites of fortune, and poor Abdulla had no interest with this fickle goddess. He was reduced to the last extremity of indigence, ~~insomuch that~~ he was often apprehensive of perishing for want of the meanest food. Determined at last to quit a place, where he saw no prospect of a change in his circumstances, he appealed to the charity of his countrymen, and with the small sum thus obtained which was scarcely sufficient to last three revolutions of the moon Abdulla bade adieu to the land of his nativity. He bent his steps towards the ancient kingdom of Beder, where he hoped to turn his talents and acquirements to some account. He had but one companion, a youth of between eighteen or nineteen years of age, of the name of Nujjeedally. When they arrived at the end of their journey they took up their lodging at an obscure inn. Like a good Mussulman, Abdulla's first act was to prostrate himself in adoration to that Being, in whose hands are life and death; who ordaineth the events that transpire in this world of care and perplexity, and who nourisheth the worm that lives in the hollow of a stone.

THE THIRTY TUNES OF BARBUD.

Barbud was the favourite minstrel of the gay Khisroo Purwez King of Persia. His introduction to that King is related in the Shah Namah of Firdousee. It seems there was, in the Court of Khisroo, a musician named Surkush so famed for his skill that the nobles used to shower jewels on his head, and style him the "Glory of Excellence." Some of Barbud's friends told him, he was superior to Surkush, and advised him to go to Court; he did so, and Surkush hearing of his arrival, "his heart grew dark," and he induced the Royal Chamberlain to prevent his obtaining admission. Barbud retired in despair from the Royal gate and with a barbiton in his hand, went to the King's garden, and "swore a perpetual friendship" with the gardener, a man named Murdoee, whose acquaintance was indeed useful in as much as the great King was accustomed, at the feast of the Nowroz, to spend a couple of weeks in these gardens, and the gardener perchance might consent to admit Barbud on this joyous anniversary. Accordingly the minstrel began by flattering our Persian Andrew Fairservice. "One would assert," he remarked "that thou art the soul, and I the body! Gratify me by fulfilling the only wish my heart is able to conceive, and when the Shah comes to these gardens, allow me to conceal myself and view not only the feasts but likewise the countenance of the King." The gardener assented, and when next Khisroo Purwez came to the gardens, he hastened to inform Barbud, who immediately dressed himself in green robes, and for the better concealment stained his barbiton and its strings green, and entering the garden climbed a tall cypress, distinguished by its large boughs crowded together like the spears of combatants, in the battle of Pushun*. He had not been long hidden in the tree before the Shah came and seated himself near the spot, and a fair-faced page handed him a chrystal goblet, stained scarlet with the rosy wine which glowed inside. Towards midnight, Barbud to the astonishment of the Shah and his attendants, began to sing from the cypress bough the song called Dadafreed. All present questioned each other on the subject, and Surkush in particular half fainting, guessed the truth, but remained silent. The Shah ordered his attendants to search on all sides for the musician; they did so but found no one; and Surkush flatteringly asserted he consi-

* The famous night attack of Peeran Wisah the Turkish leader on the Pawian camp under 400 G.

dered it probable that through Khisroo's fortune the roses and cypresses had been singing to pleasure his Majesty : may the King live for ever ! The page handed to the Shah a second cup of wine, and as soon as Khisroo grasped it, Barbud commenced a second song and chaunted the air called *Pikari Goord* (the warrior's strife,) whereat the delighted King drained the goblet, and commanded renewed search to be made through the garden. The attendants again sought on every side and waved their lamps underneath the trees, but they could distinguish nought save willows and cypresses, and partridges stepping gracefully among the rose-bushes. Khisroo called for a third goblet, and as he took it, Barbud a third time began to sing, giving voice to the air called *Subz dur Subz* (the evergreen). The Shah started on his feet and called for a goblet that held a quart of wine which he forthwith filled, and exclaimed. " This minstrel cannot be an angel. for, an angel is compounded of musk and amber ; nor a Deeo, for, no Deeo could sing so well, and strike the strings so featly. Search right and left till you find the minstrel and I will fill his mouth and bosom with jewels, and make him the chief of my musicians." Barbud, on hearing these words, slid down the lofty cypress, and gracefully advancing bowed his head to the earth. " Who art thou ? " asked the Shah. Barbud told his whole history, and the Shah was as happy to see him, as a garden is delighted when spring arrives, and turning to Surkush exclaimed. " Thou, O wretch, art as bitter Coloquint, while Barbud is as sweet as Sugar ; wert thou afraid no one would listen to thy songs, that thou preventedst his approaching me ? " Saying which, the Shah continued to drain cups of wine, to the songs of Barbud, when the assemblage broke up, he filled his cup with pearls.*

Such is Firdousee's tale, and the Persian Dictator Boor Hani Qatiu informs us that Barbud composed 30 celebrated tunes the names of which are stated to be as follows.

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| 1 The ornament of the sun | 11 The straight cypress | 21 The moon on the hills |
| 2 The rites of Junashood | 12 The fountain of pearls | 22 The grain of Musk, |
| 3 The Royal air | 13 Shubdâez | 23 The fair omen |
| 4 The garden of Sheereen | 14 The happy night | 24 The Musk rubber |
| 5 The heaven-like throne | 15 The lock of room | 25 Friendship |
| 6 The caskets of Kaosa | 16 The wind wafted treasure | 26 The Nekooos |
| 7 The soul's delight | 17 The Bullock's store or the
treasure of Kaosa | 27 The fresh spring |
| 8 The soul cheering | 18 The weighed treasure | 28 The sweet wine |
| 9 The evergreen | 19 The revenge of Eriel | 29 Noon |
| 10 The cypress bower | 20 The revenge of Siacogh | 30 The chase. |

* This usage still exists, but the cheaper produce of the cane is substituted for that of the oyster ; it is ludicrously introduced in Hadjee Baba, where the Shah causes his guest's mouth to be filled with sugar-candy till involuntary tears flow from his poetic eyes as fast as the sugar-candy distills through his lips !

I am not aware on what authority these tunes are given, but certainly they are not taken either from the Shah Nameh, since two of the three tunes mentioned by Firdousee are not included in the list, nor from Nizami's poem of Khisroo and Shereen, which as is hereafter mentioned, differs from the list now given. A few observations may be interesting regarding such tunes as admit of remark.

No. 2. The rites of Jumsheed. Jumsheed was the 4th King of the Paish-dadian dynasty and instituted the famous festival of the Nowkoz, or new year's day, held at the vernal equinox, when the ancient Persian year begins. He was a mighty King but like Nebuchadnezzar, was driven from his throne and perished miserably by command of Tohak who had usurped his empire.

No. 4. Sheereen was the mistress of Khisroo Purwez. Richardson (in his Dictionary) confounds Sheereen with Irene daughter of the Greek Emperor Maurice, to whom Khisroo was married. According to Firdousee, the Emperor of Room's daughter was named Mureem (or Mary) who (reversing the legend of Queen Eleanor and fair Rosamond) was poisoned by Sheereen. After the murder of Khisroo Purwez, his son Sheerayah paid his addresses to Sheereen, who appeared to consent; but obtaining permission to enter the tomb of Khisroo, she swallowed a deadly poison, and died on the bosom of her deceased Lover, "bearing away the applauses of mankind."

No. 5. "The pillared throne of Purwez," mentioned in the veiled prophet of Khorasan. This throne was constructed by Khisroo in lieu of one made by Feridoon, the king of the Sassanid dynasty, and which, after descending through his successors, was destroyed, by Sebunder (Alexander the Great). The size, ornaments, and mode of construction of the throne are described in the Shah Nameh with great minuteness. Richardson states it was supported by 40,000 silver columns, and adorned among other decorations by a thousand suspended globes showing by their revolutions the motions of the heavenly bodies.

No. 6. Kaoos was the second of the Kianian kings of Persia, and is identified with Cyaxeres.

No. 9. The history of the "Evergreen" has been already recorded.

No. 12. This tune was originally called "the Fountain," having been composed beside a jet d'eau! but Khisroo, when he heard the melody, was so pleased, that he ordered a tray of pearls to be poured over the Minstrel's head:—hence the new name.

No. 13. A far-famed horse "dark as night," the property of Khisroo. It is described as being swift as the wind. What-

ever food Khisroo eat, he sent Shubdeez a portion; and when the horse died, Khisroo wrapped him in a shroud and buried him, and raised the horse's image in stone over the spot, and used to weep whenever he saw it. A stone figure of Shubdeer with Khisroo seated on it, is said to exist at Kirman in Persia. The dam of Shubdeez is asserted to have been a stone horse in the desert of Abkulla.

No. 16. This was the second of the eight accumulated treasures of Khisroo Purwez. It is said that the Kaiser of Room, prompted by fear of Khisroo, embarked his hereditary treasurer on board a fleet, which a lucky wind drove to the coast where Khisroo was encamped, whereby he was enabled to obtain possession of them.

No. 17. This was a store accumulated by the Pashdadian King Jumsheed, and discovered by "the mighty hunter," Bahram Goor. A peasant watering his field, observed the water to run into a particular hole, and heard the tinkling of metal sound therefrom. He informed Bahram (at this period Shah of Iran) who ordered the ground to be excavated: a building was discovered, inside which were two bullocks or buffaloes formed of gold, with ruby eyes, and stomachs filled with apples, pomegranates, and guavas of gold with pearls for pips! Before each bullock was a golden manger filled with precious gems. The name of Jumsheed was engraven on each bullock; and round them, were placed animals and birds of gold, adorned with jewels. Bahram ordered the whole stone to be distributed among the poor and needy.

No. 19. Erich was the youngest and favorite son of Feridoon, King of Persia. He was murdered by his brothers, Salm and Toor, and avenged by his grandson Manoochahur.

No. 20. Siaoosh the son of Ki Kaoos, King of Persia, was murdered by order of Afrasiyab Khan of Tooran, and was avenged by his son Ki Khoosroo.

No. 26. The Nakoos is a bell, or rather a thin oblong piece of wood suspended by two strings, used by the eastern Christians, to summon the congregation to divine service.

The enumeration of Barbuds tunes given in Nizami's "Khisroo and Sheereen" differs from the above in the omission of Nos. 2, 7, and 27, and the insertion of the following.

For No. 2 The Apparatus of the Nowrez

——— 7 The Bud of the Beautiful Partridge.

——— 27 The Happy Day.

——— 31 The Ki Khoosroo.

The description of the tunes given by Nizami, is particularly silly, though meant perhaps to be witty. A couplet and a bad

gun are assigned to each melody : something in this style which may best express our meaning.

When he played " money in both pockets,"
The nobles showered money on his head :—
When he sang " Green grow the rushes O' "
They drained bumpers to the Emperor of " Russia ! "

Khisroo Purwez, after reigning many years with incredible good fortune, and with a pomp and grandeur before unheard of, met in his latter years with reverses, which all good Islamites ascribe to his rejection of mahometanism, and was deposed and sent by his son, prisoner to Clesiphon, where he was visited by his faithful minstrel Barbud, who on retiring home, composed and sang a lament over the fallen fortunes of his master, and ended by burning his musical instruments, and chopping off his fingers. This lament is given in the Shah Nameh, and with an attempt to translate a portion of it, we conclude our notice of the " Tunes of Barbud."

Warrior like, he poured o'er him his wail,
His heart was broken, and his cheeks were pale ;
Alas ! he sobbed " O Khisroo, King, and Knight,
Exalted, valiant, and of matchless might !
Where hath thy greatness, where thy glory fled,
Where is thy pomp and diadem-crowned head !
Where are thy noble height and stately mein,
Thine ivory throne, and necklaces' bright sheen,
Thy strength, and manliness, and high command,
Which forced the world to bend beneath thy hand !
Where is thy bridal couch ! thy minstrels where !
Thy courts, thy gate and nobles crowded there !
Where is thy flag* of Kawah ! where are now
Thy diadem and sword's empurpled glow !
Thy looks, and tiar that rejoiced the earth,
Thy golden throne, and earrings of vast worth !
Where are thy steed and harness to be found,
Shubdeez, which 'neath thee never ceased to bound !
Where is thy helmet, where thy mail of gold,
With jewels decorated fold on fold !
Where are thy Knights, with golden trappings wreathed
Who in thy foemen's breasts their sabres sheathed !
Thy camels suited for the desert's waves,
Thy golden litters, and obsequious slaves !
Where thy white Elephant, thy herds and steeds !—
All lost to hope, no more since Khisroo heeds !—
Where is that tongue so ready and so sweet,
That heart, that mind, and understanding meet !
Why leave all these behind, and go alone !
Why to mankind so sad a page make known !

S. V. V.

* The apron of Kawah the Blacksmith—the standard and palladium of the Persian Empire.

OVER THE SEA—OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea—over the sea,
Lies the Land that is loved by me.
A sunnier sky may be o'er my head,
And a richer soil beneath my tread,
And a deeper spell in the noontide hour,
May hallow the shade of woodland bower,
And a softer speech in my ears be rung,
Than the accents rude of my own hill tongue :—
But never—Oh ! never, so dear to me
Can the loveliest spot in the wide world be
As the bleak cold land where the heather waves
Round the place of my birth—o'er my father's grave.

Over the sea—over the sea
Throb the warm hearts that are true to me :—
But ocean is wide and his storms are rude,
And my heart feels faint in its solitude
To think of the measureless gulf that lies
'Twixt me and all that my soul doth prize,—
Yet I gaze for hours on the terrible deep,
'Till my heart could break—though I cannot weep ;
For I feel the desire of my soul is vain,
That the land of my birth I shall ne'er see again,
That my tomb shall be hollowed where now I stand,
And my eyelids closed by some unknown hand.

Over the sea—over the sea,
Welcomes shall glisten, but not for me,—
Mark not the spot where my bones are laid,
Whether it be in the deep forest shade,
Or hard by the beach which the wild wave lashes,
Or far in the glen where the lone torrent dashes,
Or high on the steep where the eagle sweeps—
What matters it where the stranger sleeps ?
But over the sea—over the sea,
How then shall my chainless spirit flee
Back to the land that I've loved so well,
To the cot by the burn in the heathy dell !

CAPEL SOUTH.

CHUNDA, THE CELEBRATED NAUTCH WOMAN OF HYDRABAD.

The name of CHUNDA has long been celebrated throughout the Dekhan. If still alive, she must be upwards of eighty years of age. She was seventy when I saw her for the first and last time, in 1819. Even at this advanced period of life, her movements were thought to be unequalled in grace and elegance. Although I examined her appearance very minutely, I must own, I could discover no traces of those personal attractions, which she was said to have possessed in the prime of life, and which I had heard had enslaved the hearts of all those, who piqued themselves upon their pretensions to taste. She was of a fair complexion, and of a middling stature. She was dressed in a *paishwan* of purple colour, relieved with small white spots and embroidered with gold edges, and a rich Benares *dupatta* was thrown over her shoulders. She was covered with jewels to the value, as I understood, of upwards of a lac of Rupees. On all occasions of public exhibition the same splendour marked her appearance.

The occasion on which I saw Chunda was this; the late Messrs. Gould and Campbell had sent a large investment of goods to Hydrabad for sale, consisting among other things of French porcelain of various beautiful patterns, adorned with different devices. The articles were consigned to Messrs. W. P. & Co. in whose premises they were exposed for public exhibition, and Natives of respectability and wealth were invited to them in order to afford them an opportunity of making purchases. But many came rather to admire, than to buy. Even Chundoo Laul, the Nizam's minister, was attracted to the premises of Messrs. W. P. & Co. He came attended with a vast retinue of armed men. He appeared very old and decrepid, and was so slender and infirm, that a gust of wind would probably have thrown him down. He seemed to have scarcely a tooth left in his head, his complexion was sallow, his cheeks sunk in, his chin protruded, and was in perpetual motion, as if he were engaged in the act of mastication.

It may not be altogether irrelevant to say something here regarding this extraordinary man. He was, previous to his elevation, a mere *paishkan*, and it was through British influence, that he rose to the dignified station of minister; to which he had no other claim, but that of being in the interest of the British Government. Report gave Chundoo Laul credit for great talents, but to my knowledge, he never afforded any proofs of

them. If it be said that they were fully displayed in a skilful and judicious direction of public affairs, and in the prompt devisement of measures to meet public exigencies, it may be sufficient to answer, that, in Native states, where the will of the prince or minister is law, where circumstances are made to bend to a tyrannical disposition and the wishes and feelings of the subject to the caprice of authority, the task of governing is easy. Chundoo Laul, whenever pressed by exigency, never wanted pretences for stripping the wealthy of their superfluities, and, indeed these expedients were so common with him, that his rapacity at length created universal feeling of fear and detestation.

With regard to his habits of life, there was not a man more abstemious and regular. He took but one meal a day, consisting of boiled rice and vegetables, and in hardly sufficient quantity to satisfy the hunger of a child. He was accustomed to hold his *darbar* at night, which frequently lasted till two or three in the morning, when he would retire to rest. His bed used to be surrounded with a party of sikhs armed with loaded muskets and lighted matches, for protection from assassination, of which he lived in continual dread. He would rise with the dawn, perform his morning ablutions and *poojahs*, and devote the remainder of the day to the transaction of public affairs. Such was the individual, who had acquired no little notoriety in the Dekhan, and who was so thoroughly detested that his life would not have been safe for a moment, had he not been protected by the British Government.

The reader will, I hope, good naturedly excuse this digression, into which I have been led by the mention of so wonderful a personage as Chundoo Laul was long regarded.

On the occasion above alluded to, Chunda was accompanied by a *Cicisbeo* retained in her employ. He not only received a handsome salary and had favors upon favors lavished upon him, but he resided in her house; assuming all the airs of a master, and even food and raiment were found him at her expense. Chunda had till lately, old as she was, *two Cicisbeos*; but one of them having committed a murder, his life paid the forfeit of his crime. Had not the relatives of the slaughtered victim been men of influence and respectability, it is probable the murderer would have escaped punishment. Chunda however, made great exertions to save his life, and offered a bribe of 10,000 Rupees for that purpose; but the rapaciousness of the minister would not be gratified with any thing short of double that amount. With this exorbitant demand Chunda would by no means comply, and the culprit was accordingly executed.

Chunda herself was of a cruel and sanguinary disposition. I have heard that her hands had often been imbrued in the blood

of those unhappy young creatures, whom fortune had placed in her power. In the paroxysms of rage or jealousy, she not unfrequently caused the death of many of her female slaves, brought up to the profession of dancing. Chunda possessed immense riches acquired by her profession. Many a nobleman had impoverished himself to lavish his wealth upon her by whom he was afterwards spurned for his indigence. It is astonishing how she contrived to exercise such unbounded influence over the feelings and passions of the Hydrabad nobility, for she did not seem to me ever to have possessed those personal attractions calculated to captivate the heart. She had, however, considerable blandishment of manners and sweetness of voice, which more than supplied the absence of colder charms. So deeply were some men of rank fascinated with Chunda, that when they had been plundered by her of every pice, and had nothing left to bestow upon her, except their hereditary property, which could not be touched, they absolutely yielded themselves up in bondage to her by written documents. M. W.

"LA SERA." (A' MATILDA.)

AGAIN, Matilda. hath the full-orb'd moon,

Found us by every tender tie united :

And sweet, oh sweet it is, at night's high noon,

Thus to renew the vows that we have plighted !

Whilst each bright star that now bedecks the sky,

Shall stand a witness of our constancy.

Oft have we wander'd by their silvery light.—

The world and every worldly care forgetting,—

We heeded not the moments in their flight ;

We thought not of the thousand ills besetting

Our sojourn here ; whilst Fortune's sternest frown

No longer then could bear our spirits down.

Our thoughts were wand'ring through the clear blue sky,

To other realms, and other worlds ascending ;

Or when at intervals with eager eye

Each o'er the other was in fondness bending,

No sound escaped our lips—words had no power

To speak the full heart's rapture in that hour.

Then say not we have lived, or loved in vain,

When from such sources we have drawn our pleasure ;

Life is a chequer'd scene of joy and pain,

And we must bear of each th' appointed measure :

But few the moments fraught with purer bliss,

Than, thus united, we enjoy in this.

L.

THE RECALL.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Come back ! come back !
 Come, with the bursting bud and rushing rain ;
 Come, with the green weed to its last year's track,—
 Come, with the first shoot of the sprouting grain ;—
 Come back to me again !

Is thy heart cold ?
 Or do thine eyes turn, with a yearning glance,
 Back to my breast's forsaken heap of gold,
 Which with a miser's love was prized so once,
 In thy enthusiasm's trance ?

Come back !—the earth
 Recalls the verdure, that deserts it when
 The sleets of winter whiten into birth ;—
 But spring resumes her sceptre green, and then
 Earth calls it back again !

The Summer birds,
 That court the May-flower on the sunny brae,
 Have their inconstant hour,—but there are words
 Will bring them back to the abandoned spray
 Hast *thou* less heart than they ?

The mountains rude
 Have voices in the tempest's hour of wrath,
 And from their caves, where infant echoes brood,
 Each thunder peal its solemn answer hath,
 Making through air its path !

And in this world
 Love's breath pervades creation's humblest thing ;—
 Fond mysteries round the human heart are curled
 Which make it to its brother bosom cling,
 Even in hope's perishing.

Think not thy heart,
 With all its coldness, hath no answering tone ;
 Come back, and let kind nature play her part,
 Come back, and blush that even thou hast thrown
 Thy feelings into stone !

Come back again !
 Come, with the sweet fresh shower,—the balmy dew,
 Come, with the skylark's renovated strain,—
 Come, with the bird that builds its nest anew,—
 Shall all but man prove true ?

A voice replies—
 “ They come not back, the Dead ! my love is o'er,—
 “ Thy heart and its recall I do not prize,—
 “ I woo the world—the muse I woo no more—
 “ Who can the past restore ? ”—

Alas for thee !
 So young—so young, yet with a heart so old !
 Wooing a world that looks contemptuously
 On thee and thine !—alas ! that feelings cold
 To dross should turn bright gold !

A SKETCH.

So poor Dick Birmingham is no more, he died as he had lived for the last twenty years under the soothing influence of Cogniac !—

Dick was the son of a respectable English farmer. His father early discovered that beyond the mere mechanical operation of following the plough or driving a team, Dick gave but little promise of becoming either useful or ornamental, and impressed with the notion that an individual of Dick's pretensions would make as good food for gunpowder and that he was as good a subject for the liver, as a person of more talent, he resolved on sending his promising boy to the East Indies.

A Cadetship was accordingly procured and Dick after undergoing the usual annoyances of ship-board, landed safely in Calcutta, as unlicked a cub as ever bore the credentials of his future calling.

In those days the Baraset Institution existed and there Dick proceeded. How many years probation he may have endured at that *admirable nursery* for Sepoy officers “ this deponent saith not,” but certain it is that he was at length emancipated, and joined his Regiment with what was aptly called a “ stupid certificate.”

Dick had been 10 years a Sub when I first met him, his intellectual acquirements could not have been much improved by a

Military life, for he was at the period I allude to but scantily supplied in that way; in short he had evidently narrowly escaped being born a downright idiot. He had however a degree of cunning about him and a cutting tho' uncouth mode of expressing himself when teased, that rendered him (for a time at least) amusing. If quizzed or tormented, he exhibited no bad portraiture of a badger being baited, snapping at all around him with a dogged sort of surliness very characteristic of the above quadruped.

Dick was about five feet nine inches high and half as broad, he had a huge head and a face which gave ample evidence that he was no water drinker, short neck and well raised shoulders. His legs were so perfectly *banded* that one would suppose he had been a rough-rider from his infancy, albeit horsemanship was decidedly not his forte. He was not wanting in courage, on the contrary so long as he had daylight he would face the devil, but when night closed in, and more particularly after he had retired to the solitude of his own apartment, Dick's imagination was apt to be troubled with certain misgivings touching the inhabitants of the nether world, and he could never bear to sleep without a light in his room. I have often mischievously removed this aid to Dick's slumbers, but the moment it was extinguished he awoke, and it cost me many a *strong* glass of brandy and water to appease the anger of the disturbed sleeper.

On one occasion Dick took it into his head to set up for a man of learning and purchased a copy of the Encyclopedia which he used to say was the "most clearest book ever written." This he perused for some days with much perseverance without comprehending a syllable of what he read but he soon became weary of his *tomes* as he did of any thing else except his potations. His labors of Rees were disposed of for a gun, some dozens of brandy, and other items in the *strong water* line.

He of course neither understood nor was he capable of understanding his duty as a soldier, nevertheless he contrived to blunder through the list of Lieutenants and was after 18 years service promoted to his Company.

He had no sooner attained this enviable elevation than it was hinted to him as highly expedient that he should become a candidate for the *otium cum dignitate* of Chunar or Monghyr. The proposal he for some time treated with scorn but at length consented and was transferred to the Invalid Establishment.

I had entirely lost sight of him till a short time back when I accidentally heard of his death and calling to mind the many hour's fun poor Dick had afforded me I could not help exclaiming "I could have better spared a better man."

'LORN.

A FRAGMENT.

On Jumna's bank, whose azure tide
 Reflects fair Agra's regal pride—
 Her fading pomp and time-stained walls
 Deserted mosques and silent halls ;—
 And that fair shrine, which towers above
 Memorial of a Monarch's love—
 Where marble, flowered with gems displays
 The wealth and art of other days,
 Where by the swelling dome is set
 The lofty graceful minaret ;
 As raised by Genii would seem
 To realize some poet's dream :—
 The chaste cool haunt where oft 'tis said
 Wanders Moomtaza's gentle shade—
 'Twas there in pensive mood reclined
 Beneath the drooping tamarind—
 A humble bard on nature's wild—
 The sport of fancy not the child,
 Lulled by the music of the breeze
 Low murmuring 'midst the unbrageous trees
 And by the tender plaint above—
 Soft cooed forth by the turtle dove—
 Gave his sad thoughts a loose to roam
 They did so, and they wandered home—
 To Erin's distant sea girth shore—
 The father land he'll see no more.
 Tho' he be charmed in this fair scene
 Of cloudless sky and groves of green—
 Where luscious fruits and blushing flowers
 Commingle in perennial bowers,
 And chrystal fountains high ascend
 And sparkling diamond showers descend
 Contrasting with the darker hue—
 Of heaven's spotless vault of blue.
 Where constant bulbul's tuneful throat
 Pours forth its sweet melodious note,
 Awakening echo which again
 Faintly responds the plaintive strain,
 And to soft melody allays
 The sprightly shama's shriller lays.
 Tho' wealth with luxury and ease
 Combine midst charms like these to please ;
 To captivate each sense, and fling,
 O'er earthly scenes oblivion's wing,

It cannot be, his heart will roam
 To that dear spot, his native home.
 Oh home ! thou comprehensive sound
 Which all my hopes and wishes bound
 For magic home alone contains
 The source of all my joys and pains—
 Joys past alas ! and pain that now
 Untimely silvers o'er my brow.
 Yes, memory of those scenes long past
 The shock of time derides—
 'Twill flourish green around my heart
 When all is dead besides—
 As mantling ivy o'er a tree
 Spread its fond binding ties
 And clings around the withering stem
 More firmly as it dies.
 In this calm spot how sweet to dwell
 On early scenes I loved so well ;
 " The lowly cot, the grove, the stream,
 " Sparkling beneath the solar gleam.
 " The enamelled mead, and village green
 " Where first my infant footsteps trod,
 " And brushed the dew drop from the sod.
 " Thus in bright colors fresh and clear
 " As those which erst 'twas want to wear"
 The artist Fancy paints the spot—
 Affection breathes——forget it not,
 I forget it !——never, tho' I roam
 My heart's abiding place is home.
 Can I forget that saddest day
 When first from thee I bent my way
 And bore me from that spot of earth
 The cherished spot that gave me birth.
 Methinks that even now I hear
 My tender mother's parting prayer,
 See down her cheek the big tear chase
 And feel her fond, her last embrace.

* * * * *

BALNEA, VINA, VENUS.

Balnea, Vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra ;
 At faciunt vitam, Balnea, Vina, Venus.
 Tho' Sloth, and the Bottle, and Women contrive
 Of life so to lessen the measure,
 Yet Sloth and the Bottle and Women still give
 (To how many !) life's every pleasure.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN,

*Slain in a Contest with the Philistines on the Heights of Gilboa,
See end of 1st and beginning of the 2d Book of Samuel.*

From Gi'boa's fatal hills
 Blood of Heroes fast distils,
 Israel's beauty slain in war,
 How the mighty fallen are !
 'Til it not in Gath, nor on
 Haughty towers of Askalon,
 Lest the rapture-breathing sound
 Cause their hearts in triumph bound,
 Glad the maidens of that line,
 Daughters of the Philistine !
 Mount of blood whereon we see
 Slaughter'd brethren—woe to thee !
 May'st thou be for ever curst
 With a dire perpetual thirst,
 Dry and wither'd never yield
 Produce of the fruitful field,
 Never grateful rain or dew
 Fall from heav'n to freshen you !
 For on that ensanguin'd side
 Mighty hosts have vainly died,
 There did Israel's armies fall,
 There was rent the shield of Saul !
 Jonathan and Saul lie low ;
 From whose dreaded sword and bow }
 Ne'er before escaped a foe !
 Whom the kings of earth adored
 Or fell before that bow and sword,
 Whose the lion's strength, and foot
 Swift as eagles in pursuit !
 Nor Jonathan, nor Saul survives,
 Lovely and pleasant in their lives,
 Together they resigned their breath,
 Undivided ev'n in death !
 Maids of Israel ! hither all,
 Weep in sadness over Saul !
 He for ye fine linen made,
 He, in silk your forms arrayed,
 Scarlet cloths of richest dye,
 Gifts from him, about ye ply :
 His gold and jewels deck ye all
 Maids of Israel ! weep for Saul.

Thou too, oh ! my more than brother
 Cherish'd, lov'd, beyond all other,
 Jonathan, thou shining star.
 How the mighty fallen are !
 Slain art thou so fair and bright,
 In the thickest of the fight ;
 Best of brothers, first of friends,
 How thy fate my bosom rends !
 Pleasant wert thou still to me
 As a tall young cedar tree.
 And our hearts in fondness clove
 Passing even woman's love !
 Perish'd now the bolt of war—
 How the mighty fallen are !

MSS.

EAST INDIA COMPANY'S GOVERNMENT.

A brief vindication of the Honourable East India Company's Government of Bengal from the attacks of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford. By Ross Donnelly Mangles, Bengal Civil Service.

It may be doubted whether the Honourable East India Company will be much delighted with a vindication which yields up what they have ever considered the Palladium of their existence, the exclusion of British subjects from settlement in India, and whether they will not rather consider Mr. Mangles to be in the rear of the battle of their enemies, than, as he represents himself to be, "in the front of the battle" of their friends. The Honourable Company will care little for the anxious vehemence of his defence where the ministerial duties of their servants were concerned, if when called to curse the cause of colonization he blesses it, and predicts its success. They will not cordially applaud the candour with which he admits the existence of almost all the vices and defects imputed to their Government, offering the untowardness of the materials and the slowness of the instruments at their disposal as grounds of ~~attenuation~~, and claiming for them the same indulgence as for Robinson Crusoe when he built his boat; nor will they be much conciliated by the inconsistency with which, in another place, he compares the fabric thus constructed to "the grandeur and magnificence" of St. Peter's !

Mr. Mangles is sorely puzzled what to think of that vital and still debated question, the permanent settlement of Lord Cornwallis. First he pronounces that the attempt to reconcile the rights of the Zemindars as landlords with those of the Ryots as perpetual occupants, is "the only *error* of importance" in the provisions of the settlement. In the very next sentence he says "it is extremely difficult to say *what better plan* could have been adopted!" He admits that a limitation of the rights of the Zemindars "would have greatly retarded, if not altogether prevented, the growth of a native aristocracy;" nevertheless he thinks "it is to be *regretted*" that such limitations were not enacted! "In India alone," he assures us, bargains between landlord and tenant "*cannot be safely left to regulate themselves, NOR INTERFERED WITH WITHOUT MISCHIEF!*" Finally his opinion seems to incline in favour of the permanent settlement, since it "has produced fruits more precious even than those which display themselves in the growing wealth of the country, the great extension of cultivation, and the creation of a class of capitalists; and these are to be found in that confidence and respect with which the experience of forty years has taught the people to regard the political morality of their rulers." After balancing these reciprocations of praise and blame, this peril from both horns of the dilemma, the result of the vindication is, that it is the intention of the Honourable East India Company, if God will have patience with them a few "centuries," to take such order with respect to the Western Provinces, that there shall be no danger from the growth of a native or creole aristocracy therein. Under the provisions of Reg. VII. 1822, their servants are engaged in such "laborious surveys and minute inquiries, proceeding village by village, field by field, registering every man's rights, and forming their calculations on the ascertained produce, that the whole will be the work of years, almost CENTURIES." O admirable vindicator! O patient Homoöpathist! The decillionth part of a grain of a vicious form of permanent settlement to be taken hourly, and in course of a few centuries, the generation and diffusion of a new disease that will require a new therapeutic treatment!

Mr. Crawford justly complains that the Honourable East India Company, taking advantage of its own wrong, keeps the rate of profit and the rate of interest low, by preventing Europeans from investing capital in the soil, and from lending money on the security of real property, thereby leaving them no certain investment but the public funds. That Government could not borrow at 4 and 5 per cent if British industry were actively engaged in the cultivation of indigo, sugar, cotton, tobacco, silk, seems a matter of simple demonstration; but Mr. Mangles being

unable to follow the few steps of this reasoning, pleasantly charges Mr. Crawford with "a monstrous non-sequitur!" He also thinks he discovers "no little ambiguity in this paragraph, [quoted from Mr. Crawford, page 55] for the first hardship complained of is, that the British subject cannot *lend* his money on the security of landed property, and the second grievance sets forth that he cannot *borrow* on such good terms as the Government." Now there is no such *second* grievance set forth or insinuated in the paragraph quoted. Under any circumstances Government will be able to raise money at lower interest than individuals. Mr. Mangles next observes that of the available capital of India "ninety per cent at the very least is in the hands of natives, or Indo-Britons, who are subject to no limitations with regard to its disposal. It is necessary to draw a distinction here, because every farthing possessed by those classes may be devoted, if they please it, to improve the agriculture and commerce of the country; and cannot, in consequence be said to be 'unjustifiably drawn off' from that description of investment, into the public treasury." Mr. Mangles overlooks the correlative restrictions which affect natives. If Europeans who possess the skill to extract the greatest value from land, and are therefore able to offer the highest price for it, are not permitted to *give* that highest price, natives are not permitted to *take* it; nor to benefit in various ways from the improvements which the former would introduce, and which the latter, according to Mr. Mangles own description of their powers, are totally incapable of introducing. They cannot, "*if they please it*," apply capital to the agricultural and commercial resources of this country.

Clouded as Mr. Mangles' view of the subject of colonization is, he offers himself to Mr. Crawford "as an ally in the good cause" on the slight condition that the colonists shall cheerfully submit to the power of summary transmission! Any man "of average strength of nerve," he thinks, may look on with tolerable intrepidity while *his neighbour* is kidnapped. He need not fear the same fate if he will be conformable, and never be provoked by the absence of legal protection to attempt to enforce his own rights or to resist encroachments on them. Let strength of nerve and robustness of mind be evinced by patient endurance, not by energetic resentment of oppression. "It is the Government, and not in any respect the Supreme Court, which is responsible for the protection and well-being of the native population of the provinces." If a pinchbeck watch has been feloniously abstracted let a solemn judicial investigation of the offence be instituted, let the awful attributes of justice be displayed; but if a colonist has dared treasonably "to wrong or maltreat a native," let the Go-

vernor General be accuser, judge, jury, and transmitter. Mr. Crawford would not be so unreasonable as to refuse to arm him with powers similar to those vested in "the Mahomedan masters of India and Greece, the Tartar Conquerors of China, and the Russian Governors of the Crimea or Georgia!"

All the disturbances in which Indigo Planters have ever been involved, are distinctly and immediately traceable to erroneous legislation, to the absurd restrictions which impede their industry and render their property insecure. An Englishman cannot in his own name be a proprietor, or farmer of land; he contracts with a ryot for a supply of Indigo Plant; the ryot engages to sow the same field for two manufacturers, receives advances from both, and the parties quarrel about the crop. All this Mr. Mangles, by his singular faculty of advocating both sides of a question, both admits and denies in the same sentence. "I do not deny," says he, "that quarrels and affrays would probably be more infrequent if British subjects were placed upon the same footing with the natives of the country, in regard to the purchase of land; but it is monstrous to call the laws the 'origin' of crime, or, to suppose it possible, that whenever such interlopers as I have described enter a district, the Magistrate should abandon all his other duties, for the purpose of deciding, field by field, to which party all the disputed crops of Indigo severally appertain."

He traces the contention, the bloodshed, sometimes real, sometimes testified by troops of perjured witnesses, to defective laws, and then thinks it monstrous to impute defects to the laws, or to say that the mischief originates in the state of the law. He admits that there is a crying necessity for amendment in the laws and regulations, yet offers no grounds of apology for the past, nor hope for the future. Such is his "vindication" of the home and local Governments; for in this case the evil is so great, so urgent, that a peculiar and heavy responsibility, lies on each of those authorities for withholding the remedy.

Mr. Mangles' testimony to the benefits of colonization (of which benefits it ought to be the main business, the essential purpose of every vindication of the Honourable East India Company to deny the probability) is so full, so explicit, and so unqualified, that it should be laid before the reader, as follows. "Englishmen may settle in India; they may bring with them capital, information, and energy, calculated to improve every branch of its commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; they may enrich at once themselves, their native country, and the land in which they have taken up their residence; and beyond even these benefits, they may co-operate to a considerable extent, in the diffusion of education and moral intelligence among the native

population; *but there the connexion,—there their services will terminate.*" Few of them, he thinks, would prolong the connexion, and their services beyond the grave, by voluntarily laying their bones in India. This inability of the colonists to continue their exertions "under the ribs of death," is the only argument which he leaves to his clients wherewith to vindicate them against the charge of persevering in an unwise and unpatriotic resistance to colonization.

THE THREE BROTHERS.*

By the green bank of a silver stream
 By the mountain torrent, heard a far
 In the evening's deepest bush, a small white Cot
 Glimmers 'mid surrounding groves. Sad Magdaline,
 A lonely widow now, sits mournfully
 Beside that Cottage door, and sighs to think
 How heavily in rayless gloom may pass
 Her few remaining years. Though three dear sons
 Fill her maternal heart with tenderest dreams,
 As all are far away In foreign lands
 They seek what fate denied them in their own,
 With bewildering doubts, and anxious cares
 She prays for their return.

In this sad mood
 While dim hope struggles like an April moon
 Amid threatening clouds, a sound of chariot wheels
 Disturbs the silent solitude around,
 And Magdaline, up-starting with surprise
 Her pale hands folded on her heaving breast,
 Now turns her to the narrow lane that leads
 Towards her Cottage-home, when swift as thought
 Her fond eyes catch the long remembered face
 Of him whose childhood's charms first taught her heart
 To love! Lo! motionless awhile,
 Speech-bound, she stands, struck dumb with sudden joy!
 He kneels before her! and a faint low sigh,
 And one full burst of tears, the brief trance break,
 And while serener rapture thrills her frame
 She sinks upon his breast.

* This little Poem was suggested by a prose story published some years ago in one of the German Annals.

"Kind Heaven" she cried
 "Hath heard my daily hope, my midnight prayer,
 And not in cold neglect and solitude
 I now shall journey onward to my grave,
 But soothed and cherished by the light of love
 E'en age may wear a charm!" And then the Son,
 Her eldest born, the favored Ebert, spake—
 "Fortune hath blessed my travel and my toil,
 And all I seek is to repay the smiles
 Thy care maternal lavished on the years
 Of early life. Oh, quit this lonely Cot,
 And share a brighter home!" With grateful heart
 Glad Magdaline consents, and soon she dwells
 A gorgeous roof beneath. But not long there
 Lived that shy guest, domestic happiness!
 For Ebert soon was linked to one whose charms
 Matchless, of form and feature, were the spell
 That wrought his ruin. As a bright-hued cloud
 May bear the brooding spirit of the storm,
 His beauteous bride, alas! a soul betrayed
 Unworthy of its radiant tenement;
 And poor insulted Magdaline returned
 To the lone Cottage by the silent stream.

How changed that home appears! Dark moss had grown
 O'er the discolored walls, and all around
 Looked drear, and breathed of misery and decay.
 In solitude and sadness here she passed
 A few long years. At length her younger son
 Berthold, returned; a cold brief visit paid
 And gave her gold, but not the filial love
 More dear than precious gems. "Alas! she cried
 I have no children now! My lonely heart
 Forbodes that Henry in the field of fame
 Hath proudly breathed his last!" A dream confirmed
 This last dark fear; a warrior on the ground
 Lay bathed in blood, and gazing on his face
 She saw—'twas him! "Farewell my Son," she said
 Awaking "at least thou hast not scorned
 The grey hairs of thy Parent." Sorrow now
 Wasted her aged frame. At length e'er grief
 Had brought her to the grave, her Henry came,
 An honored soldier, one whose well-earned fame
 Had raised his soul but hardened not his heart.

With filial reverence he kissed her brow
And thought of earlier days, till frequent tears
Fell on his manly cheek.

A few months passed,
When from a distant comrade, Henry heard
Rumours of war, and with fresh ardour fired
Now breathed of his return to that far clime
In which his laurels grew. "My *only* Son
(For what are now thy brethren to me?)
Leave not thy lonely mother,—leave her not!
Oh! rather plunge thy sword into her breast
Than leave her thus to wither in despair!"
His soul was touched—he *could not* say Farewell,
But stayed to cherish her declining years,
With tenderest care, and as an aged tree
Propped and supported flourishes anew,
She breathed fresh life; affection's ever-green
Flashed round her heart, while star-like pleasures cheered
The peaceful twilight of her evening hours!

R.

 SCRAPS.

 FROM A FRIEND'S PORTFOLIO.

Written on the cradle of a beautiful Infant, the offspring of a beautiful Mother.

similis matri; de te mihi dicere plura
tu opus est: matri te similem esse sat est.
Thy semblance of thy mother given,
Nought further need'st thou ask of heaven!

 ENIGMA.

Totum pone, fruit; caput aufer, splendet in armis;
Caudam deme, volat; viscera tolle, dolet.

If from my fist, which turbid flows,
You cut the head, in arms it glows:
The tail divide, 'twill forthwith fly:
The middle take, 'tis agony.

SKETCHES OF PROVINCIAL SOCIETY,

NO. 1.—THE PRIVATE BALL.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Few country towns are so entirely deserted, even in the present rage for watering-place residences, as not to possess some aspiring inhabitants, who either through patriotic feeling or for the indulgence of their own vanity will endure all the pains and penalties which the envy of mankind can bring upon them, for the sake of benefiting the community at large, or of upholding their own consequence. The borough of which we write, boasted many candidates for fashionable distinction; but none who could entertain any reasonable hope of succeeding against Mrs. Grayson Blondeville. She was indeed a superb person; it is true that the Norman addition to her husband's name on which many of her pretensions were built, had never been satisfactorily accounted for; and doubts were frequently expressed respecting the fact of its having been granted by letters patent from the King, yet in despite of these injurious surmises, which the lady would not condescend to refute, it made a splendid appearance upon her visiting tickets. Nor was the display confined to a card-case or a card-rack, it shone conspicuously at the head of play bills, concert bills, and programmes for subscription balls, eclipsing all patronymicks beneath the dignity of the style and title of the neighbouring Baroness of Alvandown—how poorly looked and sounded "Lady Digges," savouring so strongly of Knighthood and sugar casks beside it; and how mean in the comparison seemed Mrs. Watkyns. Mrs. Grayson's house was neither the largest nor the best furnished in the town, but it was most desirably situated in the new and principal street; a miniature conservatory and a corinthian portico gave it an air of superiority, while its interior decorations, designed and executed with considerable taste, attracted more admiration than the expensive and costly appointments of richer competitors—she did not keep horses, but her carriage was from the best London builder—she did not wear jewels or Brussels lace, but she always procured the earliest of fashions, and possessed one grand requisite for displaying them to advantage—namely style—she was allowed to be a very stylish woman, and it was a common remark that Mrs. Grayson Blondeville could wear any thing, and looked very well in every thing. Dinner parties being unsuited to her husband's income, she depended upon evening entertainments for the distinction she desired to obtain.

She knew the art of entertaining company, and her *soirees* as she affected to call them, were seldom flat, although now and then, in consequence of attempting too much, there were some lamentable failures which afforded subject for ridicule to all the gossip mongers of the place. Any innovation upon established customs was sure of meeting determined opposition in a provincial town, where as in most confined societies, petty and prejudiced minds preponderated, where jealousy of the slightest attempt for the advancement of claims to superior elegance and refinement created hostile feelings, and where the million entertained a vulgar dislike to novelties, which seemed to convict them of ignorance of metropolitan fashion. Mrs. Grayson Blondeville, who occasionally visited Bath and Cheltenham, had once attended a drawing room at Buckingham House, and was well acquainted with all the arcana of fashionable etiquette, instead of prolix notes or cards of invitation chose to issue out her own visiting tickets, containing simply the day of the month on which she had fixed her party, the hour of assembly with "cards," "music," "quadrilles" or "conversation" to denote the nature of the entertainment inscribed in the corner. This extraordinary proceeding created a great sensation, some august persons were offended by so brief and summary a mode of invitation; others affected a degree of stupidity even below their own of natural obtuseness, and pretended to misunderstand the purport of the missive and all were loud in reprehension of the airs, the insolence, the absurdity of introducing such new fangled whims in a place, where the rules of good breeding had been studied and followed long before Mrs. Grayson Blondeville thought proper to illuminate the community by her nonsensical ideas of elegance. No one in the town had ever before presumed to style themselves, "At Home" upon the night of seeing company; and this novel method of summoning an assembly appeared to be even more cavalier and puissant: wherefore those who took the matter in the highest dudgeon staid away, disdaining to offer either cause or apology; many sent excuses, and the acceptors protested against the mode of invitation which they professed to pardon on the score of friendship alone. Perseverance aided by good luck carried the lady through the difficulties which threatened to destroy her supremacy in the borough, a hunting box belonging to a bachelor peer in the midst of the season took fire, Mrs. Grayson Blondeville received the burned out lord and all his guests into her own house, gave a ball in honour of this distinguished addition to her family party, and the eagerness to be seen amid so illustrious a groupe occasioned a general dismissal of all scruples, and every nook and corner of the reception rooms were crammed to suffocation. The victory was not how-

ever without its alloy, some evil minded persons possessing themselves of one of those cards which at morning calls Mrs. Blondville, with minute attention to London style left for every member of the family at the doors of her acquaintance, instead of the more economic method of turning down the corners, filled it up in the proper manner, and sent it to a certain junior partner in a banking house, a man of low connexions, and an under bred presuming cox-comb who chanced to be the ladies aversion. Mr. Webster—the gentleman in question—surveyed the square talisman which fell out of a fine wire-woven, hot pressed, gilt edged envelope, in an ecstasy of joy ; he happened to be of an aspiring disposition, and had long entertained an ardent desire to figure off amid the beau monde of the place. The opportunity, so lately but a dream of the imagination, now presented itself; once admitted to the parties of the most distinguished leader of fashion in the town, his footing was established forever—without troubling himself to consider, by what strange magic Mrs. Grayson Blondville, had been wrought upon to commit this extraordinary piece of courtesy towards a person, whose humble attempts to obtain her notice by particular and uncalled for acts of civility at public places, had elicited nothing but contempt, he forthwith commenced his preparations for the important event. Fortunately as he thought, for through some neglect on the part of the servants he had received a very short notice of the honour intended him, he was furnished with a new suit of clothes—town-made.—Mr. Webster—and as the sequel will shew it was of peculiar advantage to him, might be called a keen observer ; he did not belong to that class of persons who see without perceiving, and having convinced himself, in his visits of business to the metropolis, that neither coat, hat, nor boots could be manufactured out of London, had supplied his wardrobe with those and other elegant articles of attire from the magazines of the most approved artists, with a look of bland satisfaction he surveyed the true Bond Street air of the olive brown coat, the velvet waistcoat with gilt buttons, under waistcoat of white silk, black pantaloons of the cut best adapted to shew off a well turned leg to advantage, and slate coloured silk stockings, which happened to be the extremity of fashion at the time. Thus far all was right, the only danger lay in the neck-cloth, he had only one left of those he had purchased in London ready starched and folded, and any failure in the tie would be irreparable for the laundresses of the borough were utter barbarians, who never could be brought to attend to the niceties so requisite in the plaits of a cravat, Adjourning to the most celebrated milliners in the town, he selected one of the finest cambric pocket-handkerchiefs that the emporium ever which

Miss Sparks presided could produce, a pair of light yellow gloves, and a watch ribbon; which after a long vacillation between bird of paradise melting into shades of pink and crimson, and a rich plain white brocade, those at last from a mixture of blues, which he thought would harmonize better with the olive brown of the coat: a bottle of *eau de cologne*, and another of *mille fleurs*—*eau de santeur*, not being known in this remote district, completed his purchases: but while chatting familiarly with the flounced and furbelowed mistress of the shop, he omitted to mention the particular party at which all these elegancies were to be exhibited, from a sort of prescient feeling for which he could not account. Mr. Webster did not entertain the slightest doubt of the genuineness of the invitation he had received, yet an involuntary impulse checked his usual propensity to bray of attentions from his superiors, and he kept the secret with all the tenacity of a guilty person. How often does it happen, that the words which rise to the very tip of the tongue, are arrested, wherefore we know not, and silence maintained upon subjects apparently of no importance, which subsequent circumstances prove to have been a miraculous interposition to spare us from blunders leading to a hundred annoyances—thus it fared with Mr. Webster, a thousand times he was bursting forth with the tidings of Mrs. Blondeville's invitation, and as often the exulting intelligence died away upon the threshold of his lips. Repairing to the jewellers, the banker made himself master of two splendid seals, a brooch, and a ring, which he had frequently eyed with admiring glances through the window, and a brilliant thought suddenly flashing across his mind, he purchased also an expensive fan superbly inlaid with steel and silver, notwithstanding the beau's exquisite conviction, that the superiority of his dress and address had attracted the attention of Mrs. Blondeville, he could not avoid feeling certain misgivings respecting the chances of admission by the high bred belles he should meet with at her house, to any thing approaching to a flirtation, and therefore deemed it advisable to provide himself with a fan, which without being subjected to a refusal from some scornful fair one, he might flourish occasionally, and thus gain the credit at least of having been permitted to detain the ornamented appendage entrusted to his care by the white hand of beauty. This was altogether an original idea, and proved of essential service to the ingenious suggestor. The important evening came, the cravat tie was triumphantly adjusted—the hair dresser punctual—Mr. Webster sat with his watch upon the table for a full hour, waiting with exemplary patience for the moment, in which he might venture to enter the illuminated drawing room—at length the hand pointed to eleven, he arose,

took a last survey of his person in the pier glass, and tip-toed along the street, holding his hat just above his head to avoid the discomposure of the curls, while it protected the friseur's labours from the dews of night—but the fortunes of the barber and those of Mrs. Grayson Blondville, being on this occasion intimately blended ; it will be necessary to leave the former for a time, and attend to the lady.—She was in her happiest mood, in the element in which she most delighted ; her dress unique, every *ruche* pinched quilled plaited and put on in a style, which no one save a French milliner could achieve—her hair surpassing all former attempts at extravagance in fashion—her gloves looking like gauntlets with their triple trimmings—her shoes—such shoes—the only piece of glittering ornament about her, a fac simile of Cinderella's, radiant in dead and bright silver : yet while she was all frippery and furbelow, made up of gauze and tiffany, nothing seemed to be over done, and a costume in which the majority of her guests would have been overpowered, sate easily upon a person whose natural taste had been improved by deep study. The rooms were full, the most illustrious visitors assembled—the happy smiling hostess stood in the centre of a cluster of great people, the *élite* of the party—Lady Alvandown, and an honourable son and daughter—Lady Mary Chadwick—Lord Munsterhaven whose conflagration had been attended by such beneficial results, and his guests ; Lord William Bouverie, Sir George Plesgrave, Colonel Cumberland, one of the royal Aid-de-camps, Count Adolphe de Wittgenstein, a young German noble, Don Pedro de Carvalho, Secretary to the Spanish Ambassador, and Sir Spencer Biddulph, of sporting celebrity—added to these appeared the flower of the neighbouring gentry, Admiral and Mrs. Vaughan, from Trefalgen Lodge—General Stonehouse, the owner of Beech Park—Mr. under secretary Crofton Bowles, and Mrs. Crofton Bowles, on a visit to the latter, together with numerous other county families and all the patricians of the borough—Sir Simon and Lady Digges, Sir John and Lady Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Watkyns, Bennet, Morris, Green, &c. &c. Glancing at intervals towards the door in case it should be necessary to disengage herself from the surrounding grouse, in order to welcome some new arrival possessing equal claims to distinction, Mrs. Grayson Blondville witnessed the gratified banker's entrance, and with considerable difficulty restrained the feelings of anger and mortification which his undesired appearance produced. A broad smile upon his shining face, an evident inclination, scarcely to be repressed, to bow round to the company, and above all those frightful yellow gloves glazing in the lamp light, it was too horrifying and gave so cruel a shock to the fastidious delicacy of a fine lady that in

the first impulse of disgust she had very nearly dispatched a footman with orders to enforce the intruder's immediate departure. A moment's consideration happily prevented a measure so incompatible with the calm dignity which Mrs. Blondville piqued herself on displaying upon all trying occasions, her quick perception instantly detected the nature of the joke which had been played upon both parties, the author was more difficult to guess, it might be one of the smiling crowd whose adulatory homage she was at that instant receiving; a vulgar device of Sir Simon Digges', or of odious Mrs. Green to disturb the equanimity of temper which she deemed the distinguishing mark of a gentlewoman.

" Mistress of herself though China fall."

Timely recollections of the sneers in which she had indulged upon a nearly similar occasion at the expense of her friend Mrs. Watkyns came to her aid, the select assembly were spared a scene and Mr. Webster was saved from an ignominious dismissal. But though permitting the suggestions of prudence to stem the tide of indignation, no apprehension of making an enemy could prevail upon the lady to treat her uninvited guest with the slightest shew of civility. The banker nervously anxious to pay his respects to the mistress of the mansion, edged his way through the crowd apologizing on all sides for the trouble he gave, but pushing forward until he arrived at the spot on which she stood in all her glory. A cold haughty half inclination of the head cutting short a most complimentary effusion was the sole return vouchsafed—abashed he fell back, marvelling at this unexpected rebuff, and half resolved to make his exit in a rage. Reflecting however that this would be to avenge the indignity upon himself, he wisely, if not magnanimously determined to secure all the advantages which the mere circumstance of having been seen at so elegant a party could not fail to bestow. For some time the gentleman's situation was exceedingly forlorn being in the habit of frequenting, or as Sir Simon Digges expressed it, of infesting, public dinners, he had a bowing acquaintance with many of the gentlemen—he ventured greater familiarity with those who banked at the firm, but even the persons who condescended to return his salutations plainly shewed that they were keeping aloof in order to note his reception from the higher powers, before they committed themselves by any extraordinary act of civility. The ladies were still more unapproachable. Aware of the etiquette which obliged him to await a recognition before he could be entitled to address those to whom he was only slightly known, he vainly endeavoured to appropriate to himself the faintest inclination of the head, the most distant at-

tempt at a smile. Lady Digges looked all ways rather than meet his eye, Mrs. Watkyns stared him in the face with an imperturbable countenance, and others imitating her courageous insolence, after surveying him from head to foot dropped their glasses with the easy indifference of perfect strangers. There was one only, an elegant girl who recollecting his features, remembered also the politeness which induced him to lead her bare headed, and in the rain to her carriage, after cashing a draft which the head clerk had pronounced to be informal, and did not think it beneath her dignity to bow to his appealing glance. A happy opening the banker thought, but his vanity deceived him; hovering near this fair patroness, to his great satisfaction he perceived her sitting quite alone just before the commencement of a quadrille, and chose the auspicious moment to ask her to dance, she was engaged—for the next set—the next—and the next after that—there was no hope for the crest-fallen candidate, and he withdrew into an adjoining apartment, and amused himself as best he could with rapping his fingers with his fan. The lucky purchase of that pretty implement turned the tide of fortune in his favour, Mr. Grayson Blondeville, a most urbane gentlemanly person, who would not have been guilty of an act of rudeness to a turnspit, now just espied the solitary stranger. Though rather surprized at seeing so mere a *parvenu* basking in the lamp light of his wife's drawing room; as no opportunity of learning her horror at the banker's unexpected intrusion had offered itself, he concluded that there were some good and sufficient reasons for his appearance and became kindly anxious to put him at his ease. Something more than a mere bow on a sentence *en passant* he thought was due to a person who seemed to be so completely alone in the crowd, yet he shrank from the idea of becoming his sole entertainer. Happily Mr. Blondeville's eye caught the fan, the banker no doubt had been dancing and would like to dance again, and a task disagreeable to himself would be performed by the partner to whom he should introduce him. The overture to this effect was eminently successful. Mr. Webster was perfectly disengaged, would be most happy to dance with any lady, and by another stroke of good fortune a lady was found equally willing to dance with him. An unadvised dowager had encumbered herself with five sisters, at this ball, the girls were neither ugly nor ill dressed, but they were not striking and they were strangers, and Mrs. Grayson Blondeville being too much engaged with her noble guests to attend to minor points, they stood a fair chance of being overlooked. Mr. Blondeville after having with some difficulty provided partners for four discovered to his utter consternation that the neglected fifth had not danced at all, here was an opportunity of repairing

his neglect, the young lady reviving from a fit of the sullen at the prospect of a beau, received Mr. Webster with gratifying complacency, and the lucky adventurer soon found himself enacting *Le Cavalier seul* vis à vis to Lord Munsterhaven and conducting the honourable Miss Trevyllian in the *avant*. Fortunately also there was always a demand for partners in the family and when he had danced with five of the Misses Ormby his earliest acquaintance was quite ready to dance with him again—nor did his good fortune end here—a lucky incident occurred at supper. The crowding and jostling for place so disgraceful to any refined society, was carried on at the borough in so outrageous a manner, that it became necessary in large parties to take proper measures to secure for the persons entitled to precedence the full enjoyment of their rights. Mr. Grayson Blondeville invariably carried the key of the supper room door in his pocket, and admitted the lady he conducted with his own hand. Upon this important occasion however it was deemed expedient to make a more efficient arrangement. Two apartments on the ground floor opening into each other, were appropriated to the supper tables, one of these leading to a conservatory which communicated with the garden was intended for the reception of the superior order of guests and a covered passage had been constructed across a part of the garden for their accommodation by a series of manœuvres which would have done credit to a military commander, Mrs. Blondeville contrived to assemble the favoured number in a small boudoir furnished with a door close to the back stair whence the company could descend to the scene of action, and happily achieving her object, she managed to have the party comfortably seated before the rush in the ball room commenced. It happened that Mr. Webster and his partner were in the house keeper's room at the time, the young lady had torn a part of her dress and was obliged to seek the aid of the female domestics, the gallant banker of course attending. The dress being put in order and the flounces sewn up, the smiling pair encountered the last couple of exclusives defiling from the back stairs, and not aware of the scheme which had been laid to prevent the intrusion of less dignified personages joined the train, obtained admittance to the sacred precincts, and snugly ensconced themselves in chairs at the bottom of the table. In another moment a servant threw open a pair of folding doors, exhibiting the glorious bustle din and confusion which reigned within the adjoining apartment. My Lady Digges had been either purposely or inadvertently left out of the select party, and being ignorant of the precautions which had been taken to prevent the usurpation of the upper seats by unprivileged visitors, as usual attempted to take the lead; not perceiving that

she was left to jostle with folks of little note. While pressing forward to secure a chair as near as possible to Lady Alven-down, a contest ensued in which she sustained a signal defeat. There unfortunately was present a Lady Hodges, who according to the laws of the red book was entitled to precedence, inasmuch as her husband had been knighted several years before Sir Simon Digges had attained that honour—hers was therefore the most ancient title of the two; but Sir John Hodges had obtained the fortune on which he had retired from business in a low vulgar way; originally as the proprietor of a refail shop, and Lady Hodges in her younger days had been seen to stand behind a counter, she was moreover coarse and masculine in her appearance, totally uneducated and excessively ill bred. Now Sir Simon Digges had entered into life in a less exceptionable capacity, having held a small post under government, and was at this period the proprietor of large estates in the West Indies bequeathed by a distant relation, consequently he considered himself to be very highly exalted above his brother knight, and took infinite pains to assert his claims to superiority, a point which Sir John, good easy man, would not perhaps have disputed, but Lady Hodges, his more than better half, possessed a loftier spirit; she assured all her friends that she was determined “to stick up for her just rights and had no idear of submitting to the airs of them Digges.” In pursuing this doughty resolution, she seized every opportunity of entering the lists with her haughty antagonist, and upon this memorable evening came off with flying colours. She had kept a watchful eye the whole night upon Lady Digges, and the instant that there was a movement towards the supper room, she strode forward, bearing down by sheer weight of metal all who attempted to oppose her progress, thus diligent she soon arrived at the spot where Lady Digges was pushing her way to the door, thrusting her aside with a sharp movement of the elbow, she prevented her from making any farther exertion by treading not altogether accidentally upon her foot, and having most effectually gained her object, swept on in triumph—Lady Digges in pausing to replace her slipper and to recover from the pain inflicted by a personage who carried fourteen stone and a half, completely lost ground, she was the last to enter the supper room, and her mortification was completed by the discovery that she had engaged in a scuffle with an insolent vulgar woman in striving to gain the wrong door. In high indignation she stalked round the lower table, and scarcely could refrain from expressing her displeasure upon finding that no seat had been reserved for her at the upper board. Fanning herself in restless vexation she took up a position immediately behind Mr. Webster’s chair. It was the bank-

ers interest to make friends, to conciliate the great people of the town, and though he felt deeply aggrieved by the indirect cut he had received from Lady Digges, a glorious opportunity now offered to establish himself in her favour, and stifling the revengeful feelings which prompted a retort, he arose and offered the lady a seat. The courtesy was most gratefully most thankfully accepted—Lady Digges possessed an unhappy propensity to blunder, and was in continual dread of lectures from her husband, who attributed every discomfiture she sustained to her inability to support her dignity—overlooking the danger of receiving a reproof by making herself too amiable to the despised banker, she gave way to the overflowings of her joy at being so unexpectedly relieved from her difficulties—permitted Mr. Webster to perform the part of *cavalier serventi* behind her chair, drank champagne with him, divided a bunch of grapes with him, allowed him to take charge of her shawl, and in short treated him as an equal. Henceforward all was sunshine, the Misses Ormsby having a little journey before them were obliged to depart immediately after supper, but with Lady Digges on his arm the banker returned triumphantly into the ball room. There was no want of partners now, Lady Digges introduced her conductor to a friend, that friend to another, he solicited a third and was not refused, so that when the lamps began to twinkle and the musicians' weary arms waxed faint, Mrs. Grayson Blondville fatigued with all her exertions, the last compliment paid and the last great person departed, still saw the haunting demon of the night, the indefatigable Mr. Webster dancing with undiminished vigour, encouraged to make himself agreeable, enjoying and entering into the spirit of the evening, calling out to the nodding fiddlers "faster faster" twirling his partner with an extra round in the moulinet, and beating up for recruits for a new quadrille. At last, and with the last he made his bow, the exuberance of his gaiety a little damped by the chilling aspect and haughty brow of the hostess who looked daggers at him as he approached to take leave. These frowns however came too late to destroy the happiness he had enjoyed, and he walked off much delighted with his evening's entertainment.

TO *****.

I.

When, blessing me, the vision comes
 Of thy angelic face,
 When a sweet fairy form assumes
 The image of thy grace,
 Forgive me, that I do not bid
 The lovely dream depart,
 Nor blush; for, lady, it is hid
 In silence, and my heart.

II.

That I adore thee, shall not shame
 Thee, should it not delight;
 For men who love may raise thy fame,
 And maids, who envy, slight,
 Yet will I be as silent as
 The patriot on the rack,—
 The mastered current shall not pause
 Nor to its source rush back.

III.

Let me but near thy beauty move,
 And gaze to make me blessed,
 No outward sign shall tell my love,—
 My heart shall *seem* at rest
 While every look, and every tone,—
 Becoming part of me,—
 My mind shall treasure, till alone
 I seem to sit by thee.

IV.

Oh grant me *then*. in solitude,
 Thy beauteous form to trace,
 Where none can listen, none intrude,
 To *think* upon thy face:
 For, if my fancy must not be
 With thy sweet presence fraught.
 Heaven, lady, must, as stern as thee,—
 Resume the power of thought,

SOMETHING FROM WAMBA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have perused your number eight, and, after I have expended upon it a few morsels of rational criticism, I shall rejoice you with a morcean for number ten (as for *me* to give a monthly feed to that over-grown, peevish, and epicene enfant gatè, the public, would be a mere wasting of my intellectual pearls,—wherefore I shall throw them before it only six or seven times in the course of this earth's revolution about the sun) in order to glad the eyes, and perhaps titivate the midriff of each recreant Subscriber. By the bye (now that you have existed long enough to enable you to form so delicate an estimate) do the mere "half batta" people pay as punctually and as much as *we* do; or do you resolve the difficulty, begotten by defalcation, by giving *them* copies containing but *half* the quantity with which their betters are furnished? I have, at this distant day, a minutely distinct (not to say a microscopical) remembrance of having, myself, made a practical application of some such excellent theory as that, towards an old woman who was wont to supply the microcosm of Addiscombe with six-penny tartlets, in the time of my Cadethood. That blissful time of life, when I had to polish my own shoes in the coldest of mornings and the dampest of rooms, I rejoice to think is over; for I would rather have it to cast a lingering look behind to — to peep at Mistress-Lot-wise—as the green spot on memory's waste (not that I waste much memory upon it, however!) than to be starting from it, in times like these, with a vista of five and twenty years to travel through to a Captaincy, — supernumerary often, super-numerary never! But revenous a nos moutons—let us return to our old woman, a tough enough piece of mutton, no doubt. It would appear, all things duly considered, that I had been somewhat behind my time—not in taking the tarts off her hands for legitimate ventral purposes, *but*—in liquidating the amount of the *fore-gone* (and indeed sometimes the *six* gone!) purchases; so that when the withered creature, with that extreme garrulousness which, since the time of Nestor, hath been the handmaid of senility, observed me approach her basket, with a sort of crow's eye bent on the blue and white saucers which contained the salutary manufacture, she thought I had better be clear of the old love, before I came wooing the new, and she accordingly emitted a vox (brought with more meaning than the "*prætereā nihil*" of end-commenc-

ing Echo) from the region of her ancient larynx, which, in due time, issued forth of her toothless gums, in some such comprehensible formula as this,—to wit; “you owes me sixpence, already, mister ——.” To a Cadet *without* a sixpence there was nothing remarkably exhilarating in that sort of retrospection,—that d—d ripping up of cicatrized sores of which *some* tradespeople are so fond—for it had, at the first blush (which *did* come into my conscious cheek) the ugly appearance of a prohibitory duty on the present imports, now fast disappearing in the cavernous jaws of the Cadets who had paid up. There were, at the critical moment now before the reader, but two tarts left, and over *them* was standing a Cadet of the Fourth, the very lowest, class—a race who might be individually backed or bellied either, for the matter of that, to eat against an Ostrich—with about the two-mouthful fragment of what *had* been the plumpest of tartlets, in his hand; and I knew the ignoble wretch had a “splendid shilling” which would just have *done* for the remaining stock, while I farther knew that he *meant* to do for them, as “his great revenge had stomach for them both.” The crisis approached; the Fourth Class Cadet was at the “last scene of all;” the tarts were of gooseberry, juiciest of fruit, and was I to be such a gooseberry fool (merely because Oliver Goldsmith made himself one before me) as to passively behold the last vestige of that day’s baking go down the wolfish throat of a sensual wretch two Classes beneath me? No! whatever common *justice* might have argued, common *sense* vociferated,

“I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,”

to the mastication of the same tusks (for they could be no *human* teeth) which ground thy sappy brethren. “Go sleep thou with *them*” was any thing but my advice, and I made up my courage to the rescue of the “last of the Mohicans.” To tell God’s truth I had not feasted on any food more epicurean than brown bread and water, and none to spare of *that*, for the twenty-four hours which had just passed away,—with me in the Black Hole, too, where deuce the flower is there for “Time’s foot to tread” withal;—and though I had borne it like a *man*, after the example of Macduff, I had also (*more suo*) felt it like a man, and the sight and odour of the luscious “sixpennies” made me now feel it something like a jackall. “You owes me for the last,” said the old woman, somewhat *tartly*, as was her vocation, on seeing my courage fast rising to the sticking place. “Do I,” said I, affecting to think, for a moment, on the subject, “so I re-al-ly believe I do;—then I’ll take *this* one, which will make us even!!” The action was suited, auspice Hamlet, to the word.

I had then much more of the facial brass than I have at this time of day, and went through the necessary forms with a perfect air of the most satisfied calculation. As yet the march of intellect had not ("when George the Third was King") overtaken the aged tart-woman—she had had too far the start of it!—and the Fourth Class Cadet was no deacon at arithmetic. In a word, the senescent retailer was conglomerated; she felt convinced I *was* right, though the totally unexpected nature of the proposition had so confused her reasoning faculties that she could not explain to herself precisely *how*,—the *quomodo* was too much for her,—and the Fourth Class Cadet, who had previously grappled with the twin of *my* saucer-ful, and paid for his enjoyment with the moiety of his shilling, now less splendid by half than it was when I first made mention of it, was but little able to make the matter clear to her. Our pair of empty vessels having been duly deposited in the cleanly towelled basket, the vendress departed, deeply ruminating upon whether she had lost a sixpence or gained one, and certainly never dreaming that, as a Scotchman would say, I was "due her" a shilling.* I am not quite prepared to say (and as I am no hand at an extempore, I beg you will not ask me) what all this has to do with the *Calcutta Magazine*, but, lord bless you, man! any thing is good enough for an up-country Subscriber, at the close of the "Rains," and the people at the Presidencies may skip* it if they like;—albeit if a Member of Council, or a Finance Committee man, should happily gather from its unobtrusive moral, how *half batta* persons *may* be imposed upon, the design of this short sketch will (in the impressive language of modern Prefaces) be abundantly attained; and the author more than recompensed for the labour and study he has devoted to the subject.

Now for the promised criticism on your Number eight. First article by a Royal Middy, very good indeed, for a "Youngster". Spiritedly told, and not too much of it; while the Yankee Captain had poetic justice, and the Middy, I hope, many a valuable prize! "India, written at Sea;"—humph,—a good *beginning* and *middle*, like an epic, but the author must have felt qualmish towards the *end*, and probably was in a hurry to get to the ship's side. The idea of humour is in him, however, and he will do better next time. "The greatest happiness Principle;"—subject all my eye and Elizabeth Martin. Let every one be as happy as he can, after his own principle. All the theories in the world would not make

* I made it good to her the ensuing week, and the Fourth Class Cadet was reported "dead," soon after his arrival in India, of an imprudence over a Curatunda Dumpling;—his ruling passion having over-ruled him at last!

me happier than I was when I had tasted the first mouthful of that captured tart ; and as to mental happiness, *that* is neither to be created nor reduced by any dissertation. "Deliberate Stanzas to the Moon." I quite concur in the judgments already passed upon that production by the Editors of the *Bengal Hurkaru* and the *Government Gazette*. Really those writers are, sometimes, quite infallible. The article is excellent. But what the deuce does the author mean by the "Cow's *pimping* over the moon?" Is he at one of his nasty Dublin tenders again, as Mrs. R. has *double entendres*, or is it possible that *he* had "*jump'd* over the moon," and that your Printer improved upon it, according to his own ideas of the "course of true love?" *Sceleratissimus*!—that is to say, excellent Mr. Printer, cannot you permit an author to arrange his own thoughts after his own fashion, and not be adulterating the pure "coinage of his brain" with your own base metal, *maleficus*—that is to say, my good Sir?

Happy the author whose behoof
Springs from correcting his own proof!
But hapless he who, far aloof
From Printer's bower;

On Press Correctors must rely,
(Or in-Correctors, by the bye,)
Who make his wit, or pathos, fly
With ten-ass power!

I pray of you not to imagine for an instant, *execratissimus* (which is to say, benevolent Mr. Printer) that the foregoing free translation of your favorite, Horace, is rendered with the least idea of personality towards *you*; and as to the Corrector of the Press, may he live long!—*detestissimus*, which is, *best* of Correctors—if it be only to yield him time to amend his errors, and put inverted commas, lines, stops, capitals, and notes of admiration, once more into their proper manuscript positions, whence he appears to me to eject them as summarily and right-about-ish as the Duke of Wellington does Mr. Huskisson! "Stanzas from the Persian:"—not amiss on the whole, but did any Persian tell him to rhyme *gem* and *talisman* together? "Mahratta Feeling:"—that, like the greatest happiness principle, is rather Elizabeth Martinish, than otherwise, as touching the instance; but the relation is very good, and the thing will *take* in London, where people may imagine that Mahrattinees *have* feeling so mighty sentimental! "Catherine Maceva;"—not much of a go. The author speaks of fashions long, long exploded, and thus his wit is naught, like the Courtier's honor in "As You Like It." What woman goes bare now? Bare! by all that is matrimonial, the quantity of material for a dress of

these days is enough to ruin a Judge of Circuit! "The Enchanted Mount:" well told that; very well told. The interest is sustained, and the spirit of the tale not permitted to evaporate. He is a good contributor, but it is "great pity, so it is," that he should have been born or educated within the sound of Bow Bells. He need not deny it, for the inference is irresistible from such rhymes as *scorn*, and *gone*; *born*, *Khan*; and *torn*, *Khan*; for it is quite true, what Blackwood long ago observed, that there is an immutable law of nature, which renders the proper pronunciation, by all such natives, of the letter *R*, impracticable. "Canons of Criticism:" "Editorial Notes;" "On versification." All three of them stuff, Sir, mere stuff. People will keep their own original opinions, if you both wrote till the crack of doom, and the sweet and fair Poetess shall continue to flourish as if this Magazine, and all that therein is, had never known existence. The *subject*, though, is an interesting one—I mean that of proper criticism, and true genius—and I shall be glad to see any thing farther *good* that any of you can write about it. "An Original Poem by L. E. L."—just what a Poem of her's always is—all fresh and dripping from Hippocrene. The minor articles are good, in their way;—"short and sweet like a Jackass's canter," or even, it may be, like the anble of Pegasus, but not calling for any separate review, though very creditable to the medium through which they are conveyed to that Snob the Public. Now for my own poetic brew for Number ten, and thereby hangs a tale as to its origin. "You *must* know," then, as every proser sets off by declaring, that a friend, rather softer about the heart than the run of one's friends are, was fairly jilted at a public ball one night, by a young devil (for they then cease to be angels!) of the age of seventeen, and as pretty and fascinating as a girl must needs be, to have the necessary appliances and means *for* jilting. He was decidedly down in the mouth, was this same friend of mine, and talked rather solemnly, at first, of guns and wounds—God save the mark!—and, like "Major Macpherson," even ruminated on a razor. Tut man, said I, that is the very thing she has set her heart (at least all the heart she has) upon your doing; and why should you give the little minx the triumph? I'll tell you what you'll do, my boy (my *boy*, however, had bidden adieu to thirty!) you should turn the tables on her, by making the world believe that you were "before her in the market," and that, in point of date and fact, it is *you* who have jilted *her*." The love-lorn brightened up, and, to make short of the matter, I composed for him the following; which had the natural effect of taming the beloved; and the end was that she threw out encouragement to "lure her tassel-gentle back,

again ;" and they, were regularly spliced, and *she* has turned out a perfect angel of a wife ; *he* is as happy as a husband well can be, taking him all in all ; and they have both permitted me (to whom they feel tremendously grateful, as in duty bound) to send you the composition which wrought so many marvels ;— in the charitable hope that it may be as useful to others who are similarly situated, as it was to them in their time of trouble.

Your's, &c.

August 18th, 1830.

WAMBA.

FAREWELL TO A JILT.

" Our last was even as our first,—light, volatile, and vain ;
The dance was done, the song was sung ;—we never met again.
There was little to remember, and nothing to regret ;
Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the coquette.

'Twas of youth's fairy follies, by which no shade is cast,
One of its airy vanities, and like them it hath past ;—
'Then a fair good night to thee, love, a fair good night the while ;
I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile."

L. E. L.

Adieu ! Adieu !—as lightly flies
The bird from off the careless finger,
I go, and leave those starry eyes,
Beneath whose ray I lov'd to linger.
Lov'd, fairest !—mark the word I use,
It speaks the past,—what now my love is ;
And (taught by thee) when next I choose,
It wont be *quite* so like a novice !

Your every look I once believ'd,
Your smile enraptur'd me,—I own it ;
And though I find myself deceiv'd,
I'm not the mortal to bemoan it.
Those hazel eyes were not the less
Bewitching when I *thought* them purer ;
And when thy lips I us'd to press,
No faith could make their sweetness surer.

When to my heart I clasp'd thy form,
Graceful, and tall, and sweetly rounded :
Thy cheek was just as flush'd and warm,
As though thy love was soothly founded.
I lost but little while I lov'd,
For all I ask'd thy bounty gave me ;
And since thy wanton heart hath rov'd,
Heaven knows how much the change may save me !

Could I thy frailness have foreseen,
 How much of rapture it had lost me !
 And since I know how light thou'st been.
 What little grief the fact hath cost me !
 Forewarn'd, I might have spurn'd thy kiss,
 (Where falsehood's known, we must despise her)
 But then, where ignorance is bliss,
 You know 'tis folly to be wiser !
 I do remember when I thought
 Thou wert without an earthly equal ;
 And wonder'd even if heaven had aught
 So pure and bright ;—but, mark the sequel !—
 No sooner did'st thou send me forth,
 A bird of promise ! by thy lightness,
 Than I found eyes and kisses worth
 A host of thine in warmth and brightness.
 And yet I think thy half-fond heart
 Look'd from its ark for my returning,
 And sigh'd to see me thence depart,
 (Though not the sigh of deepest mourning !)
 If so, *thou* wert—not *I*—the dupe,
 And he who now thy—heart?—possesses,
 May feel secure ;—*I* may not stoop
 To clasp the form which *he* caresses.
 Like the gay bee, I little care
 What insect lights upon the blossom,
 When I have had my revel there,
 And cull'd the honey from its bosom.
 The flower that opes its wanton breast,
 For every grub its charms to rifle,
 May *have* been sweet, when first possess'd,
 But after that the joy's a trifle !
 You see, then, sometime love of mine !
 My breast hath more of bliss than aching ;
 And though I've lost that heart of thine,
 My own is very far from breaking.
 Thy smiles were sweet, but smiles *as* sweet
 Have beam'd on me, since last *they* warm'd me :
 Thy voice for heaven's own choir seem'd meet,
 But later tones as much have charm'd me :
 And I have toy'd with beauteous lips,
 Since last *thy* balmy pair I press'd ;
 And cheeks *thy* cheek could not eclipse,
 Have lain as fondly on my breast :
 And hands as soft and small as thine, —
More soft and small they scarce could be, —
 Have often thrill'd with love in mine,
 As mine have thrill'd when touch'd by thee.

I would not have my soul forget,
 The wild delight which thou imparted ;—
 Enough, it pines not with regret,
 And feels as fresh as when it started !
 Memory of pleasure's far too dear,
 For me to madly wish it flown,
 Since I can dwell, without a tear,
 On times when thou wast all my own.
 It grieves me not that thou'rt away,
 I still can think on what thou'st *been* ;
 Nor boots it that thou *art* to day,
 A flower whose bloom's no longer seen,
 The mantling wine that bath'd my soul,
 When last I pledg'd thee, freshly now
 Warms my remembrance, though the bowl
 Has long been ruin'd—thus dost thou !
 And wine, since that, my lips hath wet,—
 As costly and as fragrant wine,
 But *it* my soul doth not forget,
 Nor those impassion'd looks of thine.
 Yet I to eyes as fond may drink,—
 Have drunk,—and looks, as warm, to me
 Have stray'd, and I have touch'd the brink,
 Where lips like thine have tempted me.
 Am I to fret my life away,
 Because *one* beauty broke her vow ?—
 And, lady ! sooth 'twere hard to say,
 Who was *most* faithless—I, or thou !
 At least it would be scarcely fair
 In me to cast th' avenging stone ;—
 My heart, alas ! can witness bear
 Thine did not recreant prove alone !
 If other hearts were press'd to thine,
 If other arms around *thee* clung ;
 Trust me, thou art not so divine,
 As some round whom my arms were flung.
 If others breath'd soft vows to thee,
 (Deeming no lips had been before them !)
 Oh ! words of love have fallen on me,
 As pure as though a seraph bore them.
 Not purer than I fancied those,
 Which from *thy* pearly mouth were won ;
 But give me still the newest rose,—
 To others that whose sweets have gone.
 So fare thee well !—thou once belov'd,
 A fairer breast makes now my heaven :
 Thou stray'd from *me*—from thee I rov'd—
 Were ever JILT and FOX so even !

REGAL REVENGE, OR THE CATS OF RY.

"Plays such fantastic tricks."

(TAKEN FROM THE SHAH NAMEH.)

Since every one has heard, or at least ought to have heard, of the rebellion of **BIRAM CHOBEEN** who caused thereby the death of the good King **HOORMUZZ** of Persia, and the flight into **ROOM** of his gay Son and Successor **KHISROO PORWEEZ**, we need not dwell on the subject. Suffice it to say that **Biram** had met his deserts in the shape of a dagger, when, one night, that, **Khisroo** was drinking wine with a party of Nobles and Sages, a goblet unhappily attracted his eye, on which was engraved the hated name of **Biram**. Forthwith, the King commanded the cup to be tost out of the palace; and his companions, taking the hint, began to utter curses, not only on the memory of the Rebel, but on the goblet, and the Page who had brought it to table. **Khisroo**, reflecting that **Biram** was beyond his reach, resolved to vent his wrath on the City of **RY**, (the Pages of the Book of Tobit) which boasted the unfortunate honour of being **Biram's** place of birth. His first intention was to turn all the inhabitants out of the City and to render its streets a wilderness, but his Prime Minister suggested that the city was a large one, and that Providence might not be conformable, if the **SHAH** essayed to pound the streets beneath the feet of his war Elephants. **Khisroo** meditated a space and then said, "I will send some low-born, ignorant, abusive person to rule for a time over this city of **Ry**." The Minister answered he would endeavour to find such a man for the great King. "Let this new Governor,"—replied the Shah—"be very talkative and unfortunate; let him have red hair, a mean appearance, a crooked nose, and a pallid face; let his thoughts be evil, his perception weak, and his heart be fretful; let him be a blockhead, a tyrant, and a liar; let his green eyes squint; and let his teeth be thin and long; and when he walks, let his gait be crooked like a Wolf's!"

As the King spake thus, the nobles were lost in wonder at his fancy, and each lent his aid in searching the world to discover the amiable and accomplished Governor the King required. At last, a man was discovered on the high road, whose appearance set the whole country in a roar of laughter, and who was instantly led into **Khisroo's** presence. "What knowest thou," said the King to him, "of evil thoughts, and evil deeds?" The

man replied, "I never cease doing evil, and wisdom is unknown to me. I always act contrary to what I profess, and I am a source of misery to all who approach me! I am composed of falsehood and I shan truth. I never keep my word, and I destroy and ruin every man of honourable feeling." The Shah immediately ordered a patent to be given him of the city of Ry, whither he sent him with troops conformable. As soon as the Governor reached Ry, his first order was to destroy all the drains on the tops of the houses, and his second to kill all the Cats, under penalty of fire and sword to the disobedient. Whoever had a DIREM, it was taken from him, until the inhabitants deserted their dwellings in despair. When the rains came, the houses were destroyed for want of drains, and the sun shone through the ruins on the unhappy inhabitants who were left, over-run with vermin for want of a Cat! The city of Ry was filled with weeping and wailing, and Khisroo's revenge was complete. But, now the vernal month of FOVERDEEN arrived, when roses adorn the castle, when the clouds weep joyous tears of dew, and the hills and plains are rife with tulips. The slopes of the mountains, spotted with bright tufts of flowers showed like the skins of Leopards, and the ground gleamed like satin from Constantinople! The sheep and the antelopes danced over the hillocks, and pigeons washed their feathers amid the fountains in the Royal Gardens! In short, it was spring, and Khisroo ordered his attendants to breathe the trumpets, and to fetch trays of aromatics, and sitting with his friends on the green grass, each made himself as happy as the nature of this transitory world allows! While in this merry state, a person came in haste from Ry to GOORDIYA and told her of the miserable state of that much enduring city. Now, Goordiya, though she was the sister of Biram Chobeen, had been married by Khisroo, who deemed with Romeo that a fair face might supersede the wrath of a family feud. Goordiya grew sad on learning the state of Ry, and pondering how she might remedy the evil, she dressed a Kitten like a child, and fastened it on a house which shone with trappings of gold and gems! Ear-rings swung from its ears, and tulips concealed its nails; its face was black, and its eyes seemed inflamed with liquor like those of a Drunkard with a headache: and thus it galloped about the garden, the golden furniture and saddle cloth flying loose in the wind! Loud laughed the Shah; and his friends most obediently laughed too; and Khisroo exclaimed to the fair Lady, "ask what thou wilt, and take thy wish!" Goordiya bowed to the earth, and cried, "oh mighty King, give me the city of Ry, and recal the evil man you have sent to rule over it, who has killed all the Cats, and destroyed all the drains!"

Again the King laughed, as he answered, "oh Lady, whose beauty would destroy armies, thine is Ry and its inhabitants! Depute a virtuous Governor, and recal that evil man, whose thoughts and actions are as detestable as those of ARIMANIOS himself!"

S. V. V.

A MASONIC HYMN.

I.

How sacred is the mystic Craft,
That e'en in distant lands
With links of true fraternal love
Can join opposing hands.

II.

The blood-red arm of ruthless war,
As struck by spell divine,
Falls nerveless as a child's before
'The Mason's secret sign.

III.

He finds 'mid foreign crowds a friend,
A home 'neath every sky,
His countless brethren ne'er disdain
Their kindred, nor deny.

IV.

For that vast family are taught
To form one social band,
And bear the unbroken ties of love
To earth's remotest land.

V.

No narrow bounds of creed or clime
Of language or of hue
Contract the Mason's sympathies
When suffering brethren sue.

VI.

To all alike, in weal or woe,
A brother's smile is shown,
Whose hearts the same great father love,
'The same Great Master own.

VII.

To one celestial Architect,
Ascends the general prayer,
To live within the compasses,
And act upon the square!

A DAY AT MILAN.

A TALE.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum,
Innumerae cultæque domus, facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti."

Thus in the fourth century wrote Ausonius when, enumerating notable cities, he gave to Milan the fifth place in the series where Rome held the first;* nor deemed he the celebrity of the former overwhelmed by the vicinity of the †seven hills. To-day an equal admiration may be extended to the modern city that has la Scala for its theatre and il Duomo for its church; and the traveller in Milan may be arrested at every turn by some graceful palace, or lofty institution: But for the eloquent spirit of its sons, the "facunda virorum ingenia" he will search in vain, or if he find it, it shall be only displayed in the happy harmony of sound, and degraded in the tinsel splendour of a Ballet. For the Teutonic despot scarcely less hostile to the advancement of knowledge, than his ancestors were fatal to its existence, and taught, by the example of France that all is not wisdom which assumes her divine resemblance rejects the goddess with the impostor; and so, while the tree of knowledge is guarded by a double-edged sword that turns every way, the youth of Lombardy can only there be instructed in German Schools, safe from the infection of every dangerous science, and its old and young men can only read such works as the jealous censorship of the Government will permit to rise among themselves, or to pass over the Alps. Nevertheless, and in spite of this, the sun shines not on a gayer spot than Milan during the carnival. Then its every theatre from the magnificent Scala to the obscure Carcano teems with joyous mortals careful only to find pleasure; the "mores læti" are still there. Folly never wears his cap more gracefully; and, if the Milanese be slaves, they dance too lightly in their chains to

* Prima urbes inter, Divum domus, surra Roma.

Ausonii ordo nobilium urbium.

† ——— nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Idem.

make them clank. Then too each house, festive at least once a week, opens its doors to the *conversazione*; when the fairest pant in the waltz, and animated, but not confused by its motion breathe:—

* “——— language a Sappho’s own lip might resound
When she warbled her best,”

while, as they float on, each pair of eyes becomes a circle of light. But the sublimity of tomfoolery is behind. For the Milanese dreading the stern discipline of lent, and skilled to bring some note from every bell on Folly’s cap, parade the streets, in masquerade, three days anterior to that rigid season; and the carnival closes with the extravagance of mirth. Wives, and daughters,—as many as may,—seated in their carriages more slowly in long lines; or at some exposed window maintain an amorous war with their lovers, each party being armed with pellets of lime and water, which they throw from wooden spoons; while the gallant youths express the warmth of their passion by the ardour of their attack. Nor are they in the carriages free from danger; knights armed *cap-à-pie* carry munitions of war in hamper-like holsters, and urge the flying pellet against the open window of every carriage; nor do ominous masks of dogs and monkey forget their *habits*. Combat rages on every side, “*ardetque viris concurrere vergo*,” and she, who never

“Set at nought
The frivolous bolt of cupid,”

bears the brunt of hosts. Then too may be seen rivals with mutual good-will united against some fatal beauty, another Penelope, who, while the wide Ulysses is wandering through other regions, compensates for her more yielding moments by the vigour of her defence on the present occasion.

Such are the “*mores læti*” of modern Milan; and such the bright surface of its carnival: intrigue and licentiousness lurk beneath, and in the society of that fair town “the second marriage that corrupts the first” is but too frequent. But let him pause, the favoured native of a sterner land, where his nobler passions find scope and expend themselves in the walks of ambition, and a pure religion is ready, if he will take her hand, to guide him through life—let him pause ere he condemn a people deprived of all natural freedom, who may not love their country,

* The “Leabian Girl” would probably have been ill satisfied with the patois of Milan, than which there is nothing in the shape of Italian more abominable; but in this the higher orders indulge only among themselves, and the stranger, who enjoys dangerous happiness in the society of Milan’s Fairest, hears Tuscan tones worthy another Sappho, “*st* from lips that need never invoke “the deceit weaving daughter of Jove,” for she, in constant alliance, dwells with them. See Sappho’s Hymn to Venus.

A DAY AT MILAN.

or at least cannot serve her as they please and to whom the exercise of every passion is denied, but of vanity, avarice, and love; while a corrupt faith, by false assurances of pardon, justifies vice, and hushes to repose the* female conscience. Yet surely he would do well to investigate, and perhaps to reject those amusements which having passed the Alps lose not all their voluptuousness in his northern climate, and oh infinitely better, if he hesitated to conduct the inexperienced of either sex into the soft vales of Italy there to forget the manners of their fathers and the virtue of their mothers. But to our story.

At Milan a young Englishman during the carnival of 1823 passed from a jeweller's shop in the Piazza della Duomo. It will not do to mention to what street he directed his steps, and where he entered a mansion built round a spacious court in conformity with the style of the best houses there. A woman who was knitting in the porters lodge, contiguous with its lofty gates, smiled when she caught his eye as he bent to pass the wicket in the latter, and a slight blush came over his scarcely manly cheek. For he had not yet lost the alacrity of youth, and it was with a light step very unlike the stately air, which characterizes his more mature countrymen that he sprang up the broad marble stairs leading to the inhabited apartments; the ground-floor being, as is general in Italian houses, devoted to the offices. In the lobby there was no domestic to question him, and in an instant, and breathless with haste he was within the precincts of an elegant saloon. This was artfully darkened and the shade heightened the beauty of a lady who, at his entrance without rising from a sofa, resigned the embroidery, on which she was employed; while it veiled the ravage which time or dissipation had made on the first exquisite bloom of womanhood. Most men know,

"How the pulse throbs when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows,"

and will be at no loss to conceive what a youth of twenty-one felt on seating himself by a beautiful being, who to say sooth seemed nothing loth: can imagine with what sensations of delight he gazed upon the large dark eyes that looked on him with all their soul. If he had cares, they were forgotten, if ties of duty, they were broken; and the past and future were to him

* The convenient lenity of the confessional is to modern Italy what the Priest of Osiris was to ancient Rome, although far more satisfactory as the former yields absolution, while the latter only undertook to propitiate the offended God.

Ille petit veniam quoties non abstinuit uxor, &c. &c. See Juvenal, Satire 6th.

as nothing : his entire existence was concentrated in that one moment, when, as her frame seemed to brighten and her every feature was indicative of pleasure, she drew him closer and closer, until their lips met. "You see" he said, scarcely disengaged, and drawing at the same time a jewel from his bosom, "You see," he said, "your necklace is repaired, but do not say that I broke it." The lady had scarcely time to reply "there is not room to believe otherwise," when a heavy foot on the marble stairs sounded through the lobby, and the exclamation "O Dio che sara di noi" burst from her lips. The truth was that she imagined the intruder to be her husband returned suddenly from Brescia ; but her agitation was soon overcome as we shall presently see. The youth awaited quietly the result, for whatever were his faults want of nerve was not one. He was not long kept in suspense. Before the exclamation of the Countess (for such she was) had ceased to vibrate on his ear, an old gentleman entered, and was immediately caught in the lady's embrace, whose emotion became her amazingly, as she said *mio padre* tell me how you have come, and why you came not sooner ! Then with the sweetest smile in the world she introduced our hero as the Count's particular friend.

The old gentleman soon displayed a liking for the youth, whose lively conversation amused him, and the patience, with which he listened to stories against the English won his heart. For the Italian, incredulous of any thing better in human nature than that which he had witnessed all his life, took especial pleasure in relating any incident or mentioning any institution, which went to prove his favourite theories ; and, as the habits, and free constitution of the English least accorded with these, while the latter excited his envy, he had with surprising industry sought for every thing that was foul in the one, and corrupt in the other. Besides he had a singular facility in making facts serve his purpose ; and our youth enjoyed him much. Accordingly the old gentleman declared that England could not be free, because no one could go to the Italian Opera there, but in a prescribed dress, in silk stockings and shoes.* And added he, "you abuse the Spaniards for the inquisition :—What do you call your Doctors Commons ?" Our hero looked exceedingly grave, and the Italian imagining his silence to be the result of confusion, proceeded, "Your laws too are so numerous, I hear, that you cannot move or speak without breaking some ; and that in London men get their bread by informing, by catching others in legal quirks. The "*magni delator ami-*

* If the freedom of the British rest on the privilege of entering the King's Theatre in boots and black cravats, they are now free, or were in 1826 and 7. But it was not so formerly.

ci" is very common in your noble England. Besides your statute laws written on parchment would reach round the world: Rome, before the Decemviri framed the twelve tables, had few or no written laws: you will not compare England with Rome, "certainly not," replied the youth: "but you have stretched our laws a little and although they are copious our counsellors and judges being unquestionably of the highest talent and integrity counterbalance the evil". "Bagatella," cried the Italian, "your men of talent cannot avail much, for I understand that those people are the wisest who have nothing to do with your laws." Puzzle-headed people do say awkward things sometimes; and it was so now. The Countess bantered our hero on his confusion and her father exultingly continued: "And what is your freedom? you cannot walk the streets for press-gangs—and your morality? you sell your wives at Smithfield like cows and sheep." "Not the best," said the youth smiling, "and yet we get purchasers, which is a good sign. I wonder where you would find a market for yours?" The latter part of the reply was in an undertone: but it was heard. "Insolente!" cried the Lady. The old gentleman indulged in a long cachination, while the youth looked intelligibly at the former, who smiled forgiveness, and called him "un cattivo." Yet there was some disquietude in the young man's manner, and it evidently increased as the orator proceeded to defend the Italians by traducing the English. "Yes we know that you pride yourselves upon the virtue of your wives, as if with the blue eye and herculean body of the ancient Germans the chastity of their woman had also descended to you; but Lady —— who passed through Milan lately had her cavaliere servente. "Oh impossible" said the youth gently, "certamente" exclaimed the Countess, "No," he rejoined, "you have mistaken some relation for a thing, for which the English language does not afford a term. I will stake my existence you are mistaken (remember gentle reader our hero was but one and twenty if he had lived some months longer in the world he would have held his tongue) "quite mistaken." But the Lady did not think so, and answered "If it be as you say, there is nothing certain:"—while the youth continued, "in the whole circle of my friends there existed no such thing." "Then you must have lived among the cream of society," said the Lady manifestly piqued; "and you have not done well to leave such astonishing virtue." The old gentleman at the same time exclaimed "Bagatella!" At the last observation from the Countess the expression of the youth's face became utterly changed. His cheek turned pale as death, and his lip quivered. And, after striving in vain to resume his good humour, he took leave. The Countess would

have spoken, but her father's presence checked her, and with real anguish she saw the youth depart, for she was unable to fathom the passion that shook him. So, to hide her own emotion, she accused the English of petulance, to the old gentleman; who seemed more ready to believe them to be dupes.

It may be asked perhaps, what gave rise to the sudden emotion, which made the youth forget what was due to his comparisons in consideration of the age of the one and the sex of the other. But we love to tell our stories our own way, and, scarcely hoping that it would be entirely satisfactory, we can furnish no better explanation than that of the following letter; while we take leave to remark: That our hero was an orphan; that his mother died at his birth, and his father shortly after. By which events his infancy had been consigned to the capricious tenderness of a servant. He had never learnt to pray at a mother's knee. The best religion is so taught; for surely that man cannot be good for much who in after life, and absent, shall ever scoff at what a dear mother so taught him. And the dangerous season of youth had been left to the care of guardians, who had not been the more successful because they had been rigidly strict. Some tempers are to be governed by love and some by fear. Our hero was of the former. It may be observed too that the last four months of his life previous to his arrival in Italy had been spent at Paris among English *roues*, whose conversation invariably turned upon horses, women, and religion, and who, although to them the past was as dark as the future, never hesitated to re-argue the evidences of the latter, or to cavil with its precepts, or attempt to disprove it by a jest.*

The letter, to which we alluded ran as follows:—

MY DEAR VILLIERS,—You tell me that the Montagnacs are on the point of starting for Italy. Their passage across the Alps will be certainly safe and speedy: For that odious old woman the aunt carries tons of vinegar in her face; and, if Hannibal had had the misfortune of her company, to her presence alone Livy would have attributed the dissolution of rocks and snows. Do you remember her aspect whenever I approached her niece? Nothing indeed seemed to soften her, but the presence of that lout Rickets, her nephew, who to give the de-

* Were dissipated men, whose lives are the best commentary on their principles the only people who treated religion with indecent levity we might be silent: but they are not; and there are others who may well pardon us for bringing to their recollection the remark of Lord Bacon. That "to leave all reverent and religious compassion towards evils or indignation towards faults, and to turn religion into a comedy or satire; to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance, to intermix scripture and acquirility sometimes in one sentence, is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian and scant becoming the honest regard of a sober man. 'Non est major confusio, quam seri et joci.' There is no greater confusion than the confounding of jest and earnest."—See Bacon's works, his advertisement touching the controversies of the Church of England.

vil his due has the best teeth, and thickest head of any man in England. But I never could endure that man, and am consequently prejudiced. While we were boys he was always recommended to me as an example of steadiness and prudence; and was landed to the skies by his partial friends, who were everlastingly raising thanksgivings, because, born an ass he was not "a wild asses colt," because, forsooth, he was as jog-trot as he was dull. They say his income exceeds five thousand pounds. Alas my first year of self-government (do not smile!) argues ill: I must change my system, or be a beggar at thirty. But perhaps that will be of little consequence. You will wonder at my style. However I cannot bring myself to express what lies heavy at my heart, what, *whenever I do think*, makes my head and pulse throb, and brings pearls of sweat upon my forehead. Yet let me say it. I have not written to Fanny Montague for six weeks. You know my life though short has been too prolific of errors. But never, never, till now did I feel shame.

I have already described Milan, and yet without mentioning a Countess who is ——— But I will see her no more. I will start immediately for Florence; and from thence write to Fanny. I cannot lie, if I could, I might have written before; yet I have lived to disregard my plighted word. What may I yet live to do? Thank heaven no one answers. Burn this!

Your affectionate friend,

HENRY RIVERS.

We have seen how well our hero maintained his resolution. It is most true that he sincerely determined to avoid the perilous beauty of the countess and the flattery of her love; but he judged that he might indulge in one parting interview. The experiment was tried. His plans were altered: he was first tempted to see the commencement of the carnival, and ultimately to witness its close. The equivocal character of his intercourse with the loveliest woman in Milan created no indignation, it rather added to his reputation; and, while he felt himself to be the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other, habit silenced the reproaches of conscience. Thus scarcely alive to his situation, and too young to have learnt that every action unavoidably produces its proper effect, he indulged in the voluptuous license of the place. Nor did one lucid interval dispel even for a moment his felicitous delirium until he was recalled to reflection by the observation of the Countess, which we have recorded and so taught to feel how much he had forfeited.

Then indeed he experienced *an inward blush*; and under the influence of that degrading feeling we find him approaching his Hotel, the Croce di Malta* in the Piazza di S. Sepolcro.

* The Croce di Malta was once the pleasantest Inn in Europe. But it is now no longer kept by the same people. They however have removed to the Grande

There his servant put into his hand a packet, the direction of which written in a well known character added fresh pangs to his remorse, now so evidently expressed on his countenance that his valet hesitated when desired to retire, and on hearing the key turned in the door behind him, ran to communicate his apprehensions to the red-nosed Landlord. But mine host was neither in the dining hall, the stable nor the cellar, and before he could be found the anxious servant was summoned by his master. And so while the former is ascending to his master's apartments at the rate of twelve miles an hour, we will endeavour as hastily to relate what had occurred at the hotel since our hero had left it in the morning. Immediately after his departure, an English carriage had entered the court, round which the Croce di Malta is built, with galleries, that lead to the various apartments, rising one above another, much resembling some of the old Inns still to be found in London.

The carriage contained an old lady, a young lady, a youth, who was "a proper man's picture," a medicine chest and a lap dog, besides the ten thousand etceteræ that every body has and no body uses. After ascertaining, through the medium of the younger lady that they could be accommodated, the party ascended to the first gallery. The loquacious hostess, seeming to shun the ominous eye of the tall thin form in black and grey, and directed her attentions to the more loveable stranger; who might be nineteen or twenty, but it was difficult to judge as her bonnet almost concealed her face, and a travelling dress strove to hide the exquisite symmetry of a form that perhaps was "a thought too tall."—On reaching their apartments the maiden aunt retired with Bijou to her chamber, while the young people sought the drawing room, where the youth taking up his position at the window wondered how his fair cousin could understand the voluble hostess, whose tongue boggled in execrable French or flew through her own native Milanese, until his jealousy was aroused by hearing the latter say, "*Outre les autre Messieurs que je viens de dire, nous avons un Monsieur Anglois, un Monsieur Rivers, un brave jeune homme et bien beau.*" Of this the greater part was unintelligible, but the name was enough to awaken the curiosity of the youth; and that he took no trouble to conceal, as he fixed his heavy blue eye upon the speaker, as if attention could have made up for deficiency of knowledge: but in vain. He might have stared till dooms-day.

Bretagna contradda della Palla. Therefore if any one, by some improbable good fortune, should ever again leave India with an independence, and travel to Milan they cannot do better than choose the Grande Bretagna for their Hotel.

The young lady had laid aside her bonnet, and displayed that sort of face, which, although it may not arrest the attention at the first glance, if regarded twice and attentively, fixes it for ever. There was sweetness and intelligence. The dark eye, and flashing brow of Italy was not there ; and unlike the charms of the Countess there was no voluptuousness, although as much beauty, beauty too that one would not love so soon or so fiercely but better and longer.

When the conversation that the sapient young gentleman could not understand had induced the mention of a name, which caught his attention, our beautiful traveller resumed her bonnet and turning to the pier glass, as if to adjust its strings, continued the colloquy, in Italian. The hostess fluent in her native tongue recapitulated the praises of the young Englishman, and her male auditor stared in vain. At length she said, "perhaps you know him?" "I have seen him," replied the lady.—"Is he well?"

"He cannot be otherwise in Milan, where every body loves him."

"And he loves every body," interrupted the fair stranger. "Is it not so?"—

Why will people be inquisitive? Five minutes after asking that question, the lovely querist rejecting the attendance of the hostess left the room. Her veil was down ; and the youth recollected afterwards, when a note excusing her absence, and pleading fatigue set the old lady, just as they were about to sit down to dinner, rummaging among her store of laxatives and tonics and inveighing against the weakness of modern girls, that his fair cousin tottered as she left the apartment.

It was indeed with an unsteady step that the unhappy young lady passed along the gallery to her chamber. There she threw herself upon the bed, and burst into tears. Then she drew a miniature from her bosom—gazed on it—kissed it—gazed on it—kissed it—again and again. At length she rose, opened her desk, took out a bundle of letters, read some of them, and then began to write. The portrait and the open letters, were laying before her so that whenever she paused, with her sweet cheek resting on her hand, one or the other met her view. Her tears blistered the paper and blotted the ink, but her pen flew on ; and a scarcely legible letter of two sheets was the labour of an incredible short time.—She had written the pure language of the heart : why did she strive to correct it. Its unstudied eloquence might have saved the man, whom she best loved, from new and darker crimes, and might have averted a melancholy train of events. But she paused to correct it ; and as she read it she blushed. It was the burning blush of shame that flushed her cheek and brow, and

for one unhappy moment it made her forget her natural tenderness. For a time she seemed to meditate. Then with an expression of resentment brightening in her eye she tore the unfolded letter, closed those near her, hid the miniature from her sight, took a new pen, and wrote as follows :—

“ The cause of your silence is no longer hid from me.—I return your miniature and letters. It may ease your conscience to know that I do so without regret.” F. M.

This she enclosed in an envelop with the miniature and letters, and she congratulated herself on having overcome her feelings, when she had only substituted pride for tenderness—pride, a passion so foreign to her temper that it could not remain long paramount ; while she believed herself right in having played the hypocrite, and written an untruth. She was fatally undeceived.

Rivers received the note as we have seen. The worst and strongest feature of his character was pride, not anxious cringing vanity, that sought every man's good word, but invincible pride that valued no one's, or rather, that *strove* to value no ones. The note produced in him a fearful calm. He scorned to shew any uneasiness or to change his line of conduct, because he had lost any human being's good opinion ; and as he would have called on the Montagues immediately on their arrival had nothing happened, he resolved to do so now, and to act, as if nothing had happened. Thus it came to pass that when his servant entered, he was surprised to hear his master in the calmest tone desire him to prepare his toilet, and subsequently to order dinner, taking especial care to have the champaign well iced. Rivers was never so particular before.

His toilet completed with unusual care, he descended to the gallery where the new arrivals abode. When he entered their apartments the venerable Miss Montague was grinding rhubarb, Bijou snarling for his dinner, and Rickets wondering what could be the matter with his cousin, but Fanny was not there ; and the two human beings he loved least met his steady gaze. He had however an open sneer ready for the youth, and a compliment scarcely less bitter for the old lady, who, after the slightest possible acknowledgement of his presence, seemed utterly absorbed by her medical labours. The dulness of Rickets and the sulkiness of the Aunt were more than a match for our hero's wit, and at length fired of being the only speaker he took leave, when the old lady, with a pair of druggist's scales in one hand, and a bottle of jalap in the other, and squinting over her spectacles like an inquisitive crow, for they dazzled her when walking, since

as she was in the constant habit of saying, she only used them when reading or engaged in *what she called* nice work, shuffled after our hero and within his hearing desired the servant never to admit him again. Rivers ground his teeth with vexation. His dinner was waiting when he reached his room. He could not eat, but he drank champagne in a manner very unlike his wont. This to his astonished servant seemed to have no effect, but it had. It could not more completely intoxicate him than the "wine of passion" had already; it however effectually served to depress each lingering effort of intellect.

In this state of excitement, which was not the less intense because he subdued every outward sign, he drove to the *Theatro della Scala*. It was decorated for a masquerade; and the company had assembled, Rivers hastened to the Countess's box. She was listening with apparent pleasure to a young Hussar, whose passion for her was notorious. The youth as he entered overheard some warm terms of gallantry, too agreeable to the lady's vanity, but indifferent to her love, for that was his; and drawing back with an expression that could not have been misunderstood he remained silent. The Countess really pained by his conduct in the morning, and anxious to soothe the passion which she perceived rankling at his heart, addressed him with more than her usual fondness. This Rivers imagined to be mere art designed to cover her levity, (—oh

"The nightingale that sings, with the hard thorn,
Which fable places, in her breast of wail
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
Whose head-long passions form their proper woes;")

and without taking any notice of her he begged the Austrian to continue their tête à tête. The Hussar long jealous of Rivers, was indignant that any other than the lady's husband should quarrel with his advances; but being too gallant a man to bluster in a woman's presence he bowed, and left the box. As the door closed, the Countess threw herself at Rivers feet. The curtains completely veiled them. Her tears wetted his hands, which she held in hers; and she exhausted all the despair, which women know so well how to use. But in vain: there he stood like a form of marble; and, when she urged "indeed—indeed he is an old and intimate friend," he merely said—it was the only time he spoke—"and I this morning was a particular acquaintance of your husband." His tone made her despair. Her grasp gradually relaxed, and she sank on the floor. The evidence of her deceit made Rivers believe her altogether false, and he concluded that her swoon was feigned, and so imagining that one woman had sought to cajole

him, and that another scorned him, his bitterness of soul increased to agony ; for he had not succeeded in acquiring that useful scorn which keeps proud hearts from breaking. When therefore on leaving the box and desiring an attendant to look to the Countess he met the Hussar who desired an explanation, he felt a savage gratification at the prospect of a duel.

The moon was at its full. That moment seemed the fittest to Rivers, who would make no apology, to bring the affair to a termination ; and all difficulties were speedily overcome as the Austrian who had at Paris acquired the noble art of hitting wafers at fourteen paces, readily consented to substitute pistols for the less dangerous weapon broadswords, with which the Germans usually settle disputes. Our hero was accompanied by his servant ; the Hussar called upon a brother officer ; and a commodious spot was readily found. On the first fire Rivers bounded from the earth like a buck and fell ; his servant ran towards him. He was dead. The ball had passed through his heart.

Great was the consternation at the Croce di Malta when the body of the young Englishman was brought there on the following morning. Whatever had been observed in his conduct was remembered, and repeated. All mourned for him, for all loved him except Mrs. brevet Montague and her nephew, and even they shuddered at his end. But Fanny lamented, and “ would not be comforted.” Her very beauty became changed ; she accused herself as the cause, and raved at the recollection of her heartless note, which with the other letters, and portrait was found in River’s room. Of the latter she repossessed herself, and it is now her constant companion, while her cousin continues a despairing lover.

The Countess is still alive. Her husband returned from Brescia some days subsequent to River’s death, and although that was then the general topic of conversation, he was never heard to disown him for a friend ; and there is not now at Milan a happier couple than the Count and Countess. * * * * *

X.

THE YOUNG FUROOD.

A TRANSLATION OF AN EPISODE

IN THE

SHAH NAMEH OF FIRDOUSEE.

It is necessary to mention, for the right understanding of the subjoined tale, that Siaoosh, the son of Ky Kaoos, Shah of Irân, was persecuted by the love of his Step-mother Sondahbeh, who, after the example of Potiphar's wife, followed up her "rejected addresses" by accusations, to establish the falsity of which Siaoosh underwent the ordeal of fire, and was glad to take the opportunity of the invasion of Irân, by Afrasiyab Khan of Tooran, to absent himself from the lady. By obtaining the command of the Iranian army, opposed to the invading Monarch. Siaoosh was accompanied by Roostum, at whose recommendation he concluded a treaty of peace with Afrasiyab, who had been impelled thereto by evil dreams, receiving hostages for its due fulfilment. But Kaoos disapproving the peace, ordered his son to break the treaty and slay the hostages. Siaoosh disdaining to participate in this cruelty, released the hostages, and as his only resource threw himself into the power of Afrasiyab, who received him with great affliction. Siaoosh in a short time married the daughter of Peeran Wisah, prime minister of Afrasiyab, of whom Furood was born: and soon after Siaoosh contracted a second marriage with Furungaish, daughter of Afrasiyab. By the artifices of Gurseevuz, brother of Afrasiyab, and others who were jealous of Siaoosh, Afrasiyab was induced to seize and murder his son-in-law. But Furungaish by means of Peeran escaped unhurt, and in due time became the mother of Ky Khoosroo (Cyrus the Great of the Greeks) who having been preferred by his grandsire to the throne of Irân, resolved as in duty bound, to be revenged on his unnatural maternal grandpapa. And here the story begins.

A few illustrative notes have been added, compressed as much as possible, and chiefly taken from Beloe's translation of Herodotus—a work, which, with the Shah Nameh, offers the most authentic account of the history, and usages of ancient Persia. To save space the passages are more frequently referred to than quoted; but when brevity is not the object, I know of no work which presents a classical and general scholar greater scope for illustration than the *Shah Nameh of Firdousee*.

THE YOUNG FUROOD.

A period had elapsed, and when divine
The sun in Spica was beheld to shine,
Khoosroo the Magians from ¹ Pihloo bade throng,
And held meet counsel with these sages long;
He ordered the Proveditors to shew
The names of all of high renown and low;

L¹ Pihloo is the name of a city in Persia, and a term applied to the whole country where the Pihloovee language was spoken.

Two weeks he closed his regal Court, and made
 A book be written, in whose leaves displayed
 The style of each was noted, who might claim
 A Hero's title, and a Warrior's name.
 First in the list, ten and a hundred stood
 Of Knights partakers of ² Kaoos's blood,
 With ³ Fereboorz, the leader of them all,
 Who the bold Khoosro relative might call.
 Next of ⁴ Manoochiahur's high race, who still
 Felt love for Toos their souls and bosoms thrill,
 Of Nozer's lineage eighty Knights he chose,
 Equipped with maces, and prepared for blows,
 Zerasp their leader, who in each affair
 Sustained their sorrows, and assuaged their care,
 The ⁵ Kyān diadem, the son of Toos ;
 With sabre armed, with battle axe, and Koos,⁶
 Third on the list,⁷ Godurz Kishwad was found,
 Through whom the troops with denser ranks abound ;
 With sons and grand-sons seventy eight, who rode
 Across the desert, and o'er mountains strode ;
 The ⁸ flag of Kawah 'twas his part to ope,
 The glory of the throne, the imperial hope !

² Kaoos, late Shah of Iran, was living at this time, but had resigned his throne to his grandson, Ky Khoosroo.

³ Fereboorz was the son of Kaoos.

⁴ Manoochiahur the 7th Shah of Iran was the father of Nozer the 8th Shah, who, again, was father of Toos, the father of Zerasp. At the time of the murder of Nozer by Afrasiyabson and general of Poshung, Khan or King of Tooran, Toos and his brother Goostuhum who had fled from Dehistan into Pars, were excluded from the throne on account of their childhood.

⁵ Kyan. Although the term Kyan is especially applied to the 2d or Kyanian dynasty of Persian Kings beginning with Kykobad and ending with Sekunder (Alexander the Gr.) yet it may be taken in the general sense of Cæsarean---namely imperial.

⁶ Koos was a brazen drum of large dimensions, used only by monarchs and princes, whose rank its presence indicated.

⁷ Godurz was a valiant Knight, the son of Kishwad, a warlike chieftain in the reigns of Feridoon and Manoochiahur.

When two or three proper names are conjoined in this way, the expression "son of" is to be understood as intervening, thus Godurz Kishwad and Koostum Zal Sam signify Godurz, the son of Kishwad, and Roostum the son of Zal the son of Sam.

⁸ During the usurpation of Zohak, the 5th Shah of Iran and murderer of his predecessor Gemahid, Kawah, a blacksmith of Ispahan, driven to desperation by the seizure of his sons, whose brains were required to feed two serpents which had sprung from the shoulders of Zohak consequent to a kiss applied thereto by Eblis or the devil, raised his apron as the Standard of revolt, which apron was immediately adopted as the imperial banner by Feridoon the successor of Zohak, and used as such by the succeeding Shahs of Iran. It was considered the palladium of the Kingdom, and after having led for centuries to renown and victory, was taken, as is related by Gibbon, at Cadessia by the Arabs under Saad General of the Caliph Omar, among whose chieftains the rich gems, with which each successive Shah had decorated it, were distributed.

Next, sixty-three of Guzdihm's lineage, who,
 Bold nobles ! ⁹ Goostuhm as leader knew.
 A hundred Knights of ¹⁰ Mitad's race were seen
 Submitting to the conquering bold Goorgeen,
 Towabah's offspring eighty-five appeared,
 The stores who guarded, and in strife were feared ;
¹¹ Birta the leader of their race they own ;
 Who in the battle led them to renown.
 Thirty and three of Poshmy's race came next,
 The foe with javelins who in strife perplexed ;
 Reeo their leader, who was known afar
 As well for vigilance as for might in war,
 His post in combat was besides the Koos,
 The prop of Knights, the son-in-law of Toos !
 Three score and ten relations of Burzeen,
 Who in the hour of fight were Warrior's keen,
 Obeyed the orders of Firhād, who seemed
 An iron anvil when the contest gleamed.
 Five and a hundred of Gooraza's race,
 Who with Gooraza, their obedience place
 Came next. Last, eighty of the kingly stock
 Of Feridoon, fit Warriors in the shock
 Of combat ; Ashkush was their leader bold,
 Who always to the strife their proud files rolled.
 Nobles, and ¹² Pahlvāns of high renown,
 And celebrated Chiefs, and Knights far known,
 So many, that the ¹³ Magians could not then
 The members reckon of these mighty men,
 Were all recorded in the imperial book,
 To be of service when the hour might brook.
 " Depart you from the city, cried the Shah,
 " From Pahlōo to the plains and wilds withdraw ;
 " With the ¹⁴ new moon it needs the ¹⁵ Karnay's swells
 " Rise pealing with the clash of Indian bells,

⁹ Goostuhm was the son of Guzdihm.

¹⁰ Milad was viceroy of Iran during the mad, but by Roostum's valorous exertions successful, expedition of Ky Kaos into Mazenderan. Gurgeen was the son of Milad. In the apocryphal tale of Kuk Kohzād Milad and Godurz are represented to have been most intimate friends of Roostum in his youth.

¹¹ Birta was the son of Towaba.

¹² Pahlvān a champion or hero.

¹³ The Magians were the priests of fire.

¹⁴ In some countries of the East, journeys are begun with the new moon. Harmer refers to Proverbs, 7th Chap. 19 and 20. v. and to the 1st of Sam. xx---24 vide note to 120 Erato in Beloe's Herodotus.

¹⁵ Karnay was a trumpet the sound of which could be heard for many miles.

" While all proceed against the ¹⁶ Turks to fight,
 " And enter in Tooran with bosoms light."

They bent their heads before him to the earth,
 And each Chief blessed him, and extolled his worth ;
 They cried, " oh Monarch, glorious, and high praised,
 " Through whom the bell and fillet are employed,
 " We all are slaves, and dominations thine
 " From the ¹⁷ earth's centre to the ram's bright sign."

Now, from the pastures where the wild herds rove,
 The keepers to the camp the horses drove,
 And Khoosroo bade who knew the ¹⁸ noose to throw
 With brazen-bodied vigour 'gainst the foe,
 To haste towards the herds, and prove his deeds
 Of manly skill against the Arab steeds,
 To cast his noose, and in the loop-holes check
 To clasp the rapid-footed chargers neck.

Hereat, the conquering Shah, whom nations own,
 With mace in hand, sat on his golden throne ,
 He oped his doors of long-stored gold, and cried
 " The wealth of Monarchs 'tis unmeet to hide ;
 " When struggles come, and battles must be fought,
 " Treasures and gold are in our sight as nought."
 He bade the Treasurer from his stores to bear ;
 Goglets with jewels chased, and vestments rare ;
 Of satin robes of ¹⁹ Room a hundred trays
 With jewelled skirt each glows, and golden fringe displays,
 Ermine and silk, and vests with golden thread
 Wrought, and a cup with gems imperial spread,
 Before the Monarch of the earth were laid,
 Who to the Heroes of his armies said,
 " Behold the value of the worthless brow
 " Of ²⁰ Polashan, the Dragon's headsman now,
 " He, whom Afrasiyab " a warrior" calls,
 " And, while he watches, shrouds his own eyeballs ;
 " Who will his head, and swords, and war horse trust,
 " Amid our camp in combat to the ²¹ dust" ?

¹⁶ Turks, the inhabitants of Turkistan or Tooran, the ancient Scythia:

¹⁷ The original says " from the Fish to Aries." The Orientals suppose the centre of the earth is occupied by a cow standing on the back of a fish.

¹⁸ The Noose was an essential part of the equipment of an Iranian Knight and often of no slight avail.

¹⁹ Room, Roumelia or all European Turkey.

²⁰ Polashan was the executioner of Afrasiyab.

²¹ Thus Herodotus tells us Darius asked his Persian Nobles, " which of you will kill Orates ?" See 127. Thalia.

Swift, ²² Beejun-Geeo on his feet was found,
 His loins Polashan to destroy he bound,
 He took the vestments and the cup of gold,
 (The goblet which so many gems did hold)
 "I," he exclaimed "before the host will fling
 "His head, by Him of sun and moon the king :
 "Esteem the Dragon to have lost his head,
 "For, God will grant me in the strife his aid."
 He spake, and stepping back, his place regained,
 The cup of jewels in his hand sustained,
 While many blessings on the Shah he poured,
 "Oh, ever be that tiara'd brow adored !"

Next, the Shah bade the Treasurer to unfold
 Two hundred vestments richly wrought with gold,
 Brocade, and silk, and ermine, and a pair
 Of rosy Maids with corded waists, and fair ;
 "These gifts to him I give," Ky Khoosroo cried,
 "And hold myself to be obliged beside,
 "Who, or to me, or to this Knightly ring,
 "The diadem which decks ²³ Tujhow shall bring,
 "Which on his head Afrasiyab's hand placed,
 "And whom as son-in-law his lips have graced."
 Beejun, again, upon his feet leaped swift,
 His hand stretched far amid the battle's drift,
 Young, and ambitious of a Warrior's claim
 To make the world speak wildly of his name,
 He took the rarities, and handmaids praised,
 The assembled crowd regarded him amazed ;
 Uttering his blessings, he sat down with glee,
 "Oh, may the world to Khoosroo prosperous be."

The Monarch signed : ten boys with girdles braced,
 Ten rapid steeds with bridles gold ²⁴ encased,
 And rarely decorated, with veiled face,
 Ten Maids, the Treasurer led into the place.
 The active Monarch of the circle said,
 "These fair attendants, and each bounding steed,
 "Are his, who, when Tujhow his face shall turn,
 "He needs no heart a lion's rage to spurn,

²² Beejun is called by Sir W. Jones the Paris of the Oriental Iliad, it is difficult to say why, since, with exception of their youth, there is no point of resemblance between them.

²³ The Scythian horses have "reins, bits, and other harness plated with gold." See 215. *Clio*.

" Seizes his daughter, who the battle's path
 " Beside him treads ; the angry tiger's wrath
 " Her gentle voice can tame ; like spring her face ;
 " Her shape a ²⁵ cypress in its pride and grace ;
 " Small is her waist, her step the ²⁶ pheasant's pace ;
 " A fur-cheeked maid, named Isnapoe, white
 " As jasmine, and most sweet ; the heart's delight !
 " Let not who seizes, smite her with the sword ;
 " Forfend a blade strike features so adored !
 " His noose's strings around her waist must play,
 " And on his bosom be she borne away !"

Beejun, again, assenting to the feat,
 Advanced towards the conquering Monarch's seat,
 His praises to the worlds great King he paid,
 His adorations before God he made,
 The Monarch in the warrior found delight,
 And " O famed Chief," he cried, forfend a Knight,
 " Like thee, should help my foe, far be the day,
 " Thy glorious soul forsakes its mortal clay !"

The imperial Khoosroo, next, the Treasurer told
 To carry from his store ten cups of gold ;
 Perfumes were piled the golden cups upon ;
 And filled with gems ten silver goblets shone :
 A ruby cup with musk was brimmed on high,
 Of Turquoise one, and one of Lapis Lazuli ;
 Cornelians, emeralds were o'er them strewn,
 With musk ²⁷ and rose water together thrown ;
 With belts ten serviceable pages decked ;
 And ten rich horses with gold bridles checked.

" These presents shall be his, who, in the hour
 Tujhow to combat hastes," he cried, " hath power
 " To cause his head before this valiant host,
 " Upon the field of battle to be tossed."

Geoo his hand upon his breast struck light,
 And girt his loins to combat with the Knight ;
 The beauteous Maidens, and the rich array :
 Of gifts, before him were conveyed away :

²⁵ In Persian poetry maidens are constantly compared to a cypress. We find the same idea in the Idyls of Theocritus. " As the cypress is an ornament to a garden, as a Thessalian horse to a chariot, so is the lovely Helen the glory of Lacedemon." See note to 63 Terpsichore.

²⁶ The Pheasant is fabled to be in love with the cypress, for whose admiration it exhibits its graceful steps, an amour probably less known than the loves of the Bulbul and the rose.

²⁷ Wherever Firdousee speaks of perfumes, the passage is perplexed and confused.

He uttered many blessings on the King,
 "Ne'er without thee be diadem and ring!"

The Treasurer, next, (so willed the Shah) placed down
 Ten golden trays, in front, with deenars strown,
 With musk, and gems; ten Maidens, Peri-faced,
 Crowned with tiaras, and with girdles graced;
 Two hundred robes of silk and cloth of gold,
 The skirts with jewels wrought; of regal mould
 A fillet; and ten belts of ample fold.
 "These gifts," he cried, "to him I shall assign,
 "For fame and wealth, who will not toil decline,
 "But hie hence where the streams of Kasah roll,
 "Blessings to pay to ²⁸ Siaoosh's soul;
 "A lofty mound of fire-wood he will spy
 "Which rises more than ten long nooses high,
 "Piled by Afrasiyab, what time he came
 "Across the river; for, it was his aim
 "That none should tread that path, and from ²⁹ Iran
 "Attain a passage into Turkistân:
 "A warlike knight must hurry hence and raise
 "Along the Kasah's bank a raging blaze,
 "That if a battle we may there abide,
 "No enemy behind the wood may hide."

Geoo cried gaily, "let this sport be mine
 "To make the conflagrated mountain shine;
 "If host approach I fear them not, nor care
 "In strife to give the ³⁰ Kurgus plenteous fare!"

The rarities to Geoo Khoosroo gave,
 And cried, "O matchless leader of the brave,
 "Dim were my tiar of thy sabre shorn,
 "As the sad Bramin from his idol torn!"

A hundred silks of divers hue, the king
 Desired the treasurer with quick haste to bring,
 A hundred pearls, too, from his stores he spread,
 Bright drops of frozen water thou hadst said!

²⁸ The episode, containing the tale of Siaoosh, is the finest in the Shah Nameh; and it is to be regretted that the learned author of the last translation of Sohrab did not select it in preference to the narrative he has chosen. The world will be happy to learn that this gentleman is engaged in translating the episode of *Asiundar*, the Grecian Xerxes—whose adventures afford great scope for the illustrative remarks in the application of which Mr. Robertson so much excels.

²⁹ Iran the empire of Persia, the inhabitants of which appear to have been the Arii of Herodotus.

³⁰ Kurgus, a bird of prey which feeds upon dead bodies.

And from their secret rooms to lead, he bid,
 Five maids, whose head and curls tiaras hid ;
 And cried, " these rarities he beareth hence,
 " Whose virtuous soul is guided by his sense,
 " Who, brave, and pure in heart, and smooth in tongue,
 " Shuns not the combat though a lion sprung,
 " And to Afrasiyab my words will bear,
 " Nor let his apprehension force one tear :
 " Will kiss the earth, and tell my message o'er,
 " Who every word I speak will say once more,
 " And all he answers will to me repeat ;
 " Who is the warrior to perform this feat ?"

Gurdeen Milad his hand stretched forth, his mind
 Resolved to tread the path the Shah designed :
 The maids and robes with golden wire worked through,
 The monarch gave and gems imperial too ;
 And afterwards, the earth's great king a part,
 To Gurdeen uttered with a burning heart
 And eyes with tears bedewed, the words " do thou
 " Haste to Afrasiyab ; whate'er I now
 " Repeat to thee, do thou to him as well
 " Show, and my tale in every portion tell ;
 " Say to him, Man of blood and evil, none
 " Throughout the earth hath wrought the ill thou 'st done,
 " Thy brother's ³¹ blood like water thou hast spilled,
 " And the wide world with woe and misery filled,
 " Woman and man through Iran on the sod,
 " Trembling, are crying against thee to God ;
 " Thou plung'st at the head of Nozer ³² to the earth ;
 " Memorial of the Kyān race's worth
 " When Siaoosh and ³³ Roostum came with speed,
 " And pushed thee to extremities indeed,
 " How many stratagems didst thou essay,
 " Flinging thy direms and thy wealth away,
 " Thou sent'st a hundred hostages of name,
 " Irān and Toorān can attest the same
 " Kaos was furious at the peace they made,
 " His dark suspicions were on Roostum laid ;

³¹ Afrasiyab murdered with his own hand his brother the wise and good Igereus, who had purposely retreated from the city of Amul on the Caspian before Kishwad, whereby the Iranian chief who had been made prisoners with Nozer, Shah of Iran ; were enabled to escape.

³² Nozer was beheaded by Afrasiyab's own hand.

³³ The adventures in which Roostum is concerned occupy about one third of the Shah Nameh.

" He wrote commanding Siaoosh to kill
 " Thy relatives, but such was not his will ;
 " He turned aside from what his monarch said,
 " And sought in thee a refuge and a stead,
 " On thy account he quitted Iran's realm,
 " Standard, and army, ³⁴ signet-ring, and helm :
 " He sought, O wretch ! in thee a stay to find
 " (Lost be thy name from warriors of high mind ¹)
 " The kingly throat of one so well beloved,
 " Thou cuttest, as a goat's, and evil-moved,
 " Prepared my blood to shed, the world as yet
 " Unproved, upon my death thy mind was set,
 " How long thy evil deeds need I repeat,
 " Thou for whom a hell were habitation meet,
 " If 'tis thy wish my feelings to subdue,
 " And turn aside my just revenge and true,
 " Send Gurooe ³⁵ Zureh of the race of Toor,
 " And those who through the world confusion pour ;
 " Guraeeruz send, Dumoor, and every knight,
 " Who girt his loins to harm me and despote ;
 " Send them to me, and in my father's name
 " I will behead them my revenge to claim ;
 " But if my words and counsel are in vain,
 " Prepare thy host my onset to sustain,
 " For, by the God most just and pure I swear,
 " By sun, by moon, and sparkling ³⁶ fire declare,
 " I will not pause nor let my vengeance sleep
 " Until Afrasiyab my wrath shall reap."

When Gorgeen heard the message of Khoosroo,
 Immediate from the presence he withdrew,
 He leaped upon his road-devouring steed,
 And held his course towards Tooran with speed.

³⁴ The signet ring has been always a mark of supremacy among oriental nations. See Genesis XLII. 42.

³⁵ Gurooe Zureh, was the person who cut the throat of Siaoosh. Toor was one of the three sons of Feridoon who in the Tripartite division of his father's empire obtained possession of Cheen or China and Turkistan called Tooran after his name Guraeeruz and Dumoor contributed by their false representations to Afrasiyab, to occasion the death of Siaoosh.

³⁶ The Persians venerate fire as a divinity. See 16 Thalia. This is denied by Sarcher, " else " says he " how dare they extinguish it on the death of their Sovereign, as Diodorus Siculus instructs us." I believe this assertion to be incorrect. Firdousee only once mentions the extinguishing of the sacred fire, and that was done by Arjasp Khan of Tooran, an enemy to the religion of Zoroaster. Had it been usual, Firdousee who dilates on the various signs and expressions of grief exhibited by the ancient Persians on the death of their King would undoubtedly have mentioned so curious a circumstance.

When sable as a raven's wing earth grew,
 And from the mountain's peak the light withdrew.
 The monarch to his hall returned, whilst sought
 Each noble his own home ; then wine was brought,
 And minstrels summoned to the Shah, who sung
 Rich gems and pearls their tuneful bands among ;
 But when dawn stained the hills an amber dye,
 And rose the cock's shrill greeting to the sky,
 Great Roostum hastened to the Shah, and long
 On Iran and her throne employed his tongue ;
 Towara,³⁷ Fureemurz, were at his side ;
 His wit to various matters was applied
 And thus the mighty monarch he addressed,
 " O Shah illustrious, and for ever blessed,
 " There was a city in ³⁸ Tabulistan,
 " Which empire in the share of Toor was drawn,
 " Manoochaibur drove thence the Turks, it is
 " A fair and glorious place and rife with bliss ;
 " When Kaos became heartless and grew grey,
 " His fame, his skill, his grandeur dropped away :
 " The troops of Tooran seized the town again,
 " The men of Iran might no more remain ;
 " Their taxes, now, and dues to Turkistan
 " They pay, nor heed the monarch of Iran ;
 " And other realms, like Eden, are revealed,
 " Studded with towers, green arbour, and rich field ;
 " It is a place adorned with every charm,
 " Filled with rare treasures, and good troops to arm ;
 " The experienced villager of far-spread fame
 " Assigns Khurya to be that country's name,
 " One half extends across the ⁴⁰ Sind, where he
 " ⁴¹ Kanouge, and Kasbmere, and the countries nigh ;
 " The other portion towards Chœn is drawn,
 " And touches on the verge of Turkistan,
 " Vast herds of elephants, great wealth is there,
 " They drive the harmless natives to despair,

³⁷ The ancient Persians seem to have enjoyed wine in abundance, and according to Ferdousee drank regular toasts, beginning with the health of the reigning King. See Esther i. 16. and Daniel v. 2.

³⁸ Towarah, was the brother of Roostum, and Ferimoz was Roostum's son.

³⁹ Tabulistan or Tabul, a country near the Arisea Palus or the lake of Turrab, the feudal empire of Roostum's father inherited from Korung Shah father-in-law of Jemshid, through a line of warlike princes.

⁴⁰ Sind—the Indus.

⁴¹ Kanouge, a city in the Doab, near Cawnpore the ruins of which still exist.

" They plunder, drive, and kill on every side,
 " And raise their heads in their Toorānian pride :
 " But now Iran beneath thy sway is put,
 " From the small emmet's to the lion's foot,
 " A mighty army must be marched with speed,
 " Led by a Pahilvān of strength and heed,
 " And if their tribute unto thee they bring,
 " And bow their heads before thy court O king,
 " Whenever the country is our own throughout
 " We hurl defeat upon Tooran and rout."

For ever live " the Shah to Roostum said
 " This is the road, and thou the champion dread
 " In whose high fortunes not the best alone
 " Of Iran joy, but likewise Iran's throne,
 " Mark thou how many and what troops we need,
 " Select the choicest warriors for the deed ;
 " A land that joins the empire *thou* dost sway,
 " Must have a value worthy thee to pay ;
 " Give Fureemurz a mighty host from me,
 " Furnish such heroes as may needed be,
 " And bid him gird his loins the task to do,
 " For he's a warrior, and a famed one too ;
 " From Khurga unto Hindoostan, and clear
 " To ⁴² Jadoostan extending from Kashmeer,
 " His hand shall make all difficulties bend,
 " His hook the alligator's throat shall rend !"

The champion's heart, when Khoosroo's will was shown
 Grew fresh as rose buds in bright arbours blown
 He uttered many blessings, and replied,
 " May wisdom with thy virtuous soul abide ;
 " Blessed be thy throne and diadem ! Oh may
 " The ⁴³ sliding heavens thine every wish obey !"

And, now, the Chamberlain, at Khoosroo's sign,
 Placed trays of food before him, and bright wine,
 And minstrels, too, were summoned, at whose song
 Amazement seized the monarch and the throng.

What time the sparkling sun rose o'er the hill,
 The exhausted minstrels melody was still,
 The kettle-drums were beaten at the gate,
 And troops in line along the court await.

⁴² Jadoostan or Jaodan is a term applied to all the countries on the east of the Indus.

⁴³ The Persians believe in the Ptolemaic system which makes the sky, sun, &c. revolve round the earth.

On elephants were bound the drums of brass,
 And peals burst echoing from the trumpets mass,
 They fastened on an elephant the throne ;
 The regal tree appeared to be full blown !
 The Shah stepped forth, and on the vast beast set,
 His head displayed a jewelled cap of state,
 Borne on his elephant the Shah passed by ;
 His throne of torquoise azure as the sky ;
 A diadem of gems and pearls he wore ;
 A mace ⁴⁵ cow-headed in his grasp he bore ;
 Two gorgeous pearls from his tiara float,
 An emerald necklace clasps his kingly throat ;
 His belt of emeralds, pearls and gold was made ;
 And on his golden ⁴⁶ bracelets emeralds played
 The elephant stepped proudly through the host :
 In golden bells and golden trapping tost,
 A cup ⁴⁶ and seal were in the monarch's hand,
 And shouts pierced heaven from every warlike band :
 With swords and maces, koos, and dust, the track
 Of heaven grew ebon, and the earth turned black ;
 The sun is captured in a net, should'st say,
 The concave sky in water sunk this day !
 From the most searching eye earth disappears ;
 Nor can the sky and stars behold the spears !
 The ocean thou would'st say, its billows tossed,
 As martial host passed sweeping after host :—
 The ⁴⁷ Saraparda to the plains they bore ;
 The sky was stunned, so loud the festive roar ;
 When on his elephant, the mighty king
 Within the goblet struck the metal ring,
 'Twas not allowable in any state
 To sit except beside the imperial gate ;

⁴⁴ Bracelets are a mark of dignity. See the note on 22 *Thalia*.

⁴⁵ "A mace cow-headed," that is to say, a mace the termination of which was composed of metals wrought in the shape of a cow's head. Maces of this description were used, not only by the Shah and chieftains of Iran, but we read of a body of Cavalry similarly armed. The custom appears to have originated in Feridoon, whose cow Burmaee, which had performed the part of his nurse was slain by Zohak—and Feridoon having caused a mace to be made tipped with a cow's head of iron, broke therewith the head of Zohak. Feridoon gave this mace to his favourite son Erich.

⁴⁶ An ancient Persian custom. A seal composed of seven metals was struck on the inside of a goblet similarly framed, and by its intonations made known that the Shah had mounted Alexander's horn, mentioned in the *Secreta Secretorum*, ascribed to Aristotle, which called the army from a distance of 60 miles, was likewise formed of many kinds of sonorous metals. But, after all, Khoosroo's instrument seems to have been merely a large bell !

⁴⁷ The Saraparda used only by princes is an extensive screen of cloth surrounding the tents.

Such was a token which in every bound
Of Khoosroo's proud supremacy was found !

In long extended line the host was drawn,
All eyes fixed on the monarch of Iran;
First, Fereboorz the advance led on before
The king ; sword, mace, he showed ; gold shoes he wore ;
And fastened ⁴⁸ on his back a sun wrought pennon bore ;
He sat upon a horse of noble breed ;
And on the straps his noose was rooped with heed ?
Splendour, grave softness, in his looks were found ;
His troops in silver and in ⁴⁹ gold seemed drowned
To him the Shah his commendation flings,
" Thine be the greatness ; thine the pomp of kings ;
" Oh, let thy fortune every matter sway,
" And life be to thee as a ⁵⁰ new year's day !"

Godurz ⁵¹ Kishwad, behind him came, through whom
The earth was filled with happiness and bloom ;
A lion banner on his back was seen,
His hand a sabre and a mace grasped keen ;
Shidosh, behind him, with his standard drew,
Which flung upon the earth a violet's hue ;
Thousands of nobles gather in his rear
Prompt with the bridle, armed with lengthened spear,
A sable banner with a wolf thereon
At Geoo's back amidst these stout knights shone ;
With sons and grandsons seventy eight, no spot
Was in the vast plain which they crowded not ;
A different coloured flag behind each rolled,
Bold hearts, sharp swords, and sparkling shoes of gold !
Thou wouldst have called Godurz of earth the lord,
The heads of Princes bowed beneath his sword !
When nigh the monarch's seat the chief had gone,
He eulogized his diadem and throne ;

⁴⁸ The distinguishing pennons borne by the Knights of Irān were fastened on their backs. Their bridles and weapons fully occupied their hands.

⁴⁹ The Persian troops of Xerxes were remarkable for the quantity of gold that adorned them. See 83. Polymnia.

⁵⁰ The Nowroz or new years day when the vernal equinox and the ancient Persian year begin, has been a day of feast and merriment for the period of its originated Jemshed to the present time.

⁵¹ Godurz was one of the choicest Knights of Iran. He is said to have had 78 sons and grandsons ; 70 of whom perished in the memorable night attack made at Ladun by Peerau-Wisah, in which the Iranian camp was surprized, and the Iranians totally defeated. This attack is called the battle of Pushun, and the narrative as given by Firdousee deserves notice not only for its beautiful poetry, but also as having been the means of introducing Firdousee to the Poets Ousurree Asjudee and Furzokee, and through them to the Sultan Mahmood of Ghizneen. See page 47, of Captain Mucan's edition of the Shah Nameh. Introductory remarks.

The Shah poured praises on the noble knight
And eke on Geoo, and these troops of might.

Behind him, Goostubum was seen to come,
Indominable son of Guzdihum ;
He grasped a javelin in his hand in fight,
The bow his friend and dart of poplar white ;
When from his arm the pointed arrow flew,
It pierced the hearts of stone, and anvils, through !
With a prodigious army furnished fair
With sabres, maces, and with all things rare,
He bore a standard where a moon appeared
Whose radiant head into the clouds was reared ;
He praised and blessed Ky Koosroo, open-voiced,
And much the monarch in the knights rejoiced !

Ashkush, sharp witted knight, the next who came
Might praise for sense of heart, and wisdom claim ;
A man armed combatant of Homai's race,
Where'er consulted, ready in his place ;
With knights from ⁵⁹ Kooch and from Belooch who rushed
To battle, and in wrath like fierce rams crushed,
Whose backs no person in the world did see,
Nor e'en a finger from clasped armour free !
Their leader was a chief in battle proved,
Who propped the throne and virtue held unmoved ;
His banner, high displayed, a tiger bore
Whose paw appeared to be thrust out before ;
He uttered commendations on the king,
And on the changes it was fate's to bring :—
Ky Khoosroo, from his elephant, the files
Of that bold host regarded stretched two miles ?
Much he approved, and uttered praises bland
On Ashkush' fortune, and his happy land.

Next crowded legions of each sort flocked round,
All chosen knights, and all in armour bound,
A host which when the imperial Shah beheld,
He wished them bliss, whilst joy his bosom swelled
Pre-eminent, amidst them Firhad shone,
Through whom the camp its population won ;
'Twas his the troops to cherish and to feed,
In every battle found, at every deed ;

⁵⁹ Kooch and Belooch---mountain countries near Kirman.

His flag an antelope fixed on his back,
 The shade of which upon his helm gleamed black,
 Like a wild lion he advanced along,
 With a dense martial host, as fierce as strong ;
 His troops, with Indian sabres armed, assail,
 On ⁵³ Sugdi saddles, and in Turkish mail :
 When he beheld the valiant monarch's throne,
 He offered him his praises with meet tone.

Goraza, head of Geesogan's brave race
 Attended by his friends, rode next in place ;
 The noose's plies from every saddle swayed ;
 The Shah approved with pleasure unallayed ;
 A boar was pictured on his banners fold,
 His troops with ⁵⁴ nooses fought, in battle bold,
 Men of the desert, knights of bosoms strong !—
 He blessed Ky Khoosroo, as he passed along.

Behind him, Zinga Shawaran, in speed,
 Came with his gallant men, and knights of deed ,
 A Homai ⁵⁵ on his standard was pourtrayed,
 He seemed a mountain from its basis swayed ;
 The city of Bagdad poured forth her hordes
 With javelins furnished and with iron swords
 Around the Haomai to attend, while on
 An Elephant, in state, their leader shone.

The warlike Fureemorz behind him came,
 With grandeur, and with height and breadth of frame,
 With Koos, troops, elephants, he rode along ;
 Keen warriors all, whose every heart beat strong !
 From Kashmeer, and from Kabul, and ⁵⁶ Neemroz,
 Exalted heroes, with whose light earth glows !
 His banner like his valiant father's was,
 For, none might seek great Roostum to surpass :
 A Seven-headed ⁵⁷ dragon met the eye,
 Thou 'dst say it struggled from its chains to fly !

⁵³ Sugdi a city in Transoxania famous for its saddlery.

⁵⁴ Thus in the enumeration by Herodotus of the troops of Xerxes it is said the Sagartu have no offensive weapons save daggers, and depend upon cords made of twisted leather. When they engage an enemy they throw out these cords, having a noose at the extremity ; if they entangle in them either horse or man, they without difficulty put them to death. See 85 Polymnic.

⁵⁵ The Homai a Fabulous bird is a name sometimes applied to the bird of Paradise.

⁵⁶ Neemroz a name of Segestan.

⁵⁷ During the rebellion of Bahram Ehoubeen this very banner advanced against the Iranian Shah's Moormuzd and Khisroo Purweez.

He came resplendent as a ⁶⁸ tree in flower,
And uttered blessings on Ky Khoosroo's power,
" For ever live with happy soul to own
" The Kyan diadem, the Kyan throne!"

The Shah rejoiced in Fureemorz, and gave
Much good advice, and aphorisms grave ;
" Depart," he cried to him, " to Hindoostan ;
" And from Khurga, across to Jaodan,
" Kanouge, and Kashmeer, and beyond the Sind,
" Seize thou O warrior, with thy sword of Ind !
" Whatever troops of Tooran meet thine eye,
" Or capable to fight, or prompt to fly,
" Whoever against thee, in strife puts trust,
" Dash thou his head immediate to the dust :
" But let not those the smallest injury see,
" Whose loins in battle are not girt 'gainst thee ?
" Thou art the prescient-hearted Roostum's son,
" Thy blood from ⁶⁹ Dustan-Sam, and Neerum won ;
" The realm of Hindoostan is thine to-day
" From far Kanouge to Dustan's flood for aye ;
" I give to thee this empire, guard it well,
" Nor ere unnecessary wars propel.
" Befriend the poor and wretched of the land,
" And to thy relatives prove free and bland ;
" Mark well who to thy friendship make pretence,
" Who soothe thy sorrows, and are men of sense ;
" Be bounteous, and prepared ; nor ever say
" To-morrow," for thou know'st not what a day
" May cause to chance ; and in thy youth seek not
" To grasp at wealth ; and upon those, whose lot
" Is happy, pour not misery ; nor place trust
" Upon this wretched world, where ebony must
" As oft be seen as amber's brighter dust !
" We look to thee for an exalted name,
" Let not the world thy heart with anguish tame ;
" From me and thee the days are hurrying by,
" Our breath is noted by the rolling sky ;
" Glad be thy heart, and rigorous be thy frame ;
" And (for the third wish) let it be thine aim

⁶⁸ Resplendent as a tree in flower. The same idea occurs in Spencers " Fairy Queen."

⁶⁹ Like to an Almond Tree mounted high
With blossoms brave bedecked daintly."

⁷⁰ Dustan or Zal, Sam and Nurseman were the father, grandfather, and great grandfather of Roostum.

" That the earth's maker may in thee delight,
 " And smoke choak those who wish thee to despise."

Fureemorz heard the counsels of the King,
 And from his swift paced steed made haste to spring,
 He kissed the earth his humblest thanks to pay,
 And turned his face towards the lengthened way :
 Praising the valiant Shah, " may'st thou be found,
 " Like the new moon, to increase and more abound !"
 Two parasangs great Roostum with him sped
 While grief at his departure clove his head ;
 He gave him good advice and counsel sage,
 " Oh far-famed son, desirous war to wage,
 " No persons heart without a reason tear,
 " Nor be impatient when requital's near ;
 " In every place where dwells a warlike Knight,
 " Despatch a messenger with rapid flight,
 " Address him first with gentleness, and aim
 " In justice to be found without a blame ;
 " But if by gentleness the affair ends not,
 " Prepare for combat, and be harsh and hot ;
 " The end of all and each affair regard ;
 " Deem, when thy foe strews grain, the net prepared .
 " Avoid the ⁶⁰ Toorehee as 'gainst the law,
 " Which, while allowed, will curses on thee draw :
 " Close not thy gate 'gainst those who justice seek,
 " Regard good counsels, nor thy promise break ;
 " And since God's benefits with thee abound,
 " Do thou be kind to every person round ;
 " Think not the evil man desires thee well,
 " When the time comes he'll prove a dragon fell ;
 " Before it injures thee, the small fire tame,
 " Which wraps when strengthened the whole world in flame,
 " Tell none thy secrets, keep them in thine heart,
 " Nor scorn the wicked and their evil part !"

Again he said to him, " Oh far famed Knight,
 " Vigilant, active, and of soul most bright,
 " Such actions never have been wrought or known
 " As those our noble ancestry have done ;
 " What time the imperial Gurshasp ⁶¹ grew so aged,
 " The battle axe Nureeman's thoughts engaged,

⁶⁰ The Toorehee, is a peculiar law, the nature of which I do not understand.

⁶¹ Gurshasp was the father of Nureeman.

" He grasped the weapon Gurschasp erst did wield,
 " And left no foe in the contested field ;
 " In strife, or mounted, or on foot, the scene—
 " He cleared of warriors ; and in Room and Cheem,
 " And Hindoostan, he did what none had seen !
 " And while he was alive, he met no foe,
 " Whose skill and valour could his strength o'erthrow.
 " And, next, when Sam, the Champion, came to sight,
 " Nureeman from the wine cup drained delight ;
 " And when in turn Zal on the scene was known.
 " With girded waist beside the Kyan throne,
 " Sam from the toils of battle was relieved ;
 " Such were the alternations fate achieved !—
 " Next, when my foot the stirrup held in poise,
 " My sire from labour rested, strife, and noise :
 " Nor did a ⁶² Deer or Dragon shew its face,
 " And 'scape the vengeance of my sword and mace ;
 " But, now, my turn to be at rest is come,
 " And thine to combat men of evil doom ;
 " And, oh ! thy name will reach the rolling skies,
 " If, as thou wished, doth end this bold emprise !"

He'd taught him learning, and to fight and feast,
 And hoped each day to see his joys increased ;
 But now they mutually sighed " adieu,"
 Each kissed the others eyes and forehead too ;
 And recollecting all his father said
 The warrior turned to Hindoostan his head ;
 Fureemorz went ; and Roostum turned again
 Towards the Saraparda from the plain :
 With grace he stepped, and though his head was wise
 Sad was his heart—his bosom filled with sighs :
 He kissed the earth before the imperial seat ;
 Khoosroo rejoiced the chief again to greet :
 When Roostum came, he lifted the wine up,
 And the Shah poured it in a mighty cup,
 And cried, " let joy be our sufficing friend,
 " No wise man's thoughts towards to-morrow tend ;
 " Where's ⁶³ Sulm, and Toor, and Feridoon's high worth ?
 " All are invisible beneath the earth !
 " We totter and we grieve, for wealth we push,
 " And all the wishes of our heart we crush ;

⁶² Properly Deeo, a demon.

⁶³ Sulm was the eldest of the three sons of Feridoon and is supposed to be the Salmasassar of Scripture.

" But, with our end, our portion is the clay
 " And no one living can avoid that day !
 " Let's pass the dismal night with cups of wine,
 " And when with measured steps day comes divine,
 " We'll bid them to awake the flutes of Toos,
 " And bring the trumpets, kettle-drums, and Koos ;
 " We'll send him to Tooran with graceful mien,
 " To waste the empires of ⁶⁴ Macheen and Cheen ;
 " We'll mark to whom their lands the sliding skies,
 " In friendship stretch amid this bold emprise,
 " And wreak, by his aid who the world hath made,
 " Upon the evil, vengeance with our blade !
 " We strive ; yet hence what benefit can come !—
 " Whatever happens is decreed by doom !" ⁶⁵

(To be Continued.)

S. V. V.

A VISION OF THE DEAD.

Many years have elapsed, since I stood beside the couch on which lay the mortal remains of my friend ; of him who had been my comrade in the battle field, and my companion in the festal hall : of him whose kindness and converse had soothed and cheered me, when debilitated by sickness or depressed by misfortune. His death had been sudden, and ere I saw the corpse, the features had assumed that stony resemblance which told that the triumph of death was complete. The eyes were closed, and the aspect placid, yet was I insensible to that similarity between sleep and death which has been so often noticed by the moralist and the poet. To me there seems as little external resemblance between the sleeping and the dead, as there is between the soothing languor and growing unconsciousness which precede the one, and the agony and inquietude which are the too frequent precursors of the other. I seized his hand with a strong and convulsive grasp, which its clammy coldness induced me as suddenly to relinquish, and a thrill of horror pervaded my frame, to see the hand retain the form my pressure had given : the flesh had lost the elasticity of life ; the blood had shrunk from the collapsed and tideless veins.

⁶⁴ Macheen Chinese Tartary.

⁶⁵ Eleven foolish and misplaced couplets of the Shah's speech I here omitted, with this exception, the translation has been line for line and almost word for word.

Though the alleged proofs which have been advanced in latter times, of the reappearance on earth of the departed, will hardly bear scrutiny or satisfy reason, yet such a belief has existed in all ages, not only among the ignorant and superstitious, but among the learned and the wise, though perhaps among the latter it has been less frequently avowed than felt. It has also been believed by some, that good or evil spirits may sometimes be permitted to assume the likeness of the dead ; either to sustain virtue, or check vice, to lure to crime, or tempt to destruction.

Some months after the death of my friend, I was in camp without a companion. There are moments when we feel with peculiar sensibility, an impression of the vanity and worthlessness of life. Immediately after the extinction of long cherished hopes ; or when ardent and long sustained exertions have been baffled by some unforeseen accident, and abandoned in despair : ere hope has had time to rekindle the smothered embers of love or ambition, we look forward, desponding and inactive, and with shrinking timidity, to the certain miseries of a protracted existence. Rejecting whatever might soothe or gladden, the mind rests exclusively, and with perverse pertinacity, on all that is calculated to irritate or grieve, on the vices and crimes, the sorrows and misfortunes, of others on our own. The memory of the past like a lingering cloud overshadows the anticipated future : the gloom of despondency darkens the whole course of our existence, from childhood onward to the fated hour of corporeal agony and mental degradation, the termination of that hopeless struggle which we maintain through life, to keep the worms from their predestined prey.

It was late—yet I felt no inclination to retire to rest. The side of the tent opposite to which I sat was thrown open to admit the cool air. The night was clear and calm. The full moon from the zenith, shed her pure light on the dense foliage of the grove which bounded the open plain on which my tent was pitched. On this grove my eye almost unconsciously rested, when suddenly a figure in white issued from it, and came on towards the tent. It advanced rapidly without pause or hesitation, and I cannot describe with what sensations, I recognised, as it entered the tent, the features of my deceased friend. He came up to the table at which I sat, and on which, as he leaned forward to address me, he placed his right hand ; that hand which still retained the mark which my grasp had impressed upon it. But the expression of his features was totally changed from what it had ever been towards me in life. It was now a mingled manifestation of suppressed scorn and malicious exultation ; nor could this expression be mistaken, though the features except the eye were rigid as in death. But the eye shone with more than its natu-

ral light, and arrested attention by its keen and steady gaze. When he first addressed me his voice was calm ; it became more energetic as he proceeded, and at last assumed a tone of bitter and unfeeling derision. " I knew," he began, " that you would not tarry long ; misfortune and reflection have already taught thee, that if the season of youth, with all its peculiar advantages, would hardly be endured in the repetition, manhood must be joyless, and old age miserable ; that the progress of the one must be incessantly embittered by its approximation to the other ; to that period of abject helplessness and unmitigated wretchedness. The wisest and best have thought thus, and have themselves freed their imprisoned spirits, rending with their own hands the vile fetters that bound them. Thou hast the same power ; do as they did, and come with me." He paused and pointed to a weapon in a corner of the tent, with which his purpose might have been accomplished. I remained unmoved, and though I spoke not, my countenance probably expressed abhorrence of his wish, and a determination to withstand it. His eye flashed with indignation as he resumed. " Thou wilt not ? coward as thou art ! then live ! live on, and endure all that thou deservest ! What dost thou hope for ? Fame ? happiness ?—Aye, bright be the ray that lures thee to the depths of despair ! Live and learn to appreciate oblivion. Live till the dart of defamation pierce thee ; till the glare of infamy teach thee to value the shade of obscurity. Live, till those who are dearest to thee exult in thy degradation, and spurn thee in the hour of trouble and affliction. Live, till the pang of disappointment goad thee to madness ; till passion plunge thee into the gulfs of vice, and oppress thee with the weight of crime, till remorse enter thy bosom, till thy heart quiver in her burning hand ! Live to be deceived by those you love ; by those you trust, betrayed. Aye, live, to curse her whom thou now adorest !" " False spirit !" I exclaimed, but as I spoke, the form grew shadowy, indistinct, and dim ; where it stood it faded before me ; it melted in my glance—I was alone.

A. W.

ERASMUS.

Quæritur inde tibi sit nomen, Erasmus. *Eras-mus?*
Si *sim-mus* ego, te iudice *summus* ero.

Whence comes your name, Erasmus, pray ?
Were you a mouse, as punsters say ?
Why even if *a mouse* I be,
I famous stand, e'en you'll agree.

ENIGMA.

Come guess me my riddle ! we're high ; we're low
 We're brown as a berry ; we're white as snow ;
 We burn in the desert ; we lurk in the sea ;
 (As thousands have known to their misery !)
 We're smooth as a lake when the bright sun glows ;
 We heave like the waves when the hurricane blows ;
 We're longer, we're broader, than sight may bound—
 (Sight flies you if e'er in your eye we're found) ;
 We shine like the gems that encompass your ring ;
 We're small as the dust on the butterfly's wing ;
 As your pillow we're soft ; to a breath we yield ;
 We're hard as the steel of a warrior's shield ;
 Confined in a glass like a dandy's waist,
 In silence we tell how the moments haste ;
 North, South, West and East, we're all the world over—
 On the earth, in the air, in the note of a lover ;—
 But my riddle's exhaustless !—Yet never despair !
 Search well in your desk : you may find it there !

STANZAS.

I.

I pant for the Eglantine's breath divine,
 I pant for the smell of the elf-crushed flower,
 That yields up its odorous gush of wine
 When the Sun's first light drifts its slanting shower,
 And the greenwood looks, in that dazzling rain,
 As bright as if Eden had come again !

II.

I pant for the water-fall's drowsy sound,
 Which I heard in my youth,—nay, I hear it yet :—
 I pant to behold the wild doe bound,
 And the timid young fawn prancing close to it !—
 All these I may have yet seek in vain
 For the visions they raised in my youthful brain !

III.

Age saps the heart, as the sun drinks up
 The beautiful mists of my mountain lake,—
 And time drugs over youth's brimming cup
 With a draught that may not the soul-thirst slake :—
 Oh ! for those hours that so swiftly flew
 By that still lake's side and its waters blue !

CORPORAL BLENKIN.

The Love adventure of Corporal Oliver Blenkin, extracted from the papers of the late Colonel Sir Billious Echellon of the Bombay Establishment.

Fifty-two years residence in India, have done much to obliterate from my recollection the scenes of my childhood, but though my mental energies are on most subjects in a crazy condition, yet can I still turn to certain passages of my earlier days with pleasure, and recal them to my imagination as vividly as if they had occurred only yesterday.

It is a privilege granted to old age, to dwell on those bright spots in the horizon of a variable and clouded existence, with a degree of calm complacency which was certainly not experienced when such were enacted; and I frequently amuse myself by fighting my battles o'er again, lulled into a contemplative train of feeling by the soothing influence of a gently wafted *Punkah*, and the balmy fumes of my *Hookah*.

My father, rest his soul, entered the army in his 16th year, and continued the active performance of the duties of his profession at home and abroad till he attained the rank of Major; when my grandfather having made way for him, he retired to pass the remainder of his days on a small hereditary estate. The income arising from his property being limited, his establishment was proportionably circumscribed, it consisted of two female domestics, a boy, and my *beau ideal* of virtue courage and learning, Corporal Oliver Blenkin; a patronymic albeit more redolent of Mule Twist, Manchester Piece Goods, and British Shirting, than the above attributes, yet nevertheless it was the cognomen of an individual not a little distinguished in the annals of the Echellon family. There be some who cannot reconcile to themselves a Timothy, an Obadiah, nor perhaps a Blenkin as a hero; to such I would quote the words of the Poet,

“A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet.”

Oliver was a short, squat, cross made fellow, with bow legs, long arms, and a *leetle* tendency to corpulency; a knowing cock of the dexter peeper, red grizzly locks, not unlike a coir mat, small grey eyes, a huge mouth, and a red tipped nose of shining rotundity. He had enlisted and been discharged from the Army on the same day with “his honor the Major;” had tended him when sick and wounded, and was now every thing but wet

nurse to my father's numerous progeny. In fine a perfect factotum, nothing could be undertaken without his aid, and if undertaken it was sure to be completed in an unsatisfactory manner. Oliver commenced his Military career when Recruits were in greater requisition than at present, else he never would have been enrolled in H. M.'s Service ; for in addition to his wanting some four inches of the Regulation Standard, he was altogether one of the most uncouth beings that ever wore King George's Scarlet. He was the oracle of my father's Kitchen, the Chronicler of every event that had occurred at Echellon Cottage for three generations, but of all his stories, none pleased me so much as one which I here purpose giving, and which related almost exclusively to himself. I can at this moment fancy myself carried back through a vista of some sixty winters, seated on the Corporal's knee before a glowing coal fire, surrounded by the servants, and some of the neighbouring labourers, listening with breathless anxiety to the detail of his love adventure and its consequences, which I shall spare the reader the pain of perusing in his words and clothe in my own language.

About the middle of the last century, my father's Company was stationed on detached duty at a Village which I shall call Kildare, about 40 miles from the Town of Tralee in the County of Kerry and *Kingdom of Ireland*. The place contained about 1000 or 1500 inhabitants, the greater part of whom were a miserable enough set of beings. One person however there was in the Hamlet well to do in the world, namely, Anthony Driscoll a Pork Butcher, who drove a thriving trade in the Salt Provision line. Anthony was a widower, and had an only daughter under his protection. She had just surmounted her teens at the period adverted to, and Oliver used to describe her as all that was amiable, lovely, and interesting. My excellent and lamented parent was "*in hot youth*" in the habit of indulging himself on Sundays with a dish of Pork Sausages. To purchase these delicacies, Oliver, then a private in my father's company, was obliged to visit Anthony's Shop every Saturday evening, on such occasions his wants were supplied by Mary Driscoll, as her sire made it a rule to adjourn to the Vintner's or Whiskey Shop regularly at sunset on the 7th day of the week. Those frequent interviews led to still more frequent meetings, for glances begot ogles, ogles sighs ; and those at length produced a disclosure from Blenkin of the state of his heart, which Mary received in the most flattering manner declaring that nothing but her father's permission was requisite to seal their happiness, but that without this she never could consent to become the wife of any man—sentiments eminently honorable to the daughter of a slayer of Pigs. Oliver

imprinted a glowing kiss on her lips, called himself the most fortunate fellow alive, and intimated his intention to apply forthwith for his future father-in-law's sanction. He had like many sanguine swains both before and since, calculated without his host ; and instead of a ready assent to his suit, all the aristocratic pride of the dealer in swine's flesh was up in arms, and he declared that while he lived, he never would allow his child to wed with any Rank and File that ever marched. Blenkin's heart sunk on hearing this sad finale to his bright prospects of connubial felicity ; but father and daughter were alike inexorable, he persisting in withholding his acquiescence, and she as firm in her resolution not to commit matrimony without it. Affairs having assumed so unfavorable an aspect, Oliver received intimation, that his Company was to rejoin the Head Quarters of the Regiment, with comparatively little regret, the more particularly as Mary had vowed eternal constancy and her determination never to countenance any other wooer. Blenkin had not been long at Tralee when he became anxious to return to Kildare that he might once more use his efforts to overcome the scruples of Driscoll. He imparted his wishes to my father, and obtained a month's leave for the purpose of prosecuting his amatory views, in this attempt he was unsuccessful as before, and he left the depository of all he held dear almost broken hearted. The disappointed lover started on his homeward journey betimes in the morning, so as to admit of his arriving at his destination before dark. His thoughts were however so absorbed by his recent failure, that he found evening closing in upon him ere he had completed two thirds of his task. Ireland was not in a tranquil state, and though inclined to be somewhat romantic, he did not altogether relish the idea of a moonlight walk among the wilds of Kerry. He accordingly set about finishing his travels with all the energy which his short bandy limbs would permit ; he had not accomplished more than a dozen of what he considered most gallant strides, when he was overtaken by a tall athletic personage in the garb of a respectable farmer, who saluting him enquired, whence he sped. Oliver replied in a sort of half sulky tone " to Tralee," shewing at the same time symptoms that he desired no companion. His new acquaintance was nothing daunted by the Soldier's uncourteous bearing, but continued to keep up with him, putting question after question, to which Oliver returned short, surly answers. Finding at length that it was impossible to turn him from his purpose, Oliver having taken a rapid survey of the brawny peasant, thought it best to put a good face upon things, and as an uncivil deportment could not relieve him from his persevering fellow traveller, to endeavour to conciliate him and calmly await the result. To this end

he entered into conversation with him freely, and having great faith in physiognomy, soon satisfied himself that the countryman's countenance displayed nothing sinister or suspicious.

The sun had sunk beneath the surrounding mountains full half an hour, and though a summer's twilight still lighted up the scene, Riley (so he was named) expressed his fears lest they should be benighted before they could reach Tralee, recommending at the same time the propriety of quitting the direct path, that they might avail themselves of a small inn (if it deserved the appellation) situated on a cross road three miles distant. To this proposal Oliver readily agreed, and in less than an hour they stood in front of a wretched cabin, bearing the superscription, ill painted and worse spelt, "Good intertainment for uan and horse." They were met at the door by an individual apparently of sixty, and his three sons, the proprietors of the Shebeen; stout, rufian looking Irishmen. Those forbidding gentry welcomed their guests, whom they ushered into a miserable apartment misnamed a parlour, in which stood a bed, table, &c. Off this again was a small closet containing another bed, separated from the larger room by a thin partition. The travellers having consumed such viands as the place afforded, and drank a gill of Whiskey adjourned to rest, Oliver occupying the closet, Riley the room where they had dined. It may be well to remark that the old man and his sons, had been peculiarly assiduous in their attendance during the meal, and that Riley had casually mentioned to Blenkin in their hearing, that he had about his person, a considerable sum of money which he had received at a fair in the neighbourhood. Both were somewhat fatigued and consequently slept soundly. About midnight, Oliver was disturbed by a noise in his companion's apartment, as if persons were engaged in a fierce struggle; between sleeping and waking he was in the act of jumping out of bed to ascertain the cause, when he descried through a chink, a scene which chilled him with horror.—The unfortunate Riley, lay on the floor literally swimming in his own gore, while the old man and his sons were busily engaged in untying from his body, a purse which he had secured underneath his shirt. His first impulse was to rush upon the villains, but a moment's reflection convinced him of the imprudence of such a step, he therefore lay still, and had soon reason to be satisfied that he acted wisely, on overhearing the Host remark to his hopeful sons that their job was not finished, for unless they were assured after strict examination, that the Soldier was unconscious of what had passed, he must be dispatched likewise. Oliver, though a truly brave man, could not help feeling a little uncomfortable at this annunciation, he had, as he used to say, faced death in many shapes, but to have one's

throat cut like one of Anthony Driscoll's Porkers, had something so horrible in it that he had much difficulty in composing himself sufficiently to feign profound sleep. The door of the closet opened, and the murderers entered, a candle was passed across Blenkin's eyes but he moved not, so that after a short consultation it was determined, that poor Oliver's life should be spared. Oliver felt as if a heavy load were removed from his bosom when they withdrew. As may be guessed he did not again close his eyes; he saw the wretches remove the corpse and busy themselves in effacing the bloody evidences of their guilt; a task which was not accomplished before day-break. He did not quit his bed till called by the elder of the three sons, who informed him that the sun was high that Riley had long since proceeded on his journey, and that his father and brethren had gone on business to a village 15 miles distant. Oliver pretended to be chagrined that his companion should have left him, and putting on an air of gaiety ordered breakfast. In the course of the necessary preparations the ruffians had occasion to stoop down, Blenkin seized the opportunity snatched up the Poker, and ere the villain was aware of his intention, struck him so violent a blow on the head, as to stretch him stunned and motionless at his feet. The Soldier aware of the superior physical power of his antagonist, lost not a moment in binding him hand and foot, and then started *at speed* to gain the high road for assistance. He had not proceeded more than a mile, when as good luck would have it, he fell in with four of his comrades, to them he related in as few words as possible the occurrences of the past night, and it was agreed that they should forthwith retrace Oliver's steps and lie in ambush for the other three Ruffians, who quite unsuspecting of the trap laid for them, returned in the evening, were secured after a desperate resistance, tried, convicted, and executed. Oliver was promoted to the rank of Corporal, and received a handsome present from the civil authorities at Tralee for his judicious and gallant conduct, nay, even the hitherto unbending pork butcher softened into admiration of his prowess, and consented to his union with his adored Mary.

The Corporal was the happiest Non-Commissioned officer in the county of Kerry, promotion, £50 in the pocket of his "*Regimental small clothes*," and all obstacles to his marriage removed. Alas how fleeting are all sublunary joys! his intended was carried off by typhus fever the very day he was to have started to claim her as his bride. Poor Blenkin was inconsolable, but grief like every thing else gives way to all conquering time, and before he quitted the "*Green Isle*," and the army, (simultaneous events) he had perfectly recovered his spirits though never sufficiently so to ad-

mit of his entering the bonds of matrimony. This did not however prevent his experiencing what he designated a *mishap*, the cause a pair of black Limerick eyes and a certain departure from those strict rules of morality which Corporals like other gay young men are too apt to violate, the effect was a daughter and many bitter hours of after repentance, not that he had any reason to regret a child having been born unto him, in so far as she herself was concerned, for she proved most dutiful and was respectably settled in life. Judge not reader, whomsoever thou mayest be, too harshly of this single instance of indiscretion on the part of the Corporal, of this his solitary transgression; he possessed many virtues, committed but one sin, and let him who can say as much for himself "cast the first stone," place the first blot on the fair fame of Oliver Blenkin. He lived to see his grandchildren around him and no doubt to relate to them his love adventure and its consequences. Many years have elapsed since he has been gathered to his fathers and the lamp of my existence is also flickering in its socket. A few months, nay weeks, and the hand which has traced this record may be cold, but while I live I shall never cease to regard with affection the memory of an old and faithful servant or to cherish with a degree of pleasure the recollection of his peculiar mode of relating the circumstances I have endeavoured to describe. In my will it shall also be found that I have not forgotten the descendants of Corporal Oliver Blenkin.

January, 1816.

B. E.

I discovered the above a few months back on looking over some papers relating to the estate of my venerated uncle the late Colonel Sir Billious Echellon of the Bombay Army. The concluding part of his narrative would appear almost prophetic for on a reference to dates I find that he expired ten days after it was written. To each of the Corporal's descendants he left a sum of money sufficient to establish them respectably, while the bulk of his ample fortune the accumulation of upwards of half a century's residence in the east, during the golden age of Indian Military Service, he bequeathed to his own immediate relations, and among others a portion has fallen to the lot of his afflicted Nephew,

LORN.

FLOWERS.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

It is the merry month of June,
 And the forest birds are all in tune,
 And the buds are green on the Linden tree
 And flowers are bursting on the lea.
 There is the Daisy, so prim and white,
 With its golden eye, and its fringes bright ;
 And here is the gilded Butter-cup,
 Like a miser's chest with gold hoarded up ;
 And there is the Primrose, pale and wan,
 And the Cowslip, loved by the Ortolan,
 Who sucks its morning draught of dew
 From the drooping curls of the Harebell blue.
 In the brake the spotted Foxglove dwells,
 Flinging its panther-buds, that, like cells
 Where elfin forms at midnight meet,
 Make for the dew-drops a choice retreat !
 St. John's-wort there its glamour sheds,
 Blessing the spot where the wizard treads ;
 And sparkling Eye-bright laughs 'mid the grass
 To see the Butterfly over it pass,
 In amorous search of the Lilac tree
 That scatters its blossoms so lavishly.

A Nightingale is sweetly singing
 To yon Rose, whose fragrance the wind is bringing ;
 On every breath it whispers around.
 While the Grasshopper stills his chirp at the sound.
 What is that in the green hedge twining ?
 Is it a painted viper slithering ?
 No, 'tis the Honeysuckle's twine
 Whose tendrils clasp, like the passionate vine
 When it girdles around the tall Elm tree,
 Enamoured of its greenery.
 Here is the Eglantine, laden with sweets,
 And its glossy berry the eye that cheats ;
 And yonder's the Lily, like vestal pale
 Who hath seen her heart's first passion fail :—
 And there is the Pleony, bold and red
 As the hot sun, sinking at night to bed—
 And under that bank, on the shady slope,
 Veiling itself like a lover's hope ;
 And glinting bright, with the fresh dew wet,
 Lurks my favorite flower—the Violet !

Heath-bells, too, are hoarding their honey
 For the bandit Bees,—and prized as money
 By misers, by the absent friend
 Is this Forget Me-Not's blue bend,
 As it leans right over the bank to take
 A peep at the Lotuses in the Lake !
 Look at that Sunflower, wantonly showing
 Its breast to the glances Phoebus is throwing ;
 And close by its side, like a starry shower,
 A Jessamine essences all the bower,
 Shaking its censer flowers of snow
 In the kissing gales that round it blow.
 What is that, with its heart-shaped leaves,
 Glistening all over the summer-house eaves ?
 'Tis not the Passion-flower, brief but holy,
 Nor the Clematis, sad and melancholy ;
 No ' tis the Ivy, that yields its shade
 To hide the ruins its fondness hath made !
 Around the sill of that Lattice there
 Laburnums wave their yellow hair,
 And over the pretty white-washed walls
 A Vine, in many a surcle, falls—
 And down below, like a thing of pride,
 The Tulip is seen the Jonquil to chide
 For luring away to its sweeter bloom
 The sly Bee that banquets on perfume !

 ENIGMA.

Say what am I ?—Behold me, now,
 The one sole end of life ;
 Tempest and waves enfold me, now ;
 Now lengthening noise and strife.
 With every thing I mingle,
 In Heaven, and Earth and Sea ;
 I'm silent with the single,
 But never mute with *thee* :
 Thine ear I rule, thine eye I bound ;
 Yet sound and sight I fly ;
 Far in the wilderness I'm found ;
 In caverns deep I lie :
 Yet strange, mid rocks I never dwell ;
 Mountains I never entered ;
 Nor woods, nor plains :—now search your well,
 And there you'll find me centered.

JOHN COUSTAIN,
A TALE OF THE XVTH CENTURY.

The reader is introduced to the town of Brussels in the fifteenth century, which then presented a very different picture to that which is now viewed by the traveller. Many characteristic features indeed might be traced, assimilating much to what may be seen at present;—for the Dutch and Fleming have ever been distinguished for patient labor and perseverance, and on some occasions for sturdy spirit; yet at the time now spoken of, although the signs of a future might be discerned by an acute or experienced judgment, these qualities had not had time to make themselves conspicuously pre-eminent. The traveller will now perceive on all sides, streets well laid out, gardens, parks, theatres, palaces, and buildings, in general denoting well diffused prosperity and consequent comfort, if not luxury. At the time alluded to Brussels was surrounded by high walls, deemed nearly impregnable: the gates were cautiously closed and the drawbridge let down at sunset, to be opened only at sunrise, so that the tardy Burgher whom hire or fatigue had overcome at some country station, might as well have attempted to soften the ire of Radamanthus or Minos, as that of the midnight centinel. The town was composed, generally of low built and irregular houses, few having any pretensions to elegance; where one more lofty overtopped the rest, it belonged to some syndic or deacon of his trade, who had in spite of the Duke of Burgundy's despotism, raised himself above the herd of his fellow mortals, and acquired himself honour at least in the eyes of his brother citizens. In striking contrast to these, rose the few mansions of those nobility, who either held command under, or were permitted to reside by, the feudal Lord. This contrast proceeded, however, more from the inferiority of the general buildings, than their own intrinsic size; thick and massy was the structure, but there was nothing of elegance or beauty. On foundations evidently of gothic origin, superstructures of dull and heavy brick were raised,—and the remains of what once had been picturesque if not sublime, served only to make the impression more unfavorable. Among these mansions appertaining to the superior orders stood one conspicuous for its size and strength; one wing of stone with pointed arched windows remained, and from the others rose up several small brick turrets ornamented with gilt spires. The doorway frowned heavily, and was guarded by a strong iron

door, on which a coat of arms, six bendlets argent and azure was emblazoned ; two men with halberds kept watch at the entrance.

Within this palace, which belonged to Philip Duke of Burgundy, was a Chamber at the top of one of the western turrets ; the interior was low and arched, the walls were completely bare, and the narrow unglazed loophole admitted a dull partial light. A plain wooden bedstead, a table and a couple of chairs, with a few other necessities constituted the furniture of the apartment ; but the most remarkable articles were a strong iron bound door with a massy lock, and two iron chests of evident strength. Placed in a corner next to the loophole or window, sat an elderly looking man with a grey beard, studying intensely some parchments he had in his hand. This person had a close cap of red cloth ornamented with gold lace, and a suit of the same which fitted tight to his body, but from the lips down to the knees, where it terminated, bellied out like a full sail, and was slashed with blue silk ;—a pair of Flemish hose, and a massive gold chain round the neck, completed the costume. With the appearance of age, there was yet something in the eye of this person, as well as of his whole address, which belied the accusation ; or if the beholder confessed he saw before himself a man verging towards fifty-five and upwards he was well convinced of the acuteness and activity of his intellects ; sometimes a smile of bitter scorn, or a grinding of the teeth would prove that passion had not yet relinquished her hold on her prey.

As the twilight grew dim, John Coustain, Master of the Wardrobe to the Duke of Burgundy arose, walked to his table, wrote a few lines,—then opening one of the chests before mentioned, thrust the parchments inside, and locked it fast. He then commenced pacing up and down his scanty rooms with those unequal steps, which as truly as they betray deep thoughts, evince those thoughts to be none of the purest kind. “ ’Tis well” said he, muttering to himself, “ the parchments are worth their price—their teaching is sure, can I but act upon it. Three grains, and two grains and one grain—a poor pinch ; and yet with such a diminutive agent will I destroy that haughty proud spirit, which if it exist much longer will be my ruin. Yes—in Savoy, now lives that Master Galeotia, and the only other person who has these drugs, is Levorgne ; yet fool as I was, when twice I visited Paris my heart misgave me, and I procured them not.” Here Coustain struck his hand on his forehead as if unpleasant recollections had come across his mind, then turning to some other subject he exclaimed, “ he loves me not, he hates me, fears me ; thrice have I brooked the blow, aye thrice ; and were it not for thou, my more than soul” added he

looking towards his chest, and making a threatening motion with his hand "I would have revenged it as becomes a man. But I dare not thus; yet will I be revenged and deeply too." Coustain called aloud for a light which was brought in a small silver dish by a serving man and placed on the table; the domestic making a deep reverence withdrew. His master followed him closely to the door, watched him out and drew fast the bolts; he then opened one of the iron chests, took out some bags of gold and for the space of half an hour was sedulously absorbed in counting his treasure, while grins of delight passed quickly over his countenance as he found each tally right. The clang of arms as the guards were posted on the battlements for the night aroused him from his occupation; he mused for a moment, then slowly muttered "late, late, why tarries he—he should have been here ere this;" speedily crossing his chamber, he hung over the loophole of his tower, a piece of broad cloth, lest perchance any higher spot might command a view of his room, and let the prying sentinel into the secret of his treasures. After this the anxious steward threw himself into a chair, and seemed wrapped in thought, an interval of another half hour elapsed, and he was again disturbed by a knock at his door and the voice of a domestic. "Who's there at this time?" cried Coustain: the voice replied, "The honorable Sieur d'Juy waits on your worship and wishes an interview." "I come, I come directly" was the reply, and hastening to his chest he glanced speedily over the parchments he had been reading, as if to make sure of the contents, then extracting twenty pieces of gold from a bag, he relocked it. In a moment more, he had opened the door, admitted his visitor and reclosed it.

The person who entered, deserves some notice; he was apparently about forty years old with a high forehead, aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, and a prepossessing appearance. His dress will be best described by the old chronicler, when speaking of the customs of those days. "At the same time men wore shorter dresses than usual, so that the form of their hinder and abler parts was visible, after the fashion in which people were wont to dress monkies, which was a very indecent and impudent thing. The sleeves of their outward dress and jackets were slashed, to shew their wide white shirts. Their hair was so long that it covered their eyes and face—and on their heads they had cloth bonnets of a quarter of an ell high. Knights and esquires, indifferently, wore the most sumptuous golden chains. Even the varlets had jackets, of silk, satin, or velvet, and almost all, especially at the courts of princes, wore peaks at their shoes of a quarter of an ell in length." The new comer was prauked out in all the bravery here described except the gold chain, yet

the finery was evidently not of that sort, which those who wished to look well in their ladies' eyes would approve. The articles which composed the dress did not suit well together, but seemed to have been picked up at different places and times. They had seen much service, and in some places exhibited too certain evidence of wear and tear. The demeanour of the wearer was free and open, though somewhat nonchalant, as if to pass off lightly what he did not wish to dwell upon; though nature had stamped gentility in his face, he seemed as if lately misery had made him acquainted with strange bad fellows, and as certain as he was a gentleman, so certainly was he marked out a poor one. Coustain greeted him with cordiality, but with an affectation of superiority, which it was plain d'Juy could ill bear; he concealed his mortification under a consequential air, and seated himself: the other followed his example. For some minutes they sat gazing intent on each other as if endeavouring to scan each others thoughts; the eyes of Coustain first fell: to end his companion's embarrassing looks he addressed him:

"Well *Sieur d'Juy* are you ready to proceed on the journey of which I spoke to you somewhat at our last meeting?"

"Yes worthy Sir," said the other "I am ready to-morrow, nay this night, should it be necessary."

"Tis well" said Coustain, "Hast gotten thyself a horse and fitting apparel?"

"That" said d'Juy "is hardly in my power—for that I look to you."

"It shall be cared for," replied the Steward.

"Whither then am I to proceed and what are my instructions" enquired the *Sieur*.

"Briefly" said Coustain, "I would have you proceed forthwith to Savoy, and hie thee unto Chambery; there thou wilt hear of Marcianus Gallus the famous physician and to him deliver a note with which I shall entrust thee. From him receive what he shall give you in return and bring it straight to me."

"And what may be my reward for this Journey into a far and distant country," asked the *Sieur*.

"What" answered the other. "Thou hast long wished for; present cash in hand I give thee; hereafter, place and honours."

D'Juy mused for some time—then turning up his eyes addressed the other.

"And what may your worship be wanting in Chambery and who is this worthy doctor of whom you speak?"

"My friend," replied the master of the Wardrobe, "that is no part of our pact. I have conditioned with thee to do my bidding—but I should be not wise, indeed, to commit these

matters to the world. Perchance it may be no business of mine own, on which I send thee.

D'Juy replied "Well, I know, the baseness is none of thy Master's or he had chosen others than you to forward it—'tis especially thine own action. And bethink you well, that there is necessity that I should know somewhat of the affair. I travel through foreign land mid perils and dangers; if I have not some privilege of my mission wherewith can I avoid impertinent interrogation."

"It mattereth not" said the other, "thou hast thy duty to perform; neither doth it concern thee to know on what business thou journey'st. Thou can'st not know aught of it!"

"Then" said d'Juy "I go not," and he sat down sullenly and resolved.

Coustain addressed him eagerly. "Why man what sayest thou—thou art poor, art destitute. Thou hast not wherewithal to buy thee food; thou canst ruffle it no longer with thy fellows: thy apparel betrays thee, and 'tis but ten days ago that thou didst mortgage thy golden chain to buy thee bread. I offer thee riches. I offer thee place, I offer thee honour and yet ——."

"Thou and thee me not" cried d'Juy in voice of thunder; "poor though I am, yet still I am a noble—and have that which flows in my veins which you have not. I brook not this talk further," his short lived rage subsided, for well he knew the truths which had been spoken to him.

"Psha" said Coustain seeing the turn his feelings had taken, "why talk to friends in this way. I see, you know you are poor—then why disdain my offer."

"Why" said the other resuming his nonchalance "because,—because I choose to make my own conditions. Suppose I say, I will not go upon an affair of which I am ignorant. Suppose I say, it jumps with my humour to learn your secret. and know you can find none other to do your behest as I will. Suppose I become high minded, and say your work is too dirty for my clean hands. But principally I let you know the thing—that as poor as I am, one refuge remains, which if you employ me not I can have recourse to. I have not yet robbed on the highway. I am not therefore altogether destitute, and you may now consider in what situation we stand towards each other."

"You are a desperate man John d'Juy" said Coustain "desperate as I am," answered he "I am better for your purpose. I know it is no good one."

"The Heavens forbid" exclaimed the Steward, "what purpose can I have in this world save to die peaceably; I have my coffers filled with cash, hold a good place and am in high favour with the gracious Duke Philip."

"Thou hast me not there Master Steward," replied he, "I have been too much among men of honour and of policy to be caught by such a springe—nay, if our confidence be on this plan, farewell. I serve you not."

The Master of the Wardrobe seemed deeply disappointed at such a premature termination of the colloquy; he paced the room with evident perturbation, while the other rose cap in hand as if about to take leave, yet remained a short space further to allow time for a change in the Steward's determination. Coustain at last passed towards him and smiling said.

D'Juy, I admire and honor your spirit; you are indeed noble in feeling as well as in birth. Oh had I such a person as you D'Juy always near me, as I humbly hope and trust I very soon shall have. Indeed D'Juy, I did but joke with you, indeed I did. I wished but to see how you would act in a case of difficulty: it was merely to try you good D'Juy—and nobly have you sustained your name. I have no mystery in this matter, none at all. Sit you down again and you shall hear the matter out. Some thirty years ago, when I was a young man, (and alas we all grow old apace) I was at a tournament held by Duke Philip's father at Bruges, where I and some others held fight for three days against all comers. Well you see, we held our ground with vantage two days, but on the third, the chivalry of France came against us and I was unhorsed. In my defeat I fell upon my back and was wounded near the spine; since that time I was so grievously afflicted with pains in my back that I never could again bear my armour, and his good grace of Burgundy was pleased to give me this place for what he called my brave and valorous conduct. For sometime afterwards I lived in continued torture on account of my wounds, until by chance I met with the famous Dr. Marceanus Gallus, who praise be to the Heaven above, cured me by a very precious ointment of rare price, which he alone can make, and of which he will tell the secret to no one. Lately I have again been tormented with these troublesome pains, and I have exhausted all this ointment, and it is to get some further supply that I wish to send you to this worthy Doctor, who is now in Savoy at Chambery. I must send a careful and faithful person, for to no other will the Doctor trust his medicines. Now I have told you all my secret, surely D'Juy you will make no objections to perform my errand?"

The Sieur put his cap to his face to hide the contemptuous smile which curled his lips, as this relation was finished; but having suppressed his visible faculties he replied "Coustain, I will do your errand; and faithfully too. It is full of peril and danger; but see you perform your promise afterwards or I

swear by the holy virgin you shall repent. I have now been waiting for some two years and odd months on your smiles and those of that accursed son of your master the Count de Charlo-rois; and—

“Ha!” cried the Steward, “do you also hate the Count de Charlo-rois?”

“Also?” said D’Juy enquiringly “do you hate him?”

“I did not say so,” replied Coustain somewhat confusedly, “I have no reason to dislike my master’s son. But sieur, when will you start from this place; my demands and wants are pressing?”

“Give me my credentials, my letters and money for expences and I will quit to-morrow morning,” said the Sieur. Coustain, searched among his papers for a short space, and produced a neat folded note sealed with wax. He next produced a purse with the twenty pistoles which he extracted from the bag, and made them over to his companion. “There,” said he, “is something in hand to bear you on your way, and if you want more, Marcianus will himself supply you.”

“But,” said D’Juy pondering “should any mischance befall me, and the letter be lost, is it your pleasure I should proceed or return?”

“As you loved your father,” exclaimed the Steward eagerly, “guard the letter as you would your life, and under any circumstances by no means turn back.”

“But,” returned the Sieur, “my baggage may be lost, and fifty accidents may destroy a frail piece of paper; should such mischance happen how will Marcianus Gallus know whence I come and from whom. Will you give me no token to shew?”

“Right: and with foresight hast thou spoken, worthy D’Juy,” said Coustain, and drawing his signet ring from his finger gave it to him. “This” said he “will soon inform the learned Doctor, from whom you come; and now farewell.”

“Farewell” said D’Juy as he was silently let out of the room, and betook himself to a supper under the first roof which had covered him for many days. He thought of the singularity of his mission, and its dangers, but the more he cogitated the more incomprehensible did it seem. To go from Brussels to Chambery for ointment for a wound—it was rather too much; he mentally resolved to reach the bottom of it, and in the mean time to act according to circumstances. He that night purchased a suitable travelling cloak, and a small poney, which he forthwith mounted and passed out of the town as soon as the gates were opened in the morning. John Coustain, on the other hand, congratulated himself on the stratagem he had used, and the clever way in which he had effected his ob-

jects. "Let me," said he "but once possess that medicine, and we shall soon see if the Count de Charlorois will belie me to his father and insult me thus." On further reflection, it first came across him that he had put himself uselessly in his messenger's power by delivering his signet ring, and he cursed himself a thousand times for his hasty folly. Orders were given to search for John D'Juy throughout Brussels; the lazy and sleepy guards negligently performed their task, and ere any strict search was made, D'Juy had passed the barriers and was on his way.

The secret which Coustain had unwisely concealed from his instrument, was soon discovered, and that too by the very means he had taken to ensure the success of his plan. The Count de Charlorois, afterwards Charles Duke of Burgundy was of a hot and hasty temper; but he was not deficient in good qualities; when not excited by passion he was profusely generous, and his justice was unquestioned. Coustain, his father's master of the wardrobe, had by degrees acquired very great interest at court, insomuch that in some cases his opinion was preferred to that of better men; when any affairs relative to the young Count were in debate, his voice was always in opposition. Such conduct could not beget in the Count of Charlorois any favorable feeling or opinion; but he was perhaps more mortified in seeing the use the master of the Wardrobe made of his power. He harassed the provinces with unreasonable taxes, the third part of which vanished in collection, thrust in the hand of power to influence the opinions of the judgment seat, and carried terror into the hearts of all his opponents. The piercing eye of the Count soon detected this pernicious influence in his father's councils, and busied himself seriously in their counteraction: by dint of labour and perseverance he had been successful,—and conscious of the favourite's power being on the wane cared little how he treated him. Whether the cause of quarrel had been augmented with a blow, or that such was the offspring of Coustain's morbid imagination, it is not known. The master of the Wardrobe had left nothing untried, bribery, cajolery, threats or promises to maintain his power as long as he could, but his adversary's star was on the ascendant and his own on the wane, one step alone remained, and that was indeed a bold one. Coustain had in former days studied deeply the then much practised art of Alchemy, and had lost much time as well as money in pursuing the search after the philosopher's stone; finding no success attend his labours, he, with a wisdom, not possessed generally by those engaged in similar occupations, burnt his books, destroyed his alembic and retort, and again revisited the world he had so long neglected. Notwithstanding his failure in the main object, Coustain still preserved a knowledge of a

more dangerous tendency, that of chemical agents and persons; and in his researches in this art he had been perfected to a nicety, by the famous physician Galeotti, or as he termed himself Marcianus Gallus, who had accidentally passed through Burgundy a small time previously. When the death of the Count de Charlorois was determined upon, by Coustain, the difficulty of procuring the poisonous drugs alone remained; poisons, it is true, there were many in the world and easy to be had, but they were too gross and palpable in the method of operation and could not fail of exciting suspicion, if not of ensuring detection. The Galeotti papers purchased by Coustain specified a sure and certain composition, which, if taken, would cause a gentle and easy death in half a day, and leave no signs by which its existence could be ascertained on a post mortem examination. The component parts of this preparation were not to be procured, save of those mystic brethren of the Rosy Crop, and it was with difficulty they could be prevailed on to part with them. Besides this, the peculiarity of the drug demanded, coupled with the consequent death of the Count, would soon point out the perpetrator, and place him in the power of his adversaries. In this dilemma Coustain had determined on applying to Galeotti himself, on whose discretion he could rely, and the mission of John D'Juy, was the consequence. John D'Juy, a ruined gentleman of desperate fortunes had sagaciously seen that something was concealed in the mission with which he was charged, and had engaged in it with the hope of turning it to advantage. The signet ring was the clue to the secret, and what the Sieur D'Juy would have scorned to have done, had he been treated openly and honourably, he now rejoiced in doing, he carefully dissolved the wax, loosened the silk which bound the letter, and read it; then taking a copy he reclosed it. The learned Doctor Marcianus Gallus at Chambery, (for he was there known by no other name), received D'Juy with much respect and kindness; enquired after his old pupil and promised to prepare the medicines required. During three days of his stay at Chambery, D'Juy was busy in endeavouring to make out the lines of a cypher, which were written at the foot of this note of Coustain, but in vain. The note stated precisely what was wanted, and that the medicine must be strong and potent; yet the name of the person for whom it was intended was evidently concealed in the cypher, and the most valuable part of the intelligence appeared unattainable. Three days the learned Doctor was constantly employed in his laboratory, and the fumes of smoke which his furnace threw up, shewed how deeply he was occupied in his profession. On the fourth day Marcianus brought forth a small silver pouncet box inlaid with gold, apparently inscribed with some cabalistic words

and a folded epistle; this he entrusted to D'Juy, and bid him God speed "yet stay" said the Doctor, as if he had forgotten something, "I should have added in my epistle—but art thou *Sieur* in the inmost confidence of thy master, and hast thou possession of his secret soul." D'Juy shewed him Coustain's signet, at the sight of which all hesitation vanished. "Then hark in thine ear *Sir Messenger*," replied he, "say thus to your master in addition to what is here written, that I have prepared a double dose by way of precaution; if the Count de Charlerois swallow, but one half of this in the evening, he is a dead man, e'er sun rise." The delighted *Sieur* now in full possession of the secret could scarce conceal the joy this last sentence caused him; he hastily touched his cap in obeisance and galloped forward.

A journey of three weeks or thereabouts, again brought the *Sieur D'Juy* to Brussels, for on account of some recent disputes upon the frontiers he had been obliged to go by way of Piedmont, Switzerland and Germany. With an eager hand did John Coustain snatch from his Messenger the long expected box and letter, and profusely did he pour forth his thanks to the active Messenger who had brought it. A purse of a hundred pistoles was lying on the table, as the price of labour, and was readily accepted by him who had been worthy of his hire. Coustain asked the *Sieur* the particulars of his journey, how he was treated by the learned Doctor, and whether the letter was not sufficient introduction without the ring; to this D'Juy replied, that he had been fully recognized, and that he had not been necessitated to have recourse to the token, and so saying, drew it off his finger and laid it on the table. At the conclusion of this interview, Coustain's expressions of his regard for his friend became very strong; he promised to get him some situation permanently attached to the Court and near his own person; he vowed eternal gratitude; and gave orders that D'Juy should be admitted at all hours when he should demand it. Time shewed all this hypocritical hyperbole in its true colours; for the Master of the Wardrobe was just the person, who deeming himself more cunning than others, would least of all consider himself liable to be duped. Having eat the flesh of the fruit, he cast away the stone as useless, not reflecting that from it at some future time might grow up a plant useful and refreshing or not, and become pernicious. Had he but supposed that his late Messenger was acquainted with the twentieth grain of one poor scruple of that with which he had been entrusted, how different would have been Coustain's behaviour to him; would he have dared to treat him with ignominy and contumely? Men long used to adversity are often headstrong when suddenly launched into

prosperous fortunes ; they resemble persons who have fasted and thirsted long, who if left unrestrained in a place of plenty will soon kill themselves with surfeit. John D'Juy with a full purse soon made his way again into those societies, from which he had been elbowed when the sleeves of his coat became less brilliant than those of his neighbours ; he ran his usual career to the astonishment of all ; but he was like a brilliant and short lived meteor, splendid while it lasts, but suddenly comes and speedily vanishes. One hundred pistoles cannot endure for ever and D'Juy was soon reduced to a state of poverty. It was now time for him to try the reliance he placed on the promises of his patron, to whom he daily paid assiduous court, humbly praying for the preferment which he had been expecting. For some time D'Juy was answered with further promises, first with excuses, then with evasion, and when he made specific applications, with point blank refusal. The door of the palace was now no longer open to him, and as he attempted to enter he was beat back by the guards. If the hostile and furious passion of D'Juy had not been sufficiently excited, by hunger and poverty, treatment like this would have aroused the lion in the breast of any one save a Job. He now bethought himself of writing letters to Coustain, threatening a disclosure of what he knew—but he dreaded his vengeance should it ever be known to him, that his secret was in the possession of another. He cast over in his mind the project of delivering up Coustain to the Duke of Burgundy or the Count de Charlorois—but to the latter he bore no good will and dismissed the idea from his imagination. Reduced once more to destitution and without further hope, as he slowly paraded the streets of Brussels, he met the equipage of John Coustain, who was returning from coursing in the Duke's park. D'Juy seized the opportunity and taking hold of the Master of the Wardrobe's bridle, cried loudly, "Your promise, Your promise." "What madman is this?" cried Coustain, "Who stops our horses on the high way—unhand me, Sir, instantaneously." "Coustain" hoarsely whispered D'Juy, "I am desperate, I am penniless ; fulfil your promise, and all shall be well—refuse, and I will be revenged—aye terribly revenged." "Unmannered varlet, hound of iniquity, let go my bridle," cried Coustain, as he lifted up his riding whip to strike his adversary. The other, when he saw that hand lifted over his head, quickly laid his on his sword ; but providentially the suite of the Master of the Wardrobe had arrived, and pushed between the combatants, or the latter had breathed not two seconds longer. The offender D'Juy was apprehended and maltreated by the followers of Coustain ; but he in answer to interrogatories as to how the prisoner was to be disposed of, bid them roll him in the ditch and leave him. After

their departure John D'Juy arose, and how can his sensations be pourtrayed ; poor, destitute, desperate, deceived, insulted, abused and beaten. He had but one remedy wherewith to assuage all these evils, and he had recourse to it.

The spirits of the Master of the Wardrobe had of late got wonderfully great ; his establishment was enlarged, the splendor of his household increased, and his time was occupied in hunting, coursing, banquets, and festivals. It seemed as if he again looked upon his restoration at court as certain ; and doubtless, having possession of the antidote to his evils, he prognosticated their speedy removal. How far his anticipations were realised the story will soon shew. Two mornings after the interview with D'Juy above described, John Coustain was returning with his suite from hunting, when a man at arms, belonging to Philip Duke of Burgundy, came up and informed him that the Duke wished his attendance at the hotel of the Lord D'Auxi. Coustain professed his willingness, but represented that it would be improper to appear in his hunting dress before his Lord, and that he would first retire home to change his apparel, and would then wait on the Prince. He proceeded to the palace, adorned himself sumptuously and with four retainers pranced boldly along the streets. At the door of the hotel D'Auxi, sat, ready prepared for journey, the Lord of the house himself with Philip de Crevecœur, and sixteen archers. This preparation somewhat astonished John Coustain, but summoning up his presence of mind, he saluted the noble Cavaliers, and informed them that he attended by order of the Duke of Burgundy. "His highness of Burgundy," said Lord D'Auxi, "has this minute retired to his private apartments and cannot be disturbed. His highness has received a complaint against you for insult and maltreatment which it imports him to enquire into. We instantly travel straight to Rupelmonde, and have it in command that you proceed in company with us—wherefore I pray you prepare yourself." There was much in this speech which sounded harshly on Coustain's ears, and yet it might have been much worse ; insult and maltreatment at the worst could but be punished with a slight fine or imprisonment. "My Lord D'Auxi," said Coustain, with great nonchalance, "whither it pleaseth my Prince to send me thither will I wend. Trust me, there is none who can breathe upon my honour, and as for a scuffle or escapade the best of you, Sir Knights, have, I think sometimes partaken of them." "We bandy not word with you," said Philip de Crevecœur "so that you do his grace's bidding—Sir, we attend you : four archers to the rear, four to the front, and four to each flank." He rode to the rear rank to give some orders in a whisper, and then gave the word "Forward." The party trooped swiftly along the roads

of Brussels, and the gazing populace knew not what to make of the pageant ; some considered the gay feathers and dress of Coustain as the finest part of the procession, and that he had commanded the party ; others more knowing, on seeing the manner in which he was surrounded, thought him not the commander, but the commanded. The justice or otherwise of these remarks soon appeared ; the party had no sooner passed the barriers, than Coustain was desired to dismount from his war horse, and seat himself on a small low palfrey, while the Lord D'Auxi, striking him on the shoulder, exclaimed, " John Coustain, I arrest thee of high treason against his Grace of Burgundy to his worshipful son the Lord Count De Charlorois ; archers, disarm his followers, and shoot the prisoner dead, should he try to escape." No resistance was made ; nor had it been would it have availed any thing. The party rode on slowly and silently until they came in sight of the towers of Rupelmonde. This castle is situated on an island in the centre of a deep lake ; a small embankment or crossway communicates with Terra Firma : this mole could be easily destroyed if the castle were besieged, so with this and the amazing thickness and height of the walls, it is generally thought impregnable. Besides this, after landing on the island, a ditch runs round the walls, which is passable only by a drawbridge opposite the portal of the castle. The warder on the battlements espying the approaching cavalcade, gave notice to the governor ; the calverins and falconets were loaded, and the drawbridge raised. At the blast of the bugle blown by one of the archers, their peaceable march over the mole was not obstructed, but it was not until after an attentive survey that the drawbridge was let down and the party admitted. As the clattering horses' feet sounded behind, and the Portcullis fell with a dead heavy sound, the first horrors of fear came over Coustain's soul ; he thought the sound forbid him to hope, and that his death hour was come. As the warden, after being satisfied of his prisoner's identity, proceeded to place chains on his wrists and legs, Coustain protested against the usage he had met with ; declared he had been unjustly inveighed under a promise of safety, and denounced as traitors and robbers the Lord D'Auxi and Philip de Crevecœur. The nobles, though burning at hearing these words, seemed to disdain holding conversation with the prisoner, and turning to the Governor asked him if D'Juy had yet arrived. The Governor answered in the affirmative. " Where is your prisoner confined Sir Richard de Lisle" said D'Auxi. " He is in the dungeon under the Western tower, may it please your Lordship" replied he. " Then" returned the other, " this prisoner must be placed in the Eastern dungeon, that they may be as far

apart as possible; it imports much that they have no means of communication." "Trust that my noble Lords," said the Governor to Sir Richard de Lisle, "we have dungeons here, whence no sounds are audible in upper air, and did a myriad of demons howl, we should not be disturbed at supper. And as for my men, they are true as steel, or they know the consequence." "'Tis as it should be valiant Sir Richard" said Crevecœur "but listen; you must make preparations for the reception of some nobles who will be here on the morrow—you must place some of your apartments in as good order as possible, and procure wherewithal to feast us. My Lord the Count de Charlinois will himself attend the examination of these poisoning criminals, and furthermore, let me whisper that you have a ready experienced headsman in attendance, belike his skill will be necessary to aid us in our task." The Governor nodded assent, and shewed his guests the way to the habitable part of the castle, while the wardens hurried off Coustain to a deep dungeon in the Eastern tower where a bed of straw, a pitcher of water, and a small lamp were alone visible. In this miserable condition lay the once proud and potent Coustain; degraded from his station, charged with treason and in the power of his enemies; nor had he the consciousness of innocence wherewith to solace himself. He sat himself down on his bed, and seemed as if completely lost in despair; but stolid and stupidified as were his looks, his brain was on fire: he was acting over again the deeds of his life, viewing what good and what evil he had done:

O'er his soul
Winters of memory seemed to roll
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.

Further reflection seemed not to tranquillize his spirit, he became agitated, and twice or thrice lifted up his hands as if to pray; but it was a gesture only, for prayer uttered he none. At length he stretched himself out on his straw to sleep, and for awhile he lay passive, yet every now and then convulsive twitches would run through his limbs, and groans would involuntarily issue from his breast. The effort to sleep was useless; he again sat up, and leaning his head on his hand spoke musingly. "As for d'Juy I beat him and abused him, what of that? he can know nothing about poisoning. Galeotti—he, surely Galeotti cannot have betrayed his old pupil; he could never have done that, besides which it is not his interest to let his dealings be known, no, no, he it cannot be, yet, certainly I did hear them speak of poisoning. They may have searched my chests and found Galeotti's letter and his prescriptions. Yes

that must be it. Yet that could not have been the cause of my arrest, for my papers were safe when I left my home. I heard them whisper too about the headsman. Well, if it must be so, even so it shall; but my neck shall not be severed alive from my body to be exposed on this castle's walls. If my death be necessary, I have the will and means to render it myself without extraneous aid. And thus" said he drawing from under his cloak Galeotti's box of medicine "even I myself will prove what I intended for others. And *if* there be, as they say there is a world hereafter—psha! 'tis children's talk, I heed it not." John Coustain filled his silver box with water from his pitcher, swallowed the contents and laid himself down to die.

The next morning the castle of Rupelmonde was in a complete bustle; the constant entering of nobles with their trains, their soldiers lurking about the court yards seeking food and drink, the serving men moving about in all places demanding accommodations for their masters, and grooms, lacqueys and varlets disputing in the stables. The Major Domo was sadly posed to put things in any sort of order, or to provide necessities for so many people; the castle had been made use of for many years, more as a prison of state than a habitation, yet the Major and his numerous servitors at length restored some degree of order, the grand hall of state was laid out with what furniture was procurable, at the upper end was placed a table with a large oak chair decorated with vice regal emblems and the arms of Burgundy at the head, and on each side a row of three other chairs. Towards mid-day the banners of the Count de Charlorois, with that of Anthony the Bastard of Burgundy, bearing the arms of Burgundy with a bend sinister were seen approaching. The draw bridge was lowered, and as the Count entered, the falconets and culverins were fired off, while the trumpets at the portal and on the battlements sounded joyously. "Ho" said the Count as he saw the Governor approach him with respect, "Sir Richard, you have our prisoners in safe keeping I hope." "I have" returned the Governor, "may it so please your grace" "Twere better you had" said the Count, "twere as much as your life is worth by Saint George, or the crows should have a banquet on your body." "My faith, may it please your grace" said de Lisle "to the house of Burgundy was never yet doubted." "We said not it was" returned Charlorois turning sharp round "but by the blessed heavens, when we meet with treason under our own roof, nay in our very bed chamber, it makes us suspicious, Sir Richard, of our own familiar friends." The Governor did not reply, and the Count with Anthony passed on to visit the Lord d' Auxi and Crevecœur. The trumpets now announced the arrival of the Lord de Croy and the Lord

de Goux; they entered with their attendants, and were received at the portal by the Governor and Major Domo, who bade them welcome on the part of the owner of the castle. They then proceeded to the great hall, where the nobles were assembled, and were met with the usual greetings. "My Lords" said the Count de Charlorois, "it is time we take our seat at the council Board. We wait but the arrival of his reverence the Bishop to commence our labours. I marvel, that a man so prompt in battle should be so tardy at the table. If he comes not soon, we must to work without him; though in this weighty business we should be loth to lose so able a counsellor." For a short interval Charles walked up and down the hall chafing at the delay, and muttering imprecations to himself. The Bishop of Tournay soon after made his appearance in the hall; strangely contrasted with the attendants who followed him. He was preceded by his crosier and rocket bearers, while he carried a cross covered with white muslin; behind him came twenty soldiers armed to the teeth. Himself was dressed in cope stole and other pontificals, but this emblem of the church militant bore a long straight double edged sword on his thigh. After compliments had passed, they took their seats at the table; the Count of Charlorois occupied the chief seat, the Bishop of Tournay sat on his right and the Bastard on his left; below the former the seats were occupied by the Lords of Gous and Croy—those beneath the latter by the Lord D'Auxi and Creve-cœur. At the bottom of the table sat the Governor, and the Secretary Villiers. "Bring forth your prisoners Sir Richard," cried Charles in a loud and harsh tone "but first let us have this villain Coustain in the presence; keep the D'Juy in a neighbouring apartment."

The reader perhaps will be no less astonished than was John Coustain himself, when awakened from his sleep by the undrawing of his prison bolts and the entrance of the warder, he thought of the powerful dose of poison he had taken the night before, and found himself still alive. Little time was given him for consideration; he was led away up and down several steep flights of narrow steps and brought to the door of the Hall of State. As he pursued his course he silently muttered to himself "Curse on thee thou foul fiend Galeotti; hadst thou but common skill in the compounding thine own medicines, I should have been free ere this, and had not to go through this second farce of life and death." Strange it is, that a man should repine at finding himself alive; but yet such is the force of circumstances, that a man will sometimes desire to be what at others he would abhor, and tremble at. As Coustain was introduced into the hall, he was in no way moved at the sight of the pre-

parations ; he had no resource but impudence or boldness, and that he resolved to put in motion. As yet, he but partially knew of what he was accused, and perhaps the worst part of his guilt was yet concealed ; he therefore summoned up each mental and corporeal power to turn the tide in his favour, if chance should afford him the opportunity of escape ; but well did he mark the scowling brow of Charlorois, and the heavy storm which was gathering over him.

The prisoner was placed between two guards at the lower end of the table ; the Governor and Secretary Villiers moved their seats aside to afford Charles a full view of him. The Bishop of Tournay, first addressed a prayer for temperance and discretion to discriminate between truth and falsehood ; then Charles addressed the assembly. " Most Noble Lords, our deeds are better known than our words, neither can we boast of felicity of language. This traitor is charged thus ; that he hath, being a vassal and subject of our gracious father Philip Duke of Burgundy, compassed the death of us, his only son, by poison. Hear what the villain hath to say in his defence."

" You speak full harshly my Lord of Charlorois" said John Coustain " to call me villain ere my fault be proved ; but I do deny the charge as fully as it is alleged, and do declare it to be a false and foul slander by whomsoever avowed."

The Count bit his lips to prevent his ire breaking out. Coustain continued. " But as you have truly stated me to be a vassal of Burgundy, I do deny your right and power to try me as a criminal. I am of the household of your gracious father, and to him and his judgment I do appeal in this matter."

" Ha, hast thou me there, Master Coustain ; nay misbelieving rascal, thou shalt have conviction to thy satisfaction. Villiers read the warrant of our gracious father."

The Secretary took from out of his papers a folio of parchment, to which was attached the high seal of the duchy of Burgundy ; it was read aloud, and it stated, that the Lords and nobles whose names were inserted therein, were appointed to examine into and determine the affair of one John Coustain, a subject of Burgundy, accused of Treason.

" The warrant is assuredly sufficient" said the Bishop of Tournay, " nor can any objection be offered thereto ; we may proceed."

Coustain spoke. " If then my present judges be before me, is it my Lord of Charlorois who is to be the chief, he who has hunted me, and persecuted me to destruction ? Justice ! is this justice ?"

The Count gnashed his teeth and would have made some furious reply, but he was stopped by the Bishop who said,

"Be assured thou shalt have full and ample justice ; while our sacred character is pledged, wot ye of aught save justice here ?"

Coustain replied "Methinks your reverence forgets the sword by your side—and I doubt me much if your clerical feelings may not be something interested by the fief you hold by military tenure from the Duke."

"John Coustain" said the Bishop calmly "it becometh me not to interchange words with such as thee, and least of all, in thy present condition. Neither wilt thou be judged by words, but by thine own deeds. Wilt thou therefore at once confess this felonious treason, with which thou art accused, or must the torture extort it from thee."

The undaunted Coustain replied "Your civil law, my Lord might teach you to counsel your prisoners better than to confess ; what I may be compelled to say under the torture I know not, and hereby disavow before hand. If I am to stand convicted on my own confession on the rack ; condemn me at once guiltless as I am ; it will save me pain and yourselves trouble."

"Nay my Lord Bishop" impatiently cried Charles "this excuse shall not serve his turn ; deserve the torture, as this caitiff villain may, we have other and sufficient evidence for his conviction. Sir Governor, bring forward John D'Juy."

D'Juy was produced but not in chains, although strongly guarded ; he was placed some paces in the rear of the other prisoner. His examination was conducted by the Lord D'Auxi, and he detailed much of the matter with which the reader is already acquainted. Coustain's face grew pale as the evidence proceeded, and he loudly exclaimed against one whom he termed a perjured and infamous villain who had robbed and cheated him : he acknowledged that he had sent D'Juy for medicine to Marcianus Gallus at Savoy, but denied any intention of poisoning any one.

"Will the Sieur D'Juy" said D'Auxi "inform us, how he first had suspicion of this foul business?"

D'Juy. I found I was dishonorably treated, I opened the letter, read it, found it requested from the doctor a dose of powerful medicine, and I reclosed it with Coustain's signet."

D'Auxi. How came you to find out that the medicine was intended for the Count de Charlorois ?

D'Juy. "I could not read the cypher containing the name ; but on my departure the doctor told me in confidence to say to my principal, that if the Lord of Charlorois took but one half the dose he would not see another sun."

"Base and unprincipled liar" exclaimed Coustain "the conspiracy is as infamous as its contrivers. What else is there?"

"Silence Coustain" said the Lord D'Auxi. "And now 'say D'Juy have you ought else to prove your charge?"

D'Juy produced from his bosom a small packet and handed it to the Count. "This" said he "is the original packet, which was concealed in the box I brought for the Master of the Wardrobe. The real poison is there; I filled its place with an innoxious substance, as much resembling the original in smell and appearance, as I could find."

The packet was handed round, the seal was examined and found to be that of Marcianus. The Count eagerly broke it open and in his hasty rage, thrust it down the throat of a greyhound which lay by his side. The Dog looked fondly at his Master and again lay down at his feet; it appeared to suffer no pain, but before five minutes were over it was dead.

"Look here thou cowardly scoundrel" cried the infuriated Count, yet confounded at the extent of his own folly, "by thine arts hath died a creature ten times as valuable as thyself. Yet this thou didst intend for me. Gramercy for thy kindness."

D'Juy then handed to the council a fac simile of the note which had been entrusted to him to deliver to the physician, in which were the cyphers above alluded to.

Coustain spoke. "And is this all the proof of treason you can bring home to me. A lying varlet, with a false tale, the relation of a man who has confessed before you to have opened a confided letter. Could not this man himself have made the poison he produced, and is it likely he would hesitate to clench the last remaining link of his fabricated plot. And what, most noble Lords, Counts and Bishops, make you out from this letter from one man to another, his physician, demanding necessary arguments? Am I with all my years and reputation on my head, after such a lengthened period of faithful service to be convicted on such evidence as this?"

"The prisoner" said the Lord D'Auxi "must be silent, we have not yet concluded. Villiers, give me the papers I entrusted to you yesterday."

The Secretary did as he was bid, and produced a cypher with a key to it, which had been found on searching Coustain's chests; by using the cypher the meaning of the lines, evincing his intention of poisoning the Count of Charlorois was plain. The manuscripts too which he had purchased of Galeotti were produced, and made over to the Bishop, who pronounced an anathema against the composer.

"By the three Kings of Cologne" swore Charles "when I get to my own kingdom, an' I make not the country of Savoy as bare as an old man's pate for harbouring such damned vermin,

who slay in secret and shun fair fight, may I never see light again."

"Providential indeed" said the Bishop has been our beloved cousin's escape from the hands of this wicked man. John Coustain, hast thou aught to allege in thy defence?"

Coustain now plainly saw subterfuge was useless; death stared him in the face, and he became reckless. "If then I am guilty," said he "which I now confess I am in every point, I have but acted as my betters daily do. They can command force to accomplish their purposes, and whatever injustice may be committed, it is still styled honour. I was weak and powerless; I tried to make up in address what I wanted in strength, and ye call it treason; and I must suffer for it. I have no more to say, but to beg your sentence and its speedy execution. I but lament Count de Charlrois that you live to glory over me; had you died with me or before me, I had gone happy to my tomb."

"Hound and villain," exclaimed Charles, "why soughtest thou my life. I never injured thee?"

"Didst thou not supplant me in thy father's council," said Coustain.

"What," answered the Count, "when the tears of widows were visible in each cottage of the Empire; when the cries of orphans were ringing in mine ears; when thou had'st forcibly pulled the bandage from the eyes of justice, and thrusting thy hand in one scale, bid the suitors plump up the other with gold, when the whole of the taxes wrung from the oppressed peasants, were filtered through thy coffers into the treasury in the most attenuated streams; when such evils were rife in the state, and thou did'st occupy the royal ear, who but ourselves should have stood forward to save the throne from ruin?" The eyes of the Count flashed gloriously and generously as he spoke these words, and the council gazed on him with admiration.

"Didst thou not strike me thrice Count de Charlrois, and is that no injury?" said the prisoner.

"We recollect not," said he, "if we did or not; but had we known thee as we now do, spawn of Satan, in thy true colours, we would have had thy back scourged, until no flesh remained."

"Noble Count," said the Bishop of Tournay, "our task is done; nor is it necessary that we further delay to pass judgment and sentence. What say you my Lords to the case before you, is this culprit guilty or not and what shall be his punishment?" The reply from every one was "Guilty. Death."

The Bishop again rose and addressed Coustain, "You have heard the order passed, you know your sentence, and you fully deserve it. I will not insult your last moments by a repetition of

what you know as well as we do—the enormity of your crime; but I do beseech you to turn your thoughts from things earthly to things eternal, and that too with what speed you may, for ere eight this evening you are condemned to lose your head; nor, evil as you are, will I refuse you my aid in reconciling you with your maker, should you so desire it.” Coustain thanked the Bishop of Tournay, but declined his offer and was again led away to his dungeon. The court then broke up, and every body at that stirring time having a multiplicity of business on his hands, each with apologies for his apparent want of courtesy and excuses of absolute necessity, declined to stay longer at Rupelmonde.

It was at eight o'clock that evening that the Battlements of Rupelmonde castle were covered with armed men, and preparations were made for the final exit of John Coustain. The bell had tolled “for the dead below or the living who shortly shall be so” at minute intervals for one hour; six flambeaux held by men at arms lighted the ceremony, and the headsman with his long two handed sword stood near a heap of saw dust. Coustain at last appeared, as calm and composed as ever he had been in his life time, and gazed without emotion on a sight, which few men, however bold, look on without shrinking. He bared his neck himself without assistance, but before submitting to the blow, requested permission to have two words conversation with the Count de Charlorois. The Count stepped out from among the soldiers, where he had been concealed, at least not conspicuously observable, and ordering every one aside, listened to what Coustain had to say. The purport of this communication was never made known, but it was supposed to be information true or false against some other persons implicated; whatever it was, it seemed to make a strong impression on the Count; he crossed himself frequently, looked up to heaven, then bursting from the colloquy began to pace the terrace. The signal to proceed was given by the Count after a short hesitation, and Coustain's head fell on the battlements by the side of his headless body. The blood spouted out in plenteous streams, but was sucked up by the sawdust—the Count gazed for a second, then folding his arms turned away. Fiercely he strode off thrusting aside all who came in his way, and cursing every one. As he came to the steps by which he was to descend into the interior of the castle, his eyes fell on D'Juy, who had likewise been led to view the scene; fortunate had it been for him had he been away. The Count turned and said sharply to him. “And you merit the same doom, dog as you are.” “I have saved your life,” replied D'Juy. “Yes” retorted the Count “because it suited your own humour—you have revenged your-

self on your enemy—it was not from love to me you gave this information. Say now, *Sieur D'Juy*, had you been well treated and received your promised reward, would not you have concealed this plot?" He replied "had I been dealt with honorably, so I should have acted; had I been paid, I had been silent." The coolness of this declaration seemed to strike fire from Charles' eyes while it rendered him dumb; he struggled for utterance, and at length in voice half stifled with emotion, cried out, "Thou hast said it; further question need we none, nor on this matter will we hold Council. Off with this fellow's head also." "My Lord, my Lord," cried D'Juy "sometime to pray, I beseech you." "Not an hour, not a second D'Juy" said the Count "as thou wouldest have meted to others, so shall it be meted to thee. Away." The unhappy D'Juy was hastened to the spot yet wet with the blood of John Coustain, and instantly beheaded. "Let this man" said the Count "have honorable burial, for he was gentle born; as for *that* carrion, pitch it into the moat; but clean me and dry me the scull—should I ever meet with that Galeotti; I will make him drink his own drugs out of it." R.

MY YOUTH HAS BEEN AN IDLE DREAM.

BY RICHARD RYAN.

My youth has been an idle dream,
 A life of hopes and fears,
 My age, to me, I fear will be,
 An age, of sighs and tears.
 For love, for ever, is my guest,
 And makes my heart, his home of rest.

In vain, to other climes, I fly,
 Where nature paints all fair,
 Seeking in pleasure's arms to lie
 And taste of rapture rare.
 Love, still pursues me, as I roam,
 And makes my youthful heart his home.

Were there a spot, that I could flee,
 Where Love and me would part,
 I'd wing my flight, there, instantly,
 And drive him from my heart.
 But Love, I feel, is doom'd to lie,
 Within my bosom, till I die.

GUESSES—A SKETCH.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Fiora.—Go to, pert boy ! what wouldst thou ?

Fazio.—Say thou wilt grant it Fiora.

Fiora.—Oh, yes !—no, no, I guess it now—

It is my pretty tassel gentle hawk
That perches on my wrist, and steals
Such kisses from me ; is it not ?

Fazio.—Nay it is not that.

Fiora.—What then ? Oh, miser !—tis that fairy bird,
That sweetest songster, with the golden plumage,
From the Canaries,—those far distant isles
By lovers first discovered ?

Fazio.—Nor that sweet love !—Marry, thou'rt slow at guess work !

Fiora.—Out on you, sly one ?—I'll no more of this—

Is it that ribbon, which you said you loved
For that its hue was like Fiora's eye ?—
Or th' Oriental Amulet, which saves
From peril, or of flood or field, ?—the which,
As my good nurse asserts, hath moulded been
By wizard, who hath lived thrice fifty years
In a deep cavern, where he mixes up
Of Mermaid's hair—stolen when they sleep ashore—
And blood—drawn from the veins of infancy
By murder's cruel hand,—and Viper's teeth.
And scorpion's tongues, and hearts of bloated toads,
And many, many other things more horrible,
A magic mass, to make those talismans ?

— You shake your head,—not this ?—Provoking, ah !

I have it now,—cruel ! it is my Doe—

My gentle, playful, darling, milk-white Doe !

Nay, by my hand, thou shalt not have it—till—

Fazio.—Till when, sweet Fiora ?

Fiora.—Till we are wedded, love !

Fazio.—My generous bride ?—but say it were not that,
Have you no other Guesses, in your breast
Bedding, like bright pearls in some orient shell,—
As pure, as fair, but more accessible ?

Fiora.—Oh ! do not bid me guess again !—'Tis not
A ringlet of my hair, for lo ! I see
Peering from out your breast a tiny brooch
Like one I wot of.—'Tis not gem, nor ring,
Nor seal, nor feather for your summer cap,—
Nor bead to tell,—nor book to pray with ?
I've guessed it now, it is my new-bought mirror.

- Vain Boy!—
 To don thy hat at, and to perk thy mouth at,
 Into some studied shape!—Is it not, love?
Fazio—I'll tell thee now, lest thou shouldst make *me* wroth,
 I'll tell thee now;—let it not make *thee* wroth,
 For if I tell thee that shall make thee wroth
 I'll shave my crown and turn a cowed friar:
 But, if you grant it not, then *I'll* be wroth—
 And you ——
Fiora—And I?—Take heed, Sir!—I no nun shall be
 To patter prayers for you.—But tell me now,
 And—thou shalt have it!
Fazio—*Fiora*!—*Bride*!—'tis but a FIRST SWEET KISS!

STANZAS.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM RACINE.

Oh! God, how dreadful is this war—my soul
 Between two raging passions' fierce control
 Is slave to each in turn—
This, full of love, devotes my heart to thee
That, all rebellious to each just decree
 Tempts me thy law to spurn.

This, a celestial spirit bright
 Winging towards Heaven its radiant flight
 Eternal good to attain—
 Scorning all pleasures else, it soars elate
 Whilst, *that*, borne down by its own sinful weight,
 Bows me to earth again.

Alas, myself with mine ownself at war,
 When shall I feel contentment's peaceful star
 Shine on my troubled breast—
 I wish, yet all in vain each wish I woo
 The good I love I dare not do, and do
 The evil I detest!—

Oh holy Grace! divinity's own beam,
 Shed on my darkling soul thine hallow'd gleam
 To light my future doom—
 Take each pure feeling in its pure intent
 And let each wild rebellious sentiment
 Die with me in the Tomb.

S. Y. S.

SKETCHES OF PROVINCIAL SOCIETY,

NO. II.—THE BANKER AT BATH.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Pleasure never being allowed to interfere with business, in the steady firm of which honorable mention has been made in the preceding chapter of our Provincial Sketches ; the Banker was at his duty betimes in the morning after the ball, wherein he had cut so conspicuous a figure. A very short sleep following several hours of unwonted exertion, had been insufficient to compose his bewildered faculties ; and the unaccountable rudeness of Mrs. Greyson Blondville though extremely provoking at the moment had not, in consequence of the polite attentions of her husband, made a very deep impression : and he was pondering upon the propriety of leaving a card at her door, when a note was put into his hands, which occasioned a very unpleasant revulsion of ideas. The contents of the billet ran thus :

“ Mrs. Greyson Blondville presents her compliments to Mr. Webster, and as she feels convinced that he would not intentionally intrude upon persons who have never solicited the honor of his acquaintance, thinks it necessary to inform him, that the invitation which he doubtless received to her ball was a forgery, and unsanctioned either by her or Mr. Greyson Blondville : but while acquitting Mr. Webster of any inexcusable participation in a transaction which might have subjected him to very unpleasant results, she cannot help pointing out for his future guidance the impropriety of presenting himself at a party upon an invitation coming in so questionable a shape. A moment's consideration must have assured Mr. Webster, that had the favour of his company been desired, Mr. Greyson Blondville, whose strict attention to the rules of good breeding is too well known to require a comment, would have called previously in person, and have also sent the card *by his own servant*. Mrs. Greyson Blondville regrets the necessity which she is under of making this explanation, but as a similar mistake may occur, she feels it to be due to Mr. Webster to put him on his guard against future imposition.”

The banker possessed feelings, a possibility which it would appear, this high bred lady entirely overlooked, while inflicting so severe a mortification : his chagrin at so unexpected a denouement was inexpressible, and aware of the celerity with which the news of his discomfiture would fly over the town, he pondered upon the means of making a retreat. To stand the brunt of condolences from friends affecting to pity his misadventures, and the raillery of others who would not deem it necessary to throw even so flimsy a veil over their gratified malice, was more than his nerves could support, and he determined to absent himself from the theatre of action until the whole unlucky affair had blown over. The firm was connected with a house in Bristol, and transactions which had lately taken place required the personal at-

tendance of a clerk or some accredited servant at that city. Mr. Webster, making a merit of his earnest desire to leave home, exaggerated the importance of this business to his partners, and offering to take the journey himself, was seated upon the outside of a stage coach, and several miles from the scene of his vexation a few hours after the receipt of Mrs. Blondenville's note. As the banker's history belongs to our Provincial Sketches, and as the most important event of his life arose from the simple circumstance, of a common trick being played upon a fine lady, it may not be unamusing to trace the chain of effects proceeding from so slight a cause, more especially as the detail involves an exposition of the petty politics, the manœuvres, intrigues, cabals, and diplomacy of private life.

Mr. Webster's cogitations while journeying towards London were not of a very enviable nature. All the fond flattering hopes of admission to the assemblies of those exclusives, leading the fashion in his native town, had vanished; not doubting that his simplicity in being duped by a clumsy contrivance, or his assurance in thrusting himself into a party unasked, would furnish an inexhaustible theme for ridicule, he could only find consolation in his flight: his tingling ears and burning cheeks assuring him that all ranks and classes were diverting themselves at his expense. Determined if possible to banish reflection, he resolved to partake freely of every amusement that might offer itself, and proceeding on his arrival to the metropolis to the residence of some relations, he was much disappointed to learn that his cousin, a true cockney hero, who prided himself upon being a prodigious "swell," and whose profession was that of a rider to a commercial house, was absent upon one of his tours to the west of England. They might probably meet in Bristol, but in the interim, instead of seeing "Life in London," under the auspices of so able a conductor, he was obliged to be content with escorting his female relatives to the play. It was a fine thing no doubt to be seated between two fashionably attired women in the dress circle of Covent Garden, with the pleasing conviction that no one could be aware that they came in a hackneycoach from Grey's-inn lane, but alas there was a vast difference, a sad descent from his late glory—chatting familiarly with the Misses Ormsby—real gentlewomen born—walking about arm in arm with Lady Digges—these things had been, and they destroyed his relish for the enjoyments according with his own sphere of society. On the following evening, not much improved in spirits, our traveller took his seat on the outside of the Bristol mail, and before the coach had started from the White-horse-cellar, he recognized in a fellow passenger the countenance of a gentleman whom he had met with at Mrs. Greyson Blondenville's party, a Mr. Chas.

Beauchamp, who had been introduced by one of the most distinguished guests, and danced with none but those demoiselles who boasted the highest rank. Webster's natural assurance had been considerably damped by the late occurrences, and he therefore, contrary to his usual habit of seizing every occasion to put himself forward, remained quiescent, modestly awaiting some encouragement before he ventured to claim an acquaintance. The young sprig of fashion sufficiently weary of his own company, was glad to see a face he knew. The circumstance of having sate at the same supper table with his present neighbour, at the house of a lady of Mrs. Blondville's pretensions, satisfied a person not very highly gifted with discrimination, and accosting the banker with the frankest courtesy, they were soon upon the best possible terms. After talking over the guests of the late party; Mr. Webster giving a grave assent to the remark, that Lord Munsterhaven, "was a fool" and Miss Trevyllan "a knowing hand," "that there was no escaping Biddulph's deep play;" and that "Admiral Vaughan's dinners would be scouted by his midshipmen's mess," they proceeded to speak of their respective places of destination. Mr. Beauchamp was going to wile away a few days at Bath. The banker, who, as we have before remarked, was by no means deficient in *tact* prudently sunk the relation of his business in Bristol, and observed carelessly, that he was on his way to visit an acquaintance at Clifton. This plan met with friendly opposition. "You'll find it a dreadful bore," replied the fashionable beau, "there's nobody at Clifton that one can speak to, a parcel of sugar bakers and iron mongers from the pandemonium below, just escaped from founderys, vats, and casks of molasses; and smelling most confoundedly of their vulgar trades: glass blowers whom you can see through in a minute. Then there's a few people of a better sort who live cheap, and retired in their crescents and terraces, but it's a vile hum drum place: upon my soul I advise you to stay at Bath. Clifton, why by George there's no society at all; they have lately, the magnates of the place, taken into their heads to set afloat what they call a barrier ball, to shut out the canaille, and somebody has been at the trouble to search into the pedigrees of the exclusives, and the best of them it seems, have descended from charity boys, the muffin caps of Colston's school, the female progenitors having cried greens or washed soiled linen, or professed needle work. Mr. Webster's father had been a corn-factor, and his mother a stay-maker, yet notwithstanding the reminiscences which these animadversions produced, he expressed a proper degree of horror at the plebeian origin of the Cliftonians. "Bath," continued the orator, has fallen off, it's very well for a few days when once tired of the sea side; and there's no good shooting, and the London

season, has not commenced, one can't go to London until after Easter, but it's scarcely so good as Cheltenham. If you would escape being pigeoned, (that is to any amount) you must play at crown whist with dowagers, for i' faith the dowagers are up to a trick or two—sad work, and they'll give you hot quarters of lamb and turkey poults, for supper; egad you may stare, but that's the style at Bath.

The banker remembered him of more than one jovial carouse over a roast pig and pruin sauce, or a fine fat goose well stuffed with sage and onions, served up smoking from the kitchen at his mother's parties; but he said nothing, and Mr. Beauchamp advancing many weighty reasons to induce a change of measures, and backing his advice with an offer of introductions to the best families in the place, he relinquished his intention of visiting Clifton and agreed to take up his quarters at the York House. Such a prospect of acquiring brilliant connexions, was not the traveller thought to be neglected; his taste for fashionable society had been increased by its indulgence at Mrs. Blondville's Ball, and he felt a secret gratification in the discovery that her insolent rejection of his acquaintance, could not deprive him of all the advantages he promised himself in being admitted as her guest. From the rambling conversation of his companion he gained a vast fund of valuable information, and he was not wrong in supposing that a strict observance of hints unintentionally thrown out; and the avoidance of all questions which might betray ignorance, would enable him to pass muster at Bath. He determined to feel his way cautiously, and to imitate with as little ostentation as possible the manners and conduct of his companion. The morning was spent in rambling about the city and making calls; in the evening, after lounging in at the theatre, the new friends proceeded to a ball in the upper or Lansdown crescent, given by a lady of the highest ton in the place. Mr. Webster in consequence of the experience gained on his first debut, had discarded two of his seals, and substituted white kid gloves for the bright yellow; he encircled his throat with a white gros-de-naple cravat, and as he was conveyed to the illuminated mansion in a sedan chair, congratulated himself upon the happy change in his destiny, and the knowledge he was hourly acquiring.

Every thing now was *coulour de rose*; as Mr. Beauchamp's friend he was graciously welcomed, slim lispng belles in high feathers and deep flounces hung upon his arm, he only exchanged one elegant nymph for another equally fine and equally affected: and "pray dance" "Oh you must dance," from the smiling lips of the mistress of the house, was so irresistibly flattering, that he sagged through every quadrille, and by his unre-

mitting exertions gained golden opinions from all the *mamas* and daughters in the room. How sweetly were his ears soothed by the words, uttered by some coquetting manoeuvrers, I'm engaged to Mr. Webster. Oh I'm sure he won't give me up" or the soft entreaty of a jewelled matron. "Pray Mr. Webster take care of my wild girl." Happy man, yet prudent as happy, he restrained the exuberance of that grinning delight which sprang up in the innermost recesses of his heart, and though rather envying the careless indulgence of obstreperous glee, displayed by a young man, who privileged it should seem to be vulgar, was seated on a table with one foot dangling under it, while the other was employed in tearing the flounces of the ladies' dresses as they passed: wisely decided that it would not be safe, under present circumstances, to follow such a mode, and steadily maintained the sober subdued demeanour best suited to a tyro. Fortune decreed to the banker for his partner in the quadrille before supper, the eldest daughter of an old Baronet, a Miss Delamere, she was tall, well formed, rather handsome and decidedly fashionable; and though none of his fair acquaintance had evinced dislike of, or even indifference to his attentions, there was something he thought rather particular in this young lady's encouragement. She actually appeared to be inclined, in the country phrase to make up to him: he was enchanted by such condescension, charmed, yet half afraid to cherish the soft idea. She acted as his guide, pointing out all the people worthy of remark to the stranger, and having something very lively, yet scarcely ill natured to say of each. On leaving the supper room she manifested no desire to quit her partner's arm, she *must* introduce him to papa and mama, and papa and mama when found, proved to be as amiably disposed as the daughter. They were superb people, wearing an air of haughty grandeur about them which rendered their affability to the banker the more gratifying; he perceived, that it was not extended to all the party present, and never so highly honoured in the whole course of his life, his sensations bordered upon the ecstatic. What was Mrs. Greyson Blondeville's ball compared to this assembly? a mere country hop! While here, the truest elegance prevailed, gentlemen were received and treated according to their merits, and not subjected to the insolence of narrow prejudiced minds: in a word the happy novice devoutly believed that earth possessed its paradise, and that the blissful region was to be found in Bath. He danced again with Miss Delamere, and profited very largely by the information upon fashionable topics afforded by her lively sallies, learning also to avoid many solecisms which she instanced as proofs of underbreeding. Once or twice he thought the observations so pointed as almost

to induce the suspicions that they were intended for his especial benefit to guard him against the commission of similar absurdities ; yet what interest he asked himself would a young lady of family and fortune take in his deportment ? why should she endeavour to prevent him from exposing himself ? A little puzzled, yet not wishing to imagine that he had excited her pity by any glaring deficiency, and unable to hope that he had made so rapid a conquest as to render his fair companion anxious for his improvement in fashionable manners, he tried to banish from his mind the idea of personal application, but it recurred again and again. His vanity was somewhat damped by the mortifying conclusion that he had betrayed his inexperience ; nevertheless he derived infinite advantage from Miss Delamere's disquisitions, and her remarks, if particularly addressed to him, were so kindly and so judiciously made, that he felt that he was safe in her silence, and that she would not amuse others by a detail of her discoveries.

After several hours of complete enjoyment the elated banker retired to his couch, rising notwithstanding his fatigues, betimes in the morning and taking a second nap in the coach which conveyed him to Bristol. He was not sorry to find that the business which brought him there, was likely to be protracted to an indefinite period. Dating sedately from the Rumner tavern, he transmitted on account of his proceedings to his partners, and then left at his own disposal, congratulated himself on the resources he possessed at Bath. Messrs. Grabb and Skinfint, the Bristol Agents, kept their visitor standing in their counting house while talking over their mutual concerns ; without expressing the slightest desire to receive him at their private residences, practising the austerities of that inhospitality for which their money getting city has required a name. Mr. Webster made no enquiry concerning his Cousin, the "Commercial Ambassador," pursuing the best of his way back to Bath without feeling the smallest inclination to explore the crowded dirty streets of the great western trading mart, or to penetrate to the picturesque elevations beyond ; a perambulation, which under different circumstances would have afforded great satisfaction. Every object of attention now centered in the neighbouring city, and he thought himself fortunate in returning before his friend Beauchamp had left his chamber.

Exchanging his dress for a more fashionable suit, he lounged on the pavé in Wilson street at the precise hour in which all the beauty and ton were assembled. Mutual bows and recognitions passed between him and his fair partners of the preceding evening. He made himself free of the assembly rooms, subscribed to the most dashing library, joined a gay groupe at

the doors of the principal Confectioners, and entered into a learned discussion upon Barouches and Mail Phaetons. In a Carriage and four which paraded slowly up and down, through Queen-square, and round Union-street, he espied Miss Delamere and her Mama, both nodded and smiled ; soon after the Baronet appeared driving the identical Mail Phaeton which had been quoted as the chef-d'œuvre of Long Acre ; they were the most stylish equipages in Bath, Sir James alighted, and shortly afterwards Miss Delamere expressing a wish to walk was seen leaning on her father's arm. She was dressed in the gayest splendour of watering place costume, and elicited admiring comments from the male connoisseurs, who to do them justice are ever ready to acknowledge the merits of young ladies of birth and fortune : her neat ancles, easy carriage, the turn of her head, the flow of her drapery ; in short her whole contour triumphantly passed the critical ordeal. How proud was Mr. Webster of the privilege of speaking to so distinguished a personage ; she came straight to the place where he was standing ; appearing, were not such a notion too flattering, to have left the carriage for the express purpose of improving the acquaintance.

The Baronet more than seconding his daughter's advances, actually held out his hand in cordial greeting ; and there was something so encouraging in the look of the young lady, that the banker was irresistibly impelled to construe it into an invitation ; and joining her side, left his own party, who happened to be unacquainted with the Delamere family, in a very gratifying state of envy. Instantly all eyes were turned upon Mr. Beauchamp to the enquiry, who's your friend ? that personage gave, for his own sake, the most satisfactory answer "a countyman, lots of money, a particular friend of Greyson Blondville's, has not seen much of the world but a devilish good sort of fellow. Related ? oh to be sure, nearly related to the Willoughby Websters, rustic and stiffish, but that will wear off, just come into his property, father a hunk, great expectations." After this explanation Mr. Webster was perfectly established in Bath. There was a public ball in the evening, but it not being reckoned good taste to dance amongst a parcel of people from nobody knows where, living in small lodgings upon small incomes, and indulging only in cheap ornaments, our pupil of fashion evinced no inclination to exhibit at this mixed assembly ; and was fortunate enough to secure Miss Delamere as the companion of his promenade. It was a very crowded night, the brilliant tapers, the waving plumage, the glowing colours, the glittering ornaments, the bright eyes and flashing flowers ; all together formed a coup d'œil which dazzled the vision of a person unaccustomed to any thing more splendid than the piquants of the London Theatres. The

languishments of beauty superadded to these fascinations were enough to turn a stronger head, making way for his fair friend round the platform, sitting beside her in some snug corner, or when the bustle was a little over adjourning to the tea room, and proudly displaying her elegant attire and tonish manners to gaping strangers, furnished delicious moments of exultation. A thousand pleasures appeared in perspective, invitations poured in for the following week, on the next evening a concert and two private parties. Saturday the play, Sunday a dinner at Sir James Delamere's:

But, what man stands so firmly upon fortune's pinnacle as to be secure from all danger of falling? An alarming circumstance occurred to the hitherto successful aspirant. He was seated between Lady Delamere and her daughter in the front row of one of the side boxes at the theatre; and happening to cast his eyes over the pit, they encountered the well known features of his London cousin; who attired in a single breasted coat, striped waistcoat, riding breeches and leather gaiters, occupied a central position. Averting his glance lest their eyes should meet and an acknowledgment be unavoidable, several minutes elapsed before he recovered his self possession or decided upon the line of conduct most expedient to pursue. Pretending to be entirely engrossed by the performance, he gave all his attention to the stage, only occasionally, between the acts, stealing a look through the interstices of Miss Delamere's fan, towards the object of his apprehensions. It was very evident that he had not escaped his cousin's piercing ken though by the puzzled air with which that worthy regarded the box, and its elegant inmates, a hope might be entertained that the recognition did not amount to absolute certainty. Acting upon this persuasion the banker drew himself up, assumed a stately deportment, turned round frequently to converse with the baronet, a most dignified looking personage; and addressed a few words of observation to a friend of the family, a K. C. B. who wore a star, and thought as stiff as a ram-rod, unbent readily to the favoured admirer of Miss Delamere. The manœuvre succeeded: the cousin appeared completely at fault; wonder, doubt, and anxiety to ascertain the truth of his suspicions were plainly expressed in the changes of his countenance "my wig man that be our Bob?" seemed to hover on his lips, and would probably have found utterance but for the skilful evolutions which his alarmed kinsmen put in practice, his mal a propos appearance was a sad drawback on the evening's entertainment, and though baffled for a while there was no security against a very undesirable discovery. When the play was over, poor Webster uncertain whether some avenue from the pit might not lead into the box

lobby, sustained very uncomfortable sensations while conducting Miss Delamere out of the house, and lost all the delight he would otherwise have experienced in shewing off through fop's alley, the avenue of dandies drawn up on either side of a saloon somewhat similar to the crush room at the Italian Opera in London. When this danger was over he had a narrow escape; at the carriage entrance the blazing flambeau displayed the dreaded vulgar physiognomy protruding from behind a pillar in the portico, fortunately the K. C. B. formed a bulky barrier which screened his more slender companion from view as he handed the young lady into her carriage. He stayed not to murmur the accustomed adieus, but the moment she was seated, darted back and rushing to the passage appropriated for chairs entrenched himself in a sedan and was conveyed in safety to York House. It became necessary to deliberate upon a plan of operations for the morrow, but to ensure their success was by no means a certain result. The bewildered diplomatist at one time thought of letting his relation into the secret of his present ambitious views, and to entreat him to forbear while at Bath from all public display of their intimacy and connexion; but reflecting upon Dick Tupper's temperament, the independent spirit which he himself had frequently witnessed and admired, he wavered, and finally rejected the idea. Mr. Tupper was happy in the possession of a considerable portion of self esteem, he was a great frequenter of races, cock fights and the minor hells, was well known in the ring, had jostled a peer at the champion's benefit, and taken the long odds from sporting characters of fashionable celebrity at Epsom and Ascot. Such a personage considered himself "prime bang up" and fit to associate with the best lord or lady of the land, and there was just reason to dread, that offended by the supposition that he was not presentable where his country cousin was admitted, he would assert his eligibility in the most offensive manner. The possibility of brazening the matter out according to precedents upon record suggested itself; instances had been known of sons persuading their own fathers out of their identity but this was a more hopeless case, Dick Tupper was not to be "done," he made it a rule to "stand no nonsense." Besides even if the scheme were feasible, there could be no chance of keeping his visit to Bath concealed, and the whole race of Websters, Tupperes, Tykes, and other branches of the family, would be up in arms against the unnatural scion, who could turn his back upon his own mother's brother's son. The story would tell dreadfully to the banker's disadvantage in his native town; evasion therefore was the only means left and that depended upon chance. To escape meeting his cousin's eye, and then to swear solemnly that he never saw him, the sole method which the aspirant of fashion

could pursue to extricate himself from his unfortunate predicament. The morrow would be Sunday and should the weather prove favourable all Bath would assemble upon the crescent. It was impossible to remain at home on account of an engagement to escort Miss Delamere to the promenade, to break this appointment on the only admissible plea, indisposition—would entail the necessity of absenting himself from the Baronet's dinner table, a wretched alternative, an impossible sacrifice ; consequently all visages must be hazarded, and never was a morning of heavy rain more heartily desired. The clouds were obstinate, sunshine was the order of the day, and had the banker been threatened by bailiffs he could not have walked from the York House to Brock Street with more trepidation. Fortunately Miss Delamere had taken a slight cold, and her anxious mother insisted upon her substituting an airing in the carriage for the projected walk. The Baronet's mail phaeton was at the door, and inviting his guest to accompany him in a drive, the danger of very close contact was avoided. Prepared for every emergence, it was not difficult to preserve an imperturbable countenance, and to keep such a look out as would give time to withdraw any stray glance liable to encounter the dreaded object. Though surrounding perils might alloy, they could not affect the destruction of Webster's happiness ; to recline carelessly in the corner of a splendid equipage driven by no less a personage than Sir Jas. Delamere ; now whirling down a street and putting all foot passengers, who might happen to be crossing, to flight ; and now following a long train of carriages at a foot's space, seeing and being seen by all the world. What stretch of ambitious fancy could have imagined such an elevation ? Almost forgetting the precarious tenure by which it was held, a sudden shock recalled it to memory. By great luck the Baronet's fat friend, the K. C. B. also drove a mail phaeton, and was accompanied by a young officer ; both carriages were standing together at a dead lock. Sir James had sent away his servant upon a message, and a strap having got loose at the dicky seat of his vehicle, the K. C. B.'s groom had alighted to adjust it. While the man was thus employed, a well known voice struck upon the banker's ear, it came from behind the carriage. " I say my friend what's your master's name ? " " Sir Thos. Fletcher," replied the groom, " and what's the name of the chap along side ? " " Capt. Ambury "—" Oh that's another pair of boots, I'm clean done : by jigs I'd have wagered my head to a cherry orange, 'twas cousin Bob." Luckily a restive horse and an awkward whip in a denett behind, obliged the interlocutor to make a hasty retreat, the mistake remained unrectified, and the danger of discovery was considerably diminished. But what a situation for " cousin Bob," he scarcely dared draw his breath until under

the dropped lids of his apprehensive eyes, he perceived his tormentor standing with his hands in his pockets upon the curb stone, staring at the carriage but apparently satisfied that he had been deceived by a striking likeness. The phaeton almost immediately moved on after several other turns upon the crescent ; Sir James drove down to Pultney street to leave a few cards in Sydney place and that neighbourhood. On their way back passing up Broad street towards the York House, the banker's mind experienced inexpressible relief on seeing a well known one horse chaise at the door of the Castle and Ball, ready for starting, and Dick Tupper equipped in a shaggy great coat and oil skin hat, preparing to take the ribbons. He remembered the time when a Sunday drive through Hyde Park in that despised vehicle constituted one of the greatest enjoyments of London ; but those days were gone by, a complete revolution had taken place in his ideas, he had lost all relish for boisterous vulgarity, and felt assured that he should never again perform Pylades to the Orestes of Richard Tupper, nor get up in conjunction with that ably ally, another edition of Tom and Jerry in the saloons and cider cellars of the metropolis. He could not be too thankful for his escape, how should he have faced Beauchamp, how approached Miss Delamere, had he been claimed as kith and kin by such an accumulation of horrors, a fellow who was wont to style himself a " rum customer " and who acted up to his own designation.

The dinner at Sir Jas. Delamere's was a superb affair, the company not numerous but select, the dowager Countess of Greysdale, Mr. Blenkinsop, a rich East Indian Nawaub, and his only daughter, darkish, but covered with jewels like a Begum, Mr. Winwood, just returned for a borough, his bride and her sister, co-heiresses. Mrs. Sharpe a dashing jointured widow. The eternal Sir Thos. Fletcher, Col. Ross of the Hussars, and Capt. Ambury, composed the party which Mr. Webster had the honor to meet. Miss Delamere proved a very valuable neighbour, acting as prompter and guide to the novice ; who though unusually silent from inability to name any of the unpronounceable dishes which formed the chief subjects of discussion acquitted himself admirably, and experienced the purest enjoyment. Few people notwithstanding his low birth and defective education could be better adapted to the circle to which he had been so unexpectedly introduced ; he entertained a profound reverence for every thing appertaining to high life, he could see no wrong in persons graced by titles who smiled on him. Lady Greysdale, the veriest twaddle of a tabby community, passed for a woman of superior understanding, her remarks struck him as quite profound. Mr. Blenkinsop's ostentatious details found an admiring ear ; the

mystified unmeaningness of the senator, Sir Thos. Fletcher's pomposity, the Hussar's smallest of small talk, Capt. Ambury's slang, the mawkish insipidity of two of the ladies, and the gross effrontery of a third, together with Miss Blenkinsop's double distilled affectation, were received as sterling elegance by him. He thought it all very fine and very clever, and had not the most distant perception of dulness in a party which most assuredly possessed an unquestionable majority of bores. On adjourning to the drawing room Miss Delamere was absent, and the Baronet's excessive anxiety about his daughter's health afforded a touching specimen of parental affection. "Where is Caroline? I hope she does not think of exposing herself to the night air in that damp green house," uttered in a tone of excessive alarm, displayed the depth of his solicitude in a very edifying manner; all the company participated in his fears and when the young lady reappeared she was obliged to defend herself against the charge of carelessness of so precious a life. Mr. Webster was inexpressibly charmed by such an affecting scene, yet while it encreased his admiration it also created numerous and perplexing fears. This darling girl, this beloved daughter, to whom would the doating parent be induced to consign so rich a treasure? alas these were startling questions and difficult to answer. After taking his leave in a peculiarly sentimental manner, the almost despairing lover sauntered to his hotel "exceeding full of care."

Our country banker though more than sufficiently vain, felt perfectly aware that he was not indebted solely to his own merits for the flattering reception accorded to him at Bath. He could only account for the palpable encouragement of the Delamere family, upon the supposition that he passed with them for a man of large fortune and good connexions, a delusion which sooner or later must be apparent. In point of fact though considerably elevated above his original rank in life, he was far from being a wealthy person. On the death of his father he inherited a few thousand pounds, and having a soul above the business in which it had been scraped together, he had embarked the whole in a banking house, and was in consequence received as a junior partner, on whom all the sag and the smallest share of the profits devolved. His mother still dabbled in trade, and would probably be able to bequeath a few thousand more, and there was a prospect of encreasing his property by a marriage with a young person in his own sphere, the heiress of houses and lands, "being that well frequented Inn the three magpies most desirably situated &c." to whom in the phraseology of his native borough he was "all but engaged." Recollections of Miss Maria Crump the aforesaid heiress had often flashed across the banker's mind. If she could only see him flirting with the high bred belles at Bath,

what would she say? Poor girl he pitied the disappointment she was destined to undergo; for she had been most genteelly educated, quite above officiating in the bar, except perhaps at a chance time, at fairs and market days, and was deeply versed in Moore's and Byron's poetry; just the sort of delicate sensitive girl to take his fickleness to heart: yet there was no help for it; however his present attachment might be terminated, he never could marry a person whose father had kept an Inn; and he wondered how the notion could have entered his mother's head. It would perhaps be too much to assert that Miss Delamere's superior mental and personal charms had made a very deep impression on so selfish and worldly minded a man; in fact his senses had been so dazzled, his vanity so tampered by his late successes, and his whole soul so completely occupied by schemes of aggrandizement that he was incapable of feeling any thing akin to disinterested attachment: nevertheless he fancied himself in love, he saw at a glance all the advantages that would accrue from a connexion with an ancient and wealthy family, yet notwithstanding the partiality with which his fair friend appeared to regard him, her unconcealed efforts to engross all his time and attention, he could not flatter himself that she would brave her parents' displeasure for his sake.

But while tolerably certain that in the event of a discovery of the true state of his affairs he should not be considered an eligible suitor to a young lady of birth and fortune, he determined to make the best of an intimacy which could not fail to encrease the number of desirable acquaintances, an object of importance not only to his private but his professional views.

The money which our friend had brought to Bath was melting fast away, and some hints which he had received opened his eyes to the necessity of encreasing his expenditure; or of making a more ostentatious display of riches than heretofore: he was unwilling to draw on the bank for a further supply, well knowing that his partners were inimical to all approach towards extravagance, as tending to injure the credit of the firm, he likewise feared to raise conjectures which might lead to a discovery of his abode at Bath. Wherefore he concocted a letter to his mother requesting the loan of three hundred pounds, in order to carry on a speculation on his own account which promised a large return; this communication dated at, and dispatched from Bristol, was answered in due course by the expected remittance. In the interim, somewhat to the banker's relief, Mr. Beauchamp quitted Bath; the warmth of their friendship had considerably abated, the latter was not prepared for the manner in which his élève had *taken*, and began to wonder why he had been at the trouble to become bear leader to so clumsy an animal: he was jealous of the at-

tentions of the Delameres, and while affecting to despise "the whole set;" was annoyed at being left out of invitations. Webster felt the awkwardness of his exclusive intimacy with the Baronets' family but he did not know whether he might venture to introduce a friend, or if Beauchamp's pride would not take fire at the proposal; in short it was a delicate business which required more skill and experience than he could command to arrange it successfully. A shower of visiting tickets left at the York House expressly for the banker; completed his friends discomfiture, the calls of Sir Thomas Fletcher, Mr. Blenkinsop, Mr. Winwood, the Colonel and the Captain and half a dozen others of equal mark and livelihood, precipitated his departure. Sneeringly recommending his quondam protégé to make the best of his luck, he took leave; much to the relief of that personage who now felt himself at liberty to attend to his business in Bristol: and proud of the ease and self-possession he had acquired, was no longer anxious for the countenance and support of a more experienced person; and as he felt by no means certain that Beauchamp had not smoked him, he rejoiced in being rid of a troublesome spy.

Though internally convinced of his own capabilities to steer through the labyrinths of fashion, there was still a degree of freshness observable in the Provincial débutante which encouraged the knowing ones to make an attempt to take him in. Amongst his new friends and acquaintance, he ranked a Mr. Forde who came under the denomination of a regular Bath man. Born and bred in the vortex of watering place dissipation, wasting youth in trifling pursuits and paltry intrigues, a long course of idleness, a dangerous indulgence in expensive habits and ruinous speculations had reduced the family means; and unfitted for any honourable profession, he was compelled to practice a series of mean shifts and disgraceful contrivances, in order to keep up a certain appearance in society. Reputed property and undeniable claims to birth sustained the Forde in the highest circles, the parents by dint of secret retrenchments managed to support a shewy establishment upon the wreck of a once respectable property; the daughters were looking out for rich husbands, the son, also a fortune hunter, and little scrupulous by what means he replenished an ever craving purse, was always upon the watch for a pigeon. The banker was too *new* to escape the hawk's eyes of this insatiable family, and he was immediately marked out as a promising subject for plunder. The young ladies evinced a strong desire to enter the lists with Miss Delamere: their favourite mode of attack was by assault, and when each had seized an arm, the prisoner was so effectually secured for the night that all attempts at escape were fruitless and un-

availing. The family views were speedily developed, and the object of their various machinations was not unwilling to indulge the Misses in a flirtation; there was something peculiarly delightful in being selected from a host of half pay officers to escort two dashing girls through a brilliant crowd; something delectably soothing in the sounds which greeted his raptured ears. "We can't do without Mr. Webster; we must have Mr. Webster, he is quite of our set, we always patronize the York house club." But while yielding to the blandishments of the sisters, he perceived the necessity of observing the strictest caution with the brother whose designs were openly levelled against his purse. Webster, had successfully resisted every endeavour employed to inveigle him into deep play; he declined becoming a member of any of the gambling clubs; could not be induced to frequent places where games of chance were going on, and was upon his guard whenever the bottle was freely circulated in male coteries. Perceiving that his shyness would operate to his disadvantage; dreading the power which Forde possessed, and which if turned against him would bring him into discredit in the upper circles: yet steadily determined not to hazard the chance of losing more than he could afford to pay, or of acquiring the name of a gamester, a reputation which he well knew would mar all his prospects in life: when hardly pressed by an indefatigable sharper, he ventured upon an experiment which he trusted would bring him off at a cheap rate. Affecting therefore to be confidential, he told his new friend that his hands were tied up in consequence of some severe losses which had reached his mother's ears, who, should he ever be known to touch a card again would inevitably leave him out of her Will. Forde listened to this statement with a countenance of such lowering expression, that the banker hastened to propitiate the demon of avarice so legibly portrayed in every lineament. "Consequently," he continued, "I am prevented for the present even from taking up a bet, but though thus confoundedly hampered, I am no enemy to sport and shall be happy to add my quota to any amusement that may benefit the place. I have heard something about a subscription cup for the ensuing races, and am anxious to contribute 30 pounds towards that, or any other scheme that may be proposed provided it can be done without my name appearing, and perhaps you will have the goodness to manage it for me in your own way. Forde pocketed the money, which happened to be a very seasonable supply with an assurance that the whole affair should be strictly *sub rosa*—the clouds rolled off from his brow, and in high good humour he offered his services in procuring the donor the coveted admission to the list of forty bachelors, who were about to give their annual ball to the ladies. Webster had been

particularly anxious to gain this point, he knew that Forde possessed the power of defeating his wishes ; his long residence in Bath giving him great ascendancy with the conductors of fêtes and festivals ; which he might use against a stranger whose claims to the honour of being one of the forty were not unquestionable. Arm in arm the friends proceeded to the committee room, where a body of male gossips were assembled in grand debate upon the preliminaries of this weighty affair. Economy being a strong consideration in all matters relating to Bath splendour, the subscription was limited to six guineas, for which sum each member was to be entitled to five tickets besides his own : three for ladies and two for gentlemen. A list of the christian and surnames of all the guests was to be demanded for insertion in a book after the committee had pronounced them to be admissible ; with a variety of other regulations to secure the utmost degree of selectness at this exclusive ball ; even the lady patronesses at Almack's were to be outdone, by the scrupulpsities of these male tabbies. But though cheapness was the order of the day the banker found to his cost that he was condemned to pay double prices. Forde who had fastened upon him with the tenacity of a leech happened not to have his purse about him on the day that the subscriptions were called for, and his friend could not do less than offer to accommodate him with the money. An attempt was made by the sisters to appropriate his tickets to themselves, their brother's being promised, that is, *sold* to a rich vulgar family who offered any sum for admission to a ball where they had no chance of being invited : and negotiated the business through their hair dresser who obtained his per centage on the money. Webster's tickets were however pre-engaged, and with no small degree of exultation he named Sir James Delamere and Mr. Winwood as the gentlemen, Miss Delamere, Mrs. Winwood, and Miss Broadacre as the ladies who had honoured him by accepting his tickets. Their names were inserted with prompt alacrity by the Secretary, and the smiles, bows, and increased deference of the committee towards the friend of such distinguished persons, proved highly gratifying—the elated banker felt his consequence : with the additional consciousness that he was laying in a stock of the most pleasing reflections for the future. There were some dissentient voices raised against Mr. Forde's *friends*. The disapprobation being conveyed in low tones and doubting queries, their proposer found it expedient to assume a bullying air, to silence where he could not convince. The chairman took the matter up, he observed that in consequence of the limited number of subscribers many of the best families in Bath were unavoidably left out, and therefore the members should be particularly careful in examining the titles of their respective ac-

quaintance to admission : while disclaiming all wish to dictate, he offered a list of ladies and gentlemen for inspection who had requested his influence, and earnestly recommended the subscribers to revoke in their favour any promise not too solemnly pledged. Forde affected to be highly indignant at the arbitrary measures which the Committee attempted to enforce, descanted with warmth and animation upon the eligibility of his party, and finally silenced all objections by observing that in preferring them to his own sisters, he had evinced the obligation he was under to fulfil his engagements and his own entire conviction of their admissability.

The Misses Forde contrived to make themselves mistresses of the five tickets belonging to an unfledged youth, who possessing more money than wit fell easily into their snares ; and procuring new ball dresses by the sale of the gentleman's vouchers, they made a very magnificent appearance. Determined however that Mr. Webster should pay for all the civility they had lavished upon him, they employed him to procure a private box at the theatre on the night of a popular performance, and figured away in it on the most fashionable night at his expense ; as of course they entirely forgot to reimburse him for the sum he had paid down at the office : there were also concert tickets, lotteries, raffles, &c. which these able financiers managed to screw out of him ; a series of constant though petty demands, which, together with the bills at York house and other necessary disbursements, made a fearful diminution in three hundred pounds. Since Beauchamp's departure, as he was no longer compelled to visit Bristol by stealth, he had attended very diligently to his business there, which was now drawing to a close : under existing circumstances therefore he found it necessary to terminate the Bath campaign with the ensuing ball, notwithstanding the temptation held out by a projected dramatic fete, the Harmonic festival, and a public breakfast at Sydney gardens.

Despite of the melancholy conviction that he was assisting at the last of his triumphs ; when the important evening arrived, and decorated with an embroidered badge, and a white wand in his hand, who amid the select forty was so supremely blest as the provincial banker ? It fell to his lot to usher the company thro' the antichamber into the illuminated ballroom, and no newly made Lord Mayor or other temporary potentate, ever performed the duties of office with more dignity.—In more request than ever on account of his stewardship, it was with considerable difficulty that he could disengage himself from clustering belles to devote the usual quantum of attention to Miss Delamere. There were moments in which to say nothing of the glaring advances of the Misses Forde, the undisguised encouragement he re-

ceived from Miss Blenkinsop and Miss Broadacre, made him stagger in his ideas of the policy of attaching himself so exclusively to a young lady whose elevated situation almost forbade hope. He began perchance too late, to see, that in all probability the Nawaub would be much less scrupulous than the Baronet in his choice of a suitor for his daughter. The heiress was perfectly independent of all controul, and would encounter few obstacles in an union with the man of her choice, and both seemed quite ready to be won : but he could not command time enough to effect the necessary alteration in his plans, his money was ebbing fast away ; it had purchased experience which now he feared would be useless, as he could neither obtain another furlough, nor another three hundred pounds.

These reflections made him melancholy and with sighs really drawn from the heart, he informed Miss Delamere that he was compelled to tear himself away from all the happiness that earth could offer. The sympathizing fair one's high spirits were immediately depressed, she could not endure the thought of parting ; indeed he must not go : the blank he would leave in their society would be quite insupportable. Overcome by tender emotion he stammered out that he had remained too long for his peace, he dared not urge the person most dear to a distracted bosom to share fortune so inadequate to her desert, and must bear the punishment due to a presumptuous passion. The lady sighed, looked sweetly conscious, and kindly forgiving ; the gentleman uttered broken exclamations and hopes that she would not waste a thought upon the most devoted of lovers, a heart, a heart that would live upon the remembrance of her charms. A conversation waxing exceedingly interesting was interrupted by a summons to join the Spanish dance, now in want of supporters. The entertainment drew to its close, and soon empty benches, drooping flowers, waning lamps and fragments of fans alone remained to tell of fleeting joys. The bachelors consoled themselves by sitting down to a second supper, and calling for Burgundy and burnt Champaigne drank deeply to the health of their fair guests. Webster anxious to drown thought, and willing to keep up his spirits to the last, forgot his usual prudence and added materially to the expenditure of the evening ; at length he staggered off to bed, and before his dizzy brain could separate the false from the true, the past from the present ; while the glare and glitter of the late pageant came mingled with unpleasant reminiscences of money spent, and privations to ensue, a note was handed to him from Lady Delamere. Its contents were important. Informing him that her dear Caroline had made her acquainted with the tender nature of the conversation which had passed on the preceding evening, and of his intended departure ; she entertained

a hope that if he would make an early call in Brook Street, arrangements might be effected which would preclude the necessity of a separation between two persons whose mutual attachment she had long surmised.

The banker's affairs were now brought to an unexpected crisis, and while hope respecting the event of an interview on which so much depended preponderated, he felt by no means at ease while reflecting on the exposition which he would be called upon to make. The utmost adroitness he feared in concealing the unfavourable circumstances attending his birth and connexions, and in dilating upon his property, possession and prospects, could scarcely avail to soften the disappointment which a state of things so different from what might have been expected, in consequence of the tone he had assumed at Bath would in all probability create. Fortunately his misrepresentations had neither been very numerous nor very unpardonable, it is true he had talked rather high, of sending for horses which he did not keep, describing carriages which he never possessed, had spoken of county meetings in a manner calculated to lead his auditors to infer that he had attended them in person, and had taken a part in their discussions, and moreover had mentioned the names of leading families in a manner betokening intimacy; with whom he had no acquaintance at all. Still unless he made a confession himself to this effect, a long time must elapse before these lapses could be discovered. Bewildered with conflicting thought the lover repaired to Brook Street and was admitted to an interview with the Baronet in the library. An awful affair. After rather an awkward pause, perceiving that he was expected to speak: in allusion to his conversation with Miss Delamere, he apologized for a declaration which he protested sprang from the impulse of the moment, and which he feared would be unsanctioned by the parents of a young lady on whom he was not in a situation to make an adequate settlement. The Baronet smiling graciously replied that fortune was with him a minor consideration; as he was by no means of opinion that a large income was necessary for domestic happiness, he knew no man to whom he would more readily consign one of the dearest treasures of his heart, a beloved daughter: and then assuming a graver tone, added, "peculiar circumstances have made my lady Delamere and myself extremely anxious to see Caroline respectably established, but before I enter into the delicate and I may say sacred detail of family history, I must require a solemn assurance that the confidence reposed in you shall never be betrayed; and that in the event a most unlikely one I should think, of the proposed alliance not taking place, you will engage to keep my present communication strictly confined within your own breast. Asto-

nished by so unexpected an exordium the banker gave his word of honour to maintain the most profound silence upon any and every statement that Sir James should think fit to honour him with. "You will doubtless" returned the papa, "be surprized to hear that Miss Delamere is in point of fact a widow; her marriage, an imprudent one, contracted clandestinely in France, and solemnized by a Catholic priest not being strictly legal, as it was unavowed during the husband's life we have judged best to conceal from the world; she was as you may suppose, duped by no common arts. But had the man lived, he was a person that I should not have scrupled to receive as my son-in-law, his death rendered us unable to remedy the informalities of the marriage, and in consequence of the impossibility of establishing Caroline's claim to another name, she has remained Miss Delamere. With a person of less feeling and discrimination, this untoward circumstance might operate to the dear girl's disadvantage; but from *you* Mr. Webster I have a right to expect more liberal sentiments: the sincerity of your attachment I cannot doubt, and I trust that the whole business may be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. Caroline's portion is ten thousand pounds, though this sum at first sight may appear disproportionate to my income, yet when you consider that I have a large family of younger children to bring up, the girls to educate, and introduce, the boys to set forward in life, you will perceive that it would be imprudent in me to part with a larger sum, and as this shall be paid into your own hands, to be embarked if you think fit, in the mercantile house of which I understand from my country correspondents you are a member: it will be more advantageous to you than a more ample fortune which would be tied up in settlements.

I will make you a farther allowance of 300 per annum for my daughter's life, to devolve at her death to younger children, and this I will engage to secure at my decease. I will also enable you to begin a new establishment comfortably, by a present of the necessary furniture, plate, &c. with 1000£ for current expenses; you will take these into consideration, and give me an answer as soon as you have decided.

Poor Webster was "perplexed in the extreme," the Baronet bribed high, but he doubted whether he had thought fit to communicate the whole truth respecting his daughter's alleged marriage: he was afraid to ask a single question, or to betray the slightest suspicion of this mysterious transaction; easily perceiving that he was expected to take every thing uttered by such high authority for granted. Little time was allowed for deliberation, the Baronet not choosing to withdraw and leave him to solitary cogitation, but seeming to entertain no doubt of an im-

mediate and joyful acceptance. The advantages of such a connexion were discoverable at a single glance, they could not be relinquished without a struggle; and as the most distant approach to hesitation, would in all probability give offence; the banker prudently determined to gulp down the disagreeable part of the intelligence, and take the great man's offer with thankfulness. Miss Delamere fatigued by the last night's exertions was not visible, and it was arranged that she should meet her betrothed at dinner, Lady Delamere however requested to see her son-in-law elect immediately, who, ushered into her dressing room was received in so touching a manner, that overcome by the tender emotions produced by such an affecting interview; the secret mortification attendant upon the late discovery—the broad light thrown upon the baronet's motives for his extraordinary condescensions, vanished at the sight of a mother's tears, the agitating exhibition of parental anxiety. To be enabled to soothe the sorrows of a lady of rank, to calm her perturbed spirit by assurances of undeviating attention to the precious trust reposed in him.—It was too much, too pathetic, his eyes filled, his heart swelled, he felt a choking sensation in his throat, he was all sensibility immersed in the luxury of pensive bliss. A drive in the phaeton completed the banker's intoxication, he would not have exchanged situations with any man upon earth: passing Miss Blenkinsop and Miss Broadacre, he facilitated himself upon the superiority of his choice; contrasting the personal charms and mental accomplishments of Miss Delamere, with their plain faces and vapid manners. The morning was spent in pleasant talk of the late ball, with various pedestrian and equestrian loungers encountered in the drive; and at the seven o'clock dinner, the lover not only appeared duly sensible of his good fortune, but absolutely enraptured with the prospects before him. Miss Delamere, pensive, yet pleased, put on an air of languor exceedingly becoming: he pressed her hand, played with a stray ringlet and called her "Caroline." How he congratulated himself upon his decision! What family altogether could compare with the Delamere's? such exquisite propriety of conduct, so well judging, such high principles, so candid, open, liberal, affable, and dignified, their alliance might do honor to a prince.

The following day the engagement was made public by the appearance of the happy pair arm in arm and *tete a tete* walking through Melson Street: reports flew about which received confirmation from the principal milliner, who was enjoined to manufacture bridal robes with all possible dispatch: the aid of lawyers not being requisite, delay became unnecessary, more

especially as all parties equally desired to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

The banker had taken the tide of fortune at the flood, a lucky combination of events smoothed the path before him : his partners were much pleased by his dexterous management of the business in Bristol. Messrs. Grubb and Skinflint discovering the gay career of the Bath beau formed a very erroneous estimate of his mercantile abilities, and in attempting a gross imposition overreached themselves, and led to an exposé extremely beneficial to the interests of the country bank. Webster made the most of this circumstance, his employers gave him credit for peculiar diligence and sagacity, he was entrusted with another commission and no longer having any motive for concealing the real cause of his journey to the west of England, Sir Jas. Delamere with prompt kindness offered to make a little excursion to Clifton with his family while the business was pending, its final conclusion would oblige him to spend a short time in London, and thus he would be enabled to protract the bridal tour. An age of happiness was crowded into the space of ten days. Clifton seemed as delightful as Bath had been, the promenades, the drives, the balls, the parties were exactly to his taste. Another gratification by no means of minor import consisted in rattling down the narrow streets of Bristol astonishing the clerks and porters by appearing at the doors of their masters' counting houses in the gayest turn out—waiting at the corner of the exchange while the groom enquired at the post office for letters, and bringing out the landlord and all the waiters of the Bush tavern bowing to the ground at his slightest behest. These delights gave way to the passing hours and brought round the nuptial day with astonishing rapidity. The wedding took place at an early hour on the morning of Saturday, that being the most fashionable period of the week. Nothing could be better arranged than its announcement in the papers—Amid Mrs. Webster's various speculations had been the purchase of a small cottage which having undergone various alterations and improvements from the hands of a lover of the picturesque ; had been decorated by a spendthrift tenant in a very shewy style, and with its orchard garden, and paddock, in all about 5 acres, dignified with the title of "Woodlands." The banker did not scruple as his mother's heir to substitute the unpretending elegance of this place of abode for the town in which strictly speaking he had resided from his infancy ! The paragraph accordingly ran thus. "At Queen-square chapel on Saturday the 20th of April, by the very Revd. the dean of ——— Robt. Webster, Esqr. of Woodlands in the county of ——— to Caroline eldest daughter of Sir Jas. Delamere, Bart. of Elthamstede Park Nottinghamshire." The bride was decorated with

the prescribed quantity of jewels and Brussels lace, the bridesmaids Miss Blenkinsop and Miss Broadacre attired with appropriate splendour; the breakfast combined all the delicacies in and out of season, and the happy pair took the route to Cheltenham in an elegant travelling chariot and 4, pursuing their way by easy stages through Oxford to London. On their arrival in the metropolis they took up their abode at one of the most fashionable hotels in St. James's street, and now Mr. Webster became fully aware of the extent of his good fortune in waiving all unseasonable scruples in the choice of a wife. The bride acquainted her fashionable friends and relatives with her residence in London, and cards and invitations were left at the door. Lady Alverdown who was nearly connected with the Delameres, paid a friendly visit and asked the new named couple to meet a select party at dinner at her house in Hill street on the following day. In a most delightful flutter of spirits the banker followed his elegant bride into the drawing room, where the visitors were all assembled. The groupe consisted of the hostess, the hon. Mr. and Miss Trevyllian, her youngest son and daughter, the countess of Kilruddery and lady Emily Jermagne, lord and lady John Lessington, Mr. and Lady Louisa Mansel, Lord Munsterhaven, Sir Marcus Comyn Wilbraham, Col. Ponsonby of the Guards, and lastly Mr. and Mrs. Greyson Blondeville who happened to be in town at the time.

The newspapers containing an account of the banker's marriage by some accident had escaped Mrs. Blondeville's notice, she was therefore totally unprepared for his elevation, and her surprise at meeting a person whom she held so much beneath her notice in the society of individuals of the highest rank, even surpassed the panic of astonishment produced by his unexpected appearance at her own ball. The punishment due to her insulting treatment of an unintentional offender was at hand. She now appeared in the capacity of a stranger with no pretensions to any particular mark of attention from the male guests, and when dinner was announced the company pursuing their own inclinations paired off in the following manner. The Countess of Kilruddery and Mr. Trevyllian, Lady John Lessington and Mr. Mansel, Lady Louisa Mansel and Mr. Greyson Blondeville, Lady Emily Jermagne and Sir Marcus Comyn Wilbraham, Mrs. Webster and Col. Ponsonby, Lord John Lessington waited to escort Lady Alverdown, Miss Trevyllian had secured the arm of Lord Munsterhaven, and Mrs. Greyson Blondeville left without any other conductor, must either walk alone or accept the remaining gentleman, Mr. Webster. The banker as much surprised, but not sharing in the lady's annoyance at this unlooked for rencontre, though a little disconcerted by the awkwardness of his situ-

ation, yet evinced a very creditable degree of self possession. Perceiving his fair enemy's dilemma, he shook off his nervous sensations, and stepping forward with as much of the air acquired at Bath, as his perturbation would admit, offered his arm. it was taken and this strangely matched pair descended the stair case together, and sate next each other at table. The lady had never felt so ill at ease in her life, however well inclined to be disdainful she was obliged to relax in her hauteur, she saw that Mrs. Webster was evidently a person of birth and fashion, well acquainted with, and well received by people of rank to whom she herself was unknown, that Mr. Webster's late forwardness was subdued into a quiet demeanor offering no subject for remark—he spoke little but seemed free from embarrassment and answered readily, and to the purpose when addressed : all this was incomprehensible and she felt in a novel situation unable to come to a decision and completely at a loss respecting the line of conduct she must finally adopt. Mr. Greyson Blondville with his usual good sense and good nature, acknowledged his country acquaintance invited him to take wine, and related the latest provincial intelligence for his especial benefit. This was by far the wisest course and the squeamish dame, though loathing the idea of the humiliating retraction of her former scorn, soon found that she must perforce bend to circumstances, and burying the past in oblivion propitiate the man who was more than ever the object of her hatred and contempt.

Mrs. Webster had remarked the style and appearance of Mrs. Blondville, and learned with much pleasure that she was a resident of the borough town in which she was destined to take up her abode ; and when the gentlemen re-entered the drawing room she communicated her thoughts to her husband. " You must introduce me to your friend, I am sure we shall be excellent neighbours." The request, and the remark were made in tones audible to the whole party. It was no place for a display of impertinence and as the banker chose to await some advance there was nothing left for the lady but to accede with becoming grace. The next morning Mrs. Blondville, who to do her justice never patronised half measures, was the earliest visitor in St. James' street. A party was immediately arranged for the Opera ; the bride had the command of a noble relative's box, most desirably situated in the first or grand tier, immediately over the pit. No objection was now even felt to appear in public with Mr. Webster, since under no other circumstances could the lady hope to be so brilliantly accommodated.

The banker had never visited the Opera before, it gave a new prospect of fairy land, eclipsing in its glittering accompaniments the hitherto unequalled splendour of the Bath rooms : his wife

had considerably supplied him with a cicerone in the person of a young cousin, and at the expiration of an hour, passed in almost speechless delight he became according to his own expression, "quite at home." He visited the Winwoods in their box, chatted with Beauchamp, whom he met in the lobby and who returned his greeting very cordially there by encouraging him to introduce his earliest fashionable friend to his wife and thus confirming as she was then seated *tete a tete* with Mrs. Blondeville the boast of his intimacy with that superfine belle. He next made the circle of the pit, speaking *en passant* with Mr. Trevyllian, Lord Munsterhaven, and Col. Ponsonby, and having been well received by all these grandes, ventured to pay his respects to Lady Alvendown: her party occupied a double box, and it was soon joined by Lord John Lessington, whose parliamentary views rendering him anxious to secure the assistance of an active friend in the borough of — became prodigal of the most condescending civilities. Vouchers from the Duchess, his mother were offered for the ensuing charity ball at Almacks, including Mr. and Mrs. Greyson Blondeville who were thus indebted to their parvenu friend for an admission to an assembly only inferior to the select meeting on Wednesday nights, and which did just as well to talk about in the country. The evenings during the banker's stay in town were filled up by a grand entertainment at Lady Alvendown's, Lady Louisa Mansel's rout, Lady Kilruddery's concert, Almacks, Mr. Winwood's ball, a second opera and a splendid assembly at Lady John Lessington's. The mornings after transacting business in the city were spent in shopping, visiting, public exhibitions and the drive in Hyde Park. Mrs. Webster was fond of pictures, and Somerset house being open, she appointed her husband to meet her there upon his return from the city. True to the moment he arrived before the carriage; anticipating the pleasure of handing his elegant wife from her elegant equipage in the full view of a gaping multitude, while lounging idly under the colonnade awaiting the appearance of his bride, the neglected relatives of Gray's Inn were recalled to his remembrance by a smart slap on the shoulder: turning suddenly round he was unexpectedly and most disagreeably confronted by Mr. Richard Tupper and his two sisters arm in arm and brandishing catalogues of the pictures. On the one side broad grins and congratulations prevailed, on the other unmitigated chagrin. Pleading an engagement the embarrassed bridegroom, after a very brief salutation tried to get away, but his cousins were not so easily shaken off. Lord love him they wanted to know all how and about the wedding which had cut such a splash in the papers. The young ladies declared that the perusal had "struck them all of a heap." Mr. Richard styled it, high rig and a "rum go," swearing that if he

had guessed the "time o' day" when he was at Bath and found out what Bobby was arter, he'd have stuck up to the heiress himself and spoiled his diversion. In the midst of this charming conversation the expected carriage drove up and making a desperate effort to disengage himself, the perplexed banker hastened to the curb stone, Richard Tupper also, nothing daunted, followed to assist, while the sisters remained under the pillars, "putting themselves to rights," as they awaited an introduction which they fondly deemed to be inevitable. But while Dick was on the point of reiterating "Go it Bobby" even his effrontery received a check by a look of ineffable contempt cast upon him by the bride. Webster seized the propitious moment to lead her away, leaving the whole party more astonished and "struck of a heap" than before. Webster the next morning wrote his cousin a civil and even friendly letter, explaining the impossibility of continuing on their former intimate footing, now that he had married a lady whose ideas on all subjects connected with manners and amusements were so totally different from those cherished by the rest of his family and expressing an earnest desire to remain upon affectionate terms with himself and his sisters, provided they would be satisfied with the degree of attention, his altered situation enabled him to offer. This communication produced a bitter retort; not content with pouring out his indignation upon paper, Richard Tupper heroically assured his cousin that whenever they should meet he would give him "a piece of his mind;" circumstances were however inauspicious to the wrathful kinsmen's intended achievement, chance only threw him once more in the banker's way. The one horse chaise came into momentary contact with the landaulet in Hyde Park, Webster was upon the box having accommodated Mrs. Greyson Blondville with his seat in the carriage, she returned this kindness by pointing out the inelegant equipage beside them to her companion's notice, observing at the same time. "And it belongs I declare to some new cousins of yours." Richard seemed ready primed for an assault, and Miss Sally his sister tossed her plumes in such lofty displeasure, that had not a movement obliged both carriages to advance in opposite directions, the park loungers would have doubtless been edified by a grand display of oratory couched in the most approved phraseology of Gray's Inn lane. Webster congratulated himself upon the escape, but in turning round to address some careless observation to the ladies in the carriage, was somewhat dismayed by the persevering malice of his fair enemy who was amusing herself by describing, and commenting upon the relations to whom she affected to conclude the bride had been, or would be introduced. This ill natured communication evinced deep ingratitude, for Mrs. Blondville had acquired several fashionable acquaintance, and gained the entire confidence in-

of several fashionable parties through the interest of her new associates. In visiting London she had wandered into a strange latitude in which she found much of her consequence diminished. Persons who had willingly accepted her hospitalities in the country had neither time nor inclination to return them in the metropolis : a few only of her intimate acquaintance possessed houses in town, of these few the majority had engagements which prevented them from seeing her very often, some felt a disinclination to take their carriages into the odd out of the way corner at the upper end of Beaumont-street, where she had established herself with an invalid aunt whom nobody knew. Her own carriage was undergoing repair, she was therefore obliged to be content with a second-hand vehicle, lent by the coachmaker and job horses to match. It was consequently exceedingly convenient to command a seat in an elegant landaulet, and to spend the greater part of every day with the Websters in St. James' street, where she had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the bride's noble connexions, and was often included in the invitations of their friends. With the Winwoods whose visiting list was not at present very extensive, a wonderful intimacy took place : she was asked with " her friends the Websters," to their dinner parties and figured off in their general muster at their ball. This party also gave the banker an opportunity of acquitting himself of his debt to Beauchamp, he begged leave to bring him in his wife's suite, gave him a few hints respecting Miss Broadacre which were not wasted upon empty air, a flirtation took place, ending in due time most happily in St. George's church.

Webster though in his heart cursing the malevolence which prompted the disagreeable intelligence which his wife learned from her new associate, yet knew too well the ladies potency in his native town to resent the communication. Unfortunately he could not live always in Bath or London, where he had learned to think himself a marvellous proper man, and Mrs. Blondville's patronage was not to be slighted in a place where he felt naturally anxious to secure a handsome reception for his bride : and where in the absence of Lady Alvendown, she might be subjected to slights until her real claims to notice were discovered. Mrs. Webster with a large share of good nature and of good sense also, notwithstanding the misfortune of her early life, had in consequence of that accident become a thorough woman of the world, she knew she had no chance of moving in the sphere from which she had descended, she was happy at having escaped the utter seclusion to which she must have submitted had she failed to secure a husband in Bath, she owed her chance of retaining a name and rank in life, entirely to her mother's tenderness, who had persuaded the Baronet to hush up a disagreeable affair and marry his daughter, to some person not in a situation to be too in-

quisitive, rather than make the family disgrace public by removing her from her sisters in a manner tending to excite suspicion. The prudent management of all parties produced the happiest results, the bride well content with the second rate splendour of a country town, made herself agreeable to the demi fashionables with whom she was fated to associate. The bridegroom after enjoying the nine days' wonder which his marriage occasioned, experienced the more solid advantages of elevation in the banking house, the open palms and open doors of those whose hands and houses had been shut against him, and the glory of producing at his table, the finest pine-apples, grapes, and venison ever seen in the town, fresh and in profusion from the seat of his father-in-law the Baronet of Elkenstede park. Too much space has been occupied by the banker's adventures to admit of farther detail, the reader is therefore requested to imagine the effect produced by the appearance of the bridal pair at their future residence. How some of the gossips decided that it must have been a take in on the gentleman's part, and how others reported on the best authority, that Miss Delamere had fallen so deeply in love at first sight that she was not to be persuaded out of her choice, and had made two attempts upon her life before her parents would give their consent. How Miss Maria Crump fell into hysterics at church but whether at the sight of her false swain, or the bride's lace pelisse, remained doubtful. How she married soon after out of spite, and a great many other hows too tedious to mention.

As the rigid moralist may possibly object to the foregoing pages on the ground that they do not convey any salutary lesson to the mind, but rather tend to shew that mean and crooked policy, the grossest selfishness and most unmeasured effrontery, added to very moderate abilities may lead to fortune and to happiness, instead of eliciting the deserved reward of universal reprobation it may be necessary to state that in drawing sketches of society, as society really exists, what is aptly termed *poetical justice* would injure the picture, inasmuch as it would destroy the resemblance. The most prosperous persons are not generally speaking, those who have best merited prosperity, for the latter are less calculated to struggle through the world—the low minded, the base, the cold and hollow hearted, will stoop to expedients from which noble and generous mind revolt, and are successful. In painting the world in its true colours, in exhibiting the frequent triumphs of all that is mean, paltry and contemptible, the aim of the artist is not the discouragement of virtue; on the contrary his object is thus affording an accurate representation of scenes and characters is to teach the better portion of mankind to look for the reward of their well doing beyond the confines of a vain and misjudging world. That earthly happiness is not the result

of virtue, forms one of those incontrovertible facts which ~~after~~ the experience of ages it would be folly to dilate upon. The mere possession of some of the most exalted virtues entails the certainty of suffering a proportionate degree of pain. Who can cherish true sensibility, who can be perfectly disinterested, tenderly affectionate, or generously confiding, without sustaining the severest injury from wounded feelings, from unrequited fondness, from ingratitude, and from injustice. The good and evil of this world are in perpetual collision, it is not possible for the excellent and the upright to avoid the wounds aimed by countless darts, nor can they hope that in society where pretensions and appearances carry every thing before them, that modest merit and humble worth shall be warmly patronized, or justly appreciated.

TO MARY.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

Far thro' the lapse of years,
 Blended with smiles and tears
Thy name comes o'er me, like the dreamed-of swell
 Of home's own seas, which brings
 To memory many things
 Of mingled grief and pain, pent in the spirit's cell.

II.

Like the pure flames, that burn
 In that same golden urn
 To high Minerva, Wisdom's Queen, devoted,*
 Which, Amianthus-fed
 Ne'er tremble, or are dead,
 Thy image in my heart lives bright, altho' unnoted !

III.

There's not a gentle sound,
 A perfume floating round,—
 A sight of beauty on the senses flung ;—
 That wafts not to my view
 In colours, oh ! how true !
 Thy voice, and all the charms that to thy being clung !

* "Like the flame of that golden lamp devoted to Minerva, whose wick of Amianthus never consumes !" *Travels of Antenor*—vol. 1, page 27.

THE CITY OF PALACES.

" Great Babylon her haughty walls will praise,
 And sharped steeples high shot up in air ;
 Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze,
 And Nylus' nurslings their pyramids fair ;
 The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the story
 Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed ;
 Mausolus' work will be the Carian's glory,
 And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now razed ;
 The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
 The great Coloss, erect to memory ;
 And what else in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnify :
 But I will sing, above all monuments,
 These fairer works, the world's great wonderments."

Spenser.

As the denizen of a state famed for past or present superiority in arts or arms, is usually apt and frequently permitted to arrogate to himself a consequence beyond what his own personal attributes might warrant his pretensions to ; so to have been long, more particularly in our youth, the resident of a spot remarkable for natural or artificial beauty, tends strongly to engender a feeling inimical to a fair estimate of foreign excellence, which, with others, unprejudiced, passes for perfection. There has been in every stage of the great and ever varying drama of life, some bright star of the ascendant that would seem almost to warrant an assumption of pre-eminence even from the chance circumstance of hereditary connection with it ; which has been often sought as paramount to all of real worth that fate or fortune had bestowed. The Cæsars, when rulers of the world, were more proud to be deemed by that world the descendants of Æneas ; and the proudest of them sighed, amidst the splendors of Rome, to fix the seat of his empire in a desert, because that desert was the plain of Troy. In the same pride of high and mighty associations, was doubtless breathed the triumphant annunciation of a young gentleman to a school-fellow at home, that 'his town was probably all he described it : for his part, he came from India—from the City of Palaces !'—It was all sufficient : Coventry was no more mentioned ; and the young Bengâlee, for the remainder of his stay at Rugby, was commonly known and laughed at as the 'Count Palatine.'*

This anecdote has stood father to the following reflections ; and these again have prompted such remarks as the subject has seemed to invite ; and which, however valueless in other respects, may be acceptable for their fidelity, and as exhibiting what it is

that has conferred a dignity upon this city, which all acknowledge, with, in many instances, as little thought of the honor they confer as of the claims of the object to what they yield so unheedingly.

What the poets and others of days gone by, did for Troy, for Corinth or for Rome, common fame has performed for this our city of Calcutta. In the course of less than half a century, it is become, like the capital of Constantine, the wonder of the world, and a growing monument of man's power, perseverance, and invention. We are often led, and often mislead others to admire objects which we have only superficially examined, or never seen perhaps, by the praises bestowed upon them, and accepted on hear-say, by the multitude. 'What every body says must be true.' Not always: strictly speaking, seldom: but at times it is so; and in the instance of this our metropolis, it is a pleasing task to exhibit the justice with which her magnificent title has been spontaneously declared her right and, as such, universally admitted and bestowed by her rivals of all nations.

What this city, so imperially designated, was at the no very distant period of a single century, it is not our purpose to inquire. The site was what *such* a site could only have been before the waters and the waste made way for the habitations of civilized life, which now fill the space they occupied. Like the coveted Ilion of Cæsar, Calcutta lies on a vast plain, not of ups and downs like that falsely so called of the Scamander, but a perfect level, a plain in the true sense of the word. No Ida, no vile wall of a Gargarus intercepting the eastern breezes (in all countries so precious and so prized); but one interminable expanse of unfeathered space, in that and all directions, from the mountain-barrier of Tibet and China, to the Ocean. Behold her reflected in that noble stream, whose brightness is tempered with the varied soil of its course of a thousand miles; the harbour of her fleets; far, far surpassing the boasted Hellespont! wafting not only her navies, with their wealth, to all the quarters of the globe, but the dead, in all the becoming humility of unattired nature, to their eternal homes, and all that there awaits them! Blessed site! and thrice favored people to have obtained it, as you have done for this the queen of your Eastern Empire! Except on the western coast of lovely Italy, about Terracina, Pæstum, and a few other spots of long established celebrity, there are none upon earth that might be fairly compared with this Eden of your selection! Soil, climate, all combined to render it worthy alike of your taste, your prudence, and your wisdom! Some have rejected all other attractions and inducements to the choice, and have attributed it alone to the striking congeniality of the climate to

European constitutions, as evinced in the florid and health-beaming complexions of those whose shortest sojourn affords the opportunity of proving the fact: but in the midst of so much, presenting itself, it were presumption to adopt this. The truth is, the recommendations, judging from our own knowledge of those which still exist, must have been so various, that common sense and common justice equally require that we impute the selection to a felicitous perception and appreciation of the singularly happy combination of them all.

It is usual in describing cities, to notice more particularly their public buildings; both from their being generally in themselves more interesting as works, or repositories of works of art, and as associated with acts and transactions that have brought honor (or disgrace, as it may be) on the place, and on our nature. Calcutta is rich in her display of such edifices, and without a tedious advertence to the deeds which have immortalized them (which so many have smiled or sighed over), or the beauties they contain (which it were vain to attempt to enumerate), we will select a few of the most conspicuous, and from them show how fertile the genius and vast the mental capabilities, which could have conceived even a portion of the mighty whole—which we turn from contemplating with a feeling towards our countrymen, as peculiar, as it will be confessed it is appropriate and merited.

But before entering upon our analysis, it may be as well to premise that a silly idea has prevailed as to the want of the material which alone can lend dignity to architecture; that because we have not *stone*, we must necessarily be destitute of what, having admired in that substance, we mistakenly suppose can reach excellence in no other. We forget that some of the finest and most perfect remains of antiquity are of a *stucco* more durable than stone itself; and that this has been in the most magnificent instances the beautiful veil to the coarser material the absence of which has been here regretted. "Materials in architecture are like words in phraseology; having separately but little power; and they may be so arranged as to excite ridicule, disgust, and even contempt; yet when combined with skill, expressed with energy, they actuate the mind with unbounded sway. An able writer can move even in rustic language, and the masterly disposition of a skilful artist will dignify the meanest materials; while the weakest efforts of the ignorant render the most costly enrichments despicable."—Thus much was deemed due to the only great objection that has been plausibly urged against us; and if we prove that the means at our disposal have been well applied, we doubt not

still to maintain the palm which our friends have adjudged, and our enemies (if we have such) hitherto not successfully disputed.

Our Calcutta *stucco* is a close imitation of a soft grey sandstone. Of course it is, in common with every thing else, liable to injury by the weather, which in this climate is peculiarly prejudicial to all, vegetation excepted, exposed to its influence: but our genius has triumphed over the inconvenience. Instead of, as with the antients, making the surface of the wall to which the *stucco* is applied, as rough as possible, to insure a firm adhesion, our builders finish the brick-work with the closest *pointing*; so that the plaster, never strongly attached, soon disengages itself and separates—but not in small patches, as if from partial decay or injury—no—but in large sheets and masses, as if ashamed to hide the nobler work it had concealed, or in pride that it had been regarded as worthy to stand in connection with it. It is not uncommon at the end of the rainy season, to see a wall entirely stripped of this superfluous covering; thereby, amongst other advantages, allowing a convenient inspection of rents and injuries, which might else have escaped observation, and exposed the inmates of the dwelling unconsciously to danger. Another sample of good taste should also be recorded. Every one knows how time softens the offensive glare of, and harmonizes, a new edifice with the landscape by which it is surrounded: but this work of time is slow and gradual. Here, by a liberal mixture of animal and vegetable matter with the finishing wash which forms the completion of the structure, that is accomplished in a single season which, with pure mineral substances, years would not effect. A house may be, after the lapse of a single autumn from its erection, as black, green and grey as any baronial castle of Europe of many centuries, with the aid, in the latter instance, of moss and ivy, and whatever else age and the weather may have contributed to adorn it.

Not to dwell longer upon generals, we merely observe that the romantic windings of the streams of the neighbouring *Sunderbuns* evidently supplied the original plan of our city. Of late, some changes had crept in, in the more modern portion; but this did not meet with favor; and Chowringhee particularly, to which the magnates of the place a few years since resorted, as superior from its airiness and regularity, is fast assuming the more inartificial sinuosities just alluded to, in imitation of which the city having been first planned and brought to flourish, the people naturally preferred them; upon the sound principle probably upon which the nations by which

they are surrounded are in the habit of proceeding, who never deviate in their generation from the practice of their fathers.

As the first edifice in point of size and consequence, we will begin our review with the Government House. The general plan of this building would appear to have been taken from Lord Scarsdale's seat of Kedleston in Derbyshire: but the architect has so improved upon the original, as to leave it a question how far it is equitable to attribute the design to any source but his own unaided invention. The centre building of Kedleston rises higher than the wings or pavilions; which, too, are of an inferior order; the former being of the Corinthian, these of the Ionic. The whole is built of stone; and is remarkable for the classic elegance which pervades it both outwardly and within. The entrance hall is particularly admired for its beautiful proportions, and richness yet chasteness of decoration. In the Government House of the City of Palaces, the grandeur of effect and variety of exterior embellishment, has been attained in a mode equally novel and pleasing. The centre and pavilions are all equal in height, in the four several fronts; and all that constitutes architectural distinction is in strict accordance on every side, each with the rest: but here shines forth the master hand of the architect! Instead of frittering away his materials, as (whatever taste may assert to the contrary) the Kedleston worthy has done, in broken masses of various heights, orders and ornaments, he has given us four deeply indented fronts (well calculated, as was of course intended with reference to the climate,) to concentrate the sun's rays, from its rising to its setting; the columns and pilasters, of the same proportion, and plain throughout, a handsome style of *Ionic*; with thrice happy thought!—a continued *Corinthian* entablature, as richly (chiseled, I was about to say) troweled as good plaster would admit of—thus blending these two beautiful orders in a manner that is quite refreshing, to those who have any knowledge of these matters, to contemplate. To the north, there is a handsome flight of steps leading to a grand hexastyle portico, the principal entrance; but as this cannot be used during the day from the heat, and is not required at any other time, the basement story is at once entered, below this flight; and when the imagination pictures an apartment of a hundred feet in length, and of more than proportionate breadth, and then surveys the neatly painted beams of the roof (without any ceiling to veil the regularity of their disposal) at a height from the floor of above twelve feet, the effect may be conceived, but is altogether indescribable. All that need be added, is that everything is in strict keeping: the walls are quite plain; the floor is paved with free stone; and there is not a single article

of furniture to destroy the uniformity and simplicity which stamps the whole as something we have never before seen, and may never again have the opportunity of beholding. Let us pass through this, to the southern front. The architect has here fully maintained his claim to a fine invention and originality. We find ourselves under a noble cupola-crowned portico: but instead of the cupola forming the magnificent concave to an open or enclosed apartment, we discover the front wall of the edifice dividing it into two equal parts, one half surmounting the projecting sweep of the colonnade, the other—we know not what; for, with a skill baffling all attempts at conjecture, we are left in astonishment without a clue to guide us to the origin or purpose of the anomaly. The cupola being on one side of the centre portion of the building, lofty in itself, and surmounted by a full length wooden Britannia, affords additional variety to the whole; as, unless viewed directly from the south, it is always out of the central position in which a common architect would have placed it. Being (as we have seen) of no interior use whatever, the choice in fixing it must have been one of taste alone; and the full credit of the idea is justly due to the gifted individual to whose guidance such a completion was entrusted.

It has been observed of this edifice, that it was very nearly being a handsome one. Our opinion is, that it is, if heavy, the more imposing; and if not of superior materials to the residencies by which it is surrounded, that it the better assimilates, and tends the less to injure them by the comparison that could not but follow were the contrast greater. The apartments are spacious and convenient; and the design of the four entrance gateways is decidedly faultless.

That square building to the west of the one we have just quitted, is the Town Hall. It is remarkable for the enormous expenditure which attended its erection; for the failure of the foundation and consequent fall of its original Doric portico; for the extreme simplicity of its architecture; and for certain other features or facts which will be noticed as we proceed. The pilasters of the four sides correspond as usual with the columns: the master hand is shewn in relieving them from all weight above, which an ordinary genius would in all probability have loaded them with. The architrave rests, not upon them, but upon the solid of the wall, though bases shafts and capitals project in their full proportions. The consequence of this is, an effect of light and shade rarely to be met with; and a variety in the style and manner of construction, that we are quite unaccustomed to. The sombre hue which this building exhibits in its exterior, has been fancifully supposed to be preserved for

the sake of its accordance with the present low ebb of the public finances and the general depression of the times; and it cannot be denied that the interior is in good keeping in all that constitutes the ideal sympathy. The northern entrance has the appearance of an auction mart after a sale day's deposits have been removed; the walls and projections—cornices, mouldings, &c.—within reach of injury, are broken and chipped; shop presses and tables extend to the right and left of the grand staircase; a worn and ragged mat covers the dirty floor, visible through a thousand rents; and altogether the condition of this portion at least of the building reflects highly on every one whose duty or responsibility is connected with such a state of things. The steps and plinth or basement of the statue of Lord Cornwallis, at one extremity of the lower hall, are frequently so covered with bottles and what not, containing wine, beer, pickles, and other exotics favorable to the preservation of statutory morality, as to produce quite a glow of excitement in the mind of a careless visitor to this hallowed memorial of that great and good man; and the marble floor is correspondingly attended to—as may be clearly seen in the deep grooves which wire-chests and packing cases have left to remind us of the uses of the edifice.

Some persons, not understanding these associations, have made very severe and bitter comments upon the neglect and supineness under which all this has been effected and permitted: another instance, amongst the thousand that offer, of our readiness to condemn what we do not understand, or cannot or will not appreciate. This is the place and property of the public; and if the public are satisfied, what right have individuals to cavil? Besides, it is not the fact that things are here so pre-eminently what they ought not to be, as many would fain make us believe. We could name twenty private dwellings, in as many seconds, in no wise less deficient in what constitutes our vulgar English tidiness and comfort. Our drawing rooms to be sure are always well and elegantly furnished, and our dining rooms generally appropriately so: but not in one house in fifty is the entrance—that is, the space you have to pass through between the 'compound' gate and the apartment Madame shall receive you in—in less confusion and disorder than that of this same Town Hall—in greater it is not pretended it can be. Many persons prefer such a state of things at home, to the trouble of ordering them otherwise; and the inference is natural that abroad the same predilection will prevail: and what right have we to assert that cleanliness, good order and arrangement are preferable? If they were so, the contrary could not maintain so extensively. 'The dirtier the cosier,' is a proverb some-

where within his Majesty's dominions, and why not to be acknowledged here, as it evidently is? We think the public quite right, with such pigs' notions, to have a sty for their place of assemblage and recreation.

It was our intention to have at once concluded these observations; but we find that we have so much left to remark upon that another occasion must be taken, both for the reader's sake and our own. Meanwhile we solicit the notice of the stranger, amongst the multitude of objects likely to attract and distract his attention, in this our city, to the following precious examples of a happy combination of taste and talent; to which, as before observed, we owe the title we are justly so proud of. The list might be extended almost at pleasure; and taken at random as these samples are, we beg to assure him, that many have been omitted quite as fully entitled to the distinction which these have fortuitously attained by a prior introduction to his attention and admiration.

That large four-story edifice on the Esplanade, was lately occupied as the Bengal Club House. Its principal recommendation to the approval of an architect, is the singularly correct facade; each of the four grades of its majestic height being of one and the same order—a something approaching to the Grecian Doric, tastefully relieved by appropriate Chinese railing in the intercolumniations. This was indeed a rare device, probably never conceived or approached in practical design before—except, by the bye, in the instance of some large and lofty houses on the Chowringhee Road, where the same repetition of orders occurs, but still further diversified by the association of the Doric entablature with Corinthian columns; each particular story being a strict fac simile of that immediately below it.

A pretty conceit has been practised on the carriage-portico of a private residence near the Club-House just mentioned. The architrave of the entablature is (as always here) of timber; but it has been cut perpendicularly, at short lengths, to imitate stone, in the rustic style of masonry; and as, if stone, it could not possibly remain suspended for an instant, much less support the weight of the frieze and cornice, with the roof-beams, resting on it, it cannot be denied that the idea is new; and we regret not being able to state the name of the scientific individual, with whom it originated.

The new Mint which, under the title of the 'Columniad,' we understand is the subject of a short poem of twelve cantos nearly ready for the press, we purposely defer our notice of: and merely hinting that a critical inspection of the two new gate-ways on the Chowringhee road, on the town side of the Post Office, and the extraordinary portico of a house close to the lat-

tery, with four awful columns (as in courtesy we must call them) some fifteen diameters in altitude will amply repay a visit to that neighbourhood, we take our leave.* The gratitude of our fellow citizens will of course attend this our attempt to exhibit in its true light, the picture which few except themselves have seen in any; and feel an added pride in reflecting that that honor which has been bestowed upon the mere notoriety of excellence, may now be claimed and given upon the basis of proved desert and superiority.†

FIRST LOVE.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! there's nothing like our First Love,
 There's nothing like the first!
 More sweet than vernal violets
 When from the earth they burst:
 The violet's breath smells sweet, I trow,
 In summer's shine, and autumn's glow,
 But sweeter its fragrant mouth, oh! far,
 When we kiss it beneath the spring-tide star!

There's nothing like youth's happy time!—
 The *Past* is still the best,—
 The *present* is a dreary spot.
 With memory for its guest:—
 The *future* is in darkness plac'd,
 A vista in an unknown waste!—
 Oh, why do the scenes of our youth come back
 To sear with sad thoughts life's onward track?

The human heart may wander,
 And weep at many a shrine,
 But ever, like the emigrant,
 For its first home 'twill pine!
 We cheat, and we are cheated, yet
 (Though striving to,) we ne'er forget;
 For when youth disappears, oh! how madly we thirst
 For a draught of our past love,—the sweetest,—the first!

* The Ochterlony Monument (which we presume was designed after one of Argand's patent pillar lamps) and the Temple erecting in Tank square, not being finished works, we have purposely avoided introducing them.

† We think it as well to state that this article though apparently Editorial, is from the pen of a correspondent.—Ed.

LINES

SENT WITH ONE OF THE SPRING PERIODICALS.

E'er yet the winter's murky hours
 Have winged their flight away,
 Or spring returned with early flowers
 To render nature gay ;
 I haste the opening year to greet
 And Friendship's offering at thy feet
 I thus presume to lay,
 Which tho' a trifle may express
 The hope to please—the wish to bless.

Ah would it were in Friendship's power
 To scan the year untold,
 And should its aspect o'er thee lour
 From every ill to fold.
 Or if it rank thee with the dead
 And like a faded lily laid
 All blighted pale and cold,
 To pour the sorrows which yet must
 Be shed above thy heedless dust.

Must care yet lay a cankering hand
 Across that fairy brow ;
 Or brighter sparkles of life's sand
 Within thy glass run low ?
 But hence each sad intruding thought
 With spirit-darkening shadows fraught,
 To hope and joy a foe ;
 Nor cloud those hours however brief
 Unmarked by care, unstained by grief.

It is not in this vale of tears
 For us to raise the screen,
 Nor in the mist of coming years
 To view the dark unseen.
 But hope will pierce the doubtful gloom
 And from futurity's dark womb
 Will catch a glowing scene ;
 And Friendship tho' it doubt the while
 Can scarce refuse an answering smile.

On Him whose hand sustains us all
 Thro' life's eventful hour
 I cast thy cares—to Him I call
 His gifts on thee to pour,
 To chase misfortune's gathering gloom
 And raising thee beyond the tomb
 By His Almighty power,
 To bring thee to his holy place
 To share his joy and see his face.

MET MIC ADD.

LIFE OF DR. FAUSTUS.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST PART.

Of Dr. Faustus' Dog called Præstigiär.

The high born Count Henry Lord of Isenburgh mentions that he was intimately acquainted with Dr. Faustus and saw a great many of his amusing tricks whilst he studied at the College of Wittenberg.

Among other things he related as follows, that he with a friend went once to call upon the Doctor who received them with the utmost courtesy, showed them every civility, entertained them magnificently, and spared no expence on their festivities. The Count was very anxious to know how all this was brought about, as there were no visible means by which it was effected, till at last he saw a large shaggy dog lying at the Doctor's side, to whom the Doctor said something that the Count did not understand, on which the Dog went to the room's door, opened it himself and waited there till he was called.

At this the Doctor laughed and asked the Count how he liked the dog to which he replied that he should like to see him again on which the Doctor called the dog who came in a moment and jumped on the Benches, his eyes were fiery red and dreadful to behold, and although he was black and shaggy yet when the Dr. had passed his hand over his back, he changed his colour in a moment, at which the Count was not a little terrified; he afterwards saw a number of other notable tricks performed by this quadruped.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

At this time the Doctor became on very intimate terms with Mr. C. Meir, and as this latter gentleman had occasion to travel to

Erfurt, the Doctor accompanied him and stopped there so long that he fell into acquaintance with many of the students, who had heard of the Doctor's great proficiency in Magic (a science at that time in high estimation) and that by means of it he could obtain whatever he wanted.

It happened in one of their literary *conversazioni* that mention was made of a certain Poet, one Homer, whose works were in a good deal of repute at that time ; according to one account the Doctor himself read them, but others say not. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that the subjects of Homer's Poems are the actions of a number of Greek Heroes whom he calls Menelaus. Achilles, Hector, Priam, Alexander, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Ajax ; one student praised Homer's versification, the other that he had described the above personages as clearly as if they were present before our eyes, and so on.

Thereupon the Doctor offered to bring the above mentioned Levantine Heroes in propriis personis into the room, which was received by all the Company with many thanks, and when they had assembled themselves on the appointed day for this purpose, the Doctor addressed them thus.

Dear friends and gentlemen, since you are desirous and have a great longing to see the Heroes of the Trojan war and such others as are mentioned by Homer in the same form as they lived in, so shall you now be gratified, only you must promise not to speak a single word nor ask a single question. And this they agreed to.

After saying this, the Doctor struck with his hand on the wall, and immediately the above mentioned Greek heroes one after the other in their own armour, entered the room and gazed round them to the right and left with angry and sparkling eyes, shook their heads with much gravity, and one after the other went out again.

But the Doctor would not let it pass over so, but was determined to give his guests a little fright ; he struck the wall a second time, instantly the door open'd, and in stepped half stooping beneath it that monstrous horrible misshapen huge Giant Polyphemus who had only one eye in his forehead with a long bear-like fiery beard, and out of his mouth was hanging by the neck a child that he had just eaten in part, and he was altogether so frightful and hideous to see, that every one's hair stood on end, at which the Doctor laughed heartily and being inclined to carry the jest a little further, he so contrived it that just as Polyphemus was going out at the door he suddenly turned round with his angry countenance and appeared as if he were going to seize and eat some of the company, and struck with his enormous club against the earth, so that the whole house shook.

Thereupon the Doctor made a sign with his fingers, and the Giant made his exit, leaving the students so perfectly satisfied of the Doctor's powers, that they never ventured to ask any further exhibition of them.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

How Doctor Faustus raised up to the Emperor Maximilian, the world-subduer Alexander the Great.

The renowned Emperor Maximilian came once with his whole Court to Inspruck, to enjoy a little recreation and change of air. The Doctor was there introduced to His Imperial Majesty, as a man of profound skill in science, of which he gave repeated proofs so as to get into high favour.

It happened one summer's evening on the Vigil of St. Jacobus that after supper the Emperor took to walking up and down his apartment, in the course of which he sent for the Doctor and informed him that as he was now fully satisfied from repeated trials of his being a most expert conjuror, he desired to see an extraordinary specimen of his art, assuring him upon his imperial word, that no bad consequences should happen to him from it, but on the contrary that he would acknowledge the favour by every means in his power.

The Doctor could refuse nothing to this imperial request, and promised to do every thing in his power to gratify His Majesty. Whereupon the Emperor proceeded—I have been lately thinking and considering and meditating, how it came to pass that my ancestors of the Romish Empire, attained to such a degree of imperial dignity and majesty, and reached such an authority in antiquity, and I was most anxious to know if my imperial successors will ever enjoy such honor and fame ; but what is all that compared to the grandeur and fortune of Alexander the Great, who subdued the whole world in so short a time ; I have now a most earnest desire to see the spirit of this invincible Hero, and also of his beautiful Empress as they were in their lives.

The Doctor replied after a little consideration, that he would perform all this, only he must make one request that during the whole time your Majesty shall not speak one word, and this the Emperor agreed to. On this the Doctor went out of the room and directed Mephistophiles to bring these personages and then he returned.

Shortly after a knocking was heard at the door which open'd of itself, and there entered Alexander the Great ; although he was not very large in his person yet he had a fierce aspect and a yellow beard ; he was dress'd in a complete and splendid armour. On entering he saluted the Emperor, who held out his hand to

him and would have risen from his seat, but the Doctor forbade him.

When Alexander's Spirit had gone away, behold there came in that of the Empress his wife, she made a low courtesy to the company. Her dress was sky blue satin spread over and over with oriental pearls, and her beauty was so exquisite that the Emperor was lost in admiration; recollecting however to have often read that this incomparable Empress had a black mole on the back of her neck* he went behind her to find out if it was true, and when he had seen the mole, the spirit departed. So that the Emperor Maximilian was fully satisfied.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

Of a beautiful Hall which Dr. Faustus prepared by enchantment for the Emperor Maximilian.

The appearance of Alexander the Great with his Empress as before described, having pleased the Emperor Maximilian very much, he acknowledged it in a royal manner and advanced the Doctor to great honour. This again the Doctor wished to demonstrate his gratitude for, by providing a yet more wonderful entertainment for his Majesty: and this is the account given of the matter by his friend Christopherus Wagner. The Emperor Maximilian went to bed one night and slept as usual, but on awaking in the morning he could not imagine where he was, for the chamber was, through the Doctor's art, changed into a magnificent hall in which many fair trees were set with green branches and hung with cherries and fruit of various kind. The floor of the hall was laid out as a green meadow with every kind of beautiful flowers, and about the Emperor's bed were placed the noblest kind of trees as oranges, pomegranates, figs, and lemons loaded with fruit, and the walls were hung with the richest grapes.

It may easily be believed, that such an unexpected and unparalleled change in his bed room and particularly the splendour and magnificence of the ornamented saloon caused great astonishment to the illustrious Emperor, in consequence thereof he lay considerably longer in bed than usual, at last he got up put on his bed gown and placed himself by the bed side on the chair, and immediately there commenced a chorus of nightingales and other singing birds which hopped continually from one tree to another, and in the distance were snow white rabbits and

* These circumstantial anecdotes appear to be quite unknown to the generality of Alexander's Historians.

harsè playing, and a thick cloud enveloped the termination of the prospect. After the Emperor had contemplated all this very attentively, his chamberlains began to wonder how it came to pass, that their gracious Master and Emperor had not yet got up, and they began to fear, that something bad had happened; whereupon summoning up courage they reverently opened the door of the bed chamber, in which they not only found their illustrious master the Emperor in good health but they also perceived the beautiful spectacle which had been the cause of the delay. The Emperor directed them to call some of the principal personages of his Court, who on their coming could not sufficiently admire the splendour and elegance of the Saloon. But after the lapse of an hour and before they had half satisfied themselves with gazing, the leaves of the trees began to fade and to wither and then the fruits and the flowers; soon after rushed in a mighty wind with such force that it blew all away before it in a moment from the eyes, and they felt as if they were awakened from a dream.

The Emperor had been so much pleased with the beauty of this spectacle, that he sat for a long time in deep thought considering who it could have been made by, and when Dr. Faustus came into his mind, he directed him to be called and asked if he had been the author of this work. The Doctor made a low bow and replied, yes gracious Sir, your Imperial Majesty rewarded me with so many honours for the trifling specimen of art that I formerly exhibited that I held myself obliged to do my utmost, however unworthy, in return. At this the Emperor expressed himself highly pleased.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

How Dr. Faustus placed a pair of enchanted horns on the head of a certain Knight.

At the court of the Emperor Maximilian, there was a certain Knight who one day laid himself down in the window and amused himself with looking at the people who came in and went out at the great gate. It was a hot day and the Knight becoming drowsy, fell fast asleep. This was told to Dr. Faustus, by some who were no very good wishers of the Knight, with the addition that he was one of those who held the Doctor's art very cheap, and they recommended him to play him some trick. The Doctor did not stay to be entreated twice, but fixed on the head of the sleeping Knight a pair of enchanted horns: and when his Imperial Majesty wished to go to take an hour's airing, the nobles were all called by sound of trumpet through the Court to accompany him, which when the horned Knight heard, he got up in haste

to prepare himself and then made the discovery of his new acquisition ; at which every one, but particularly the ladies of the Court laughed heartily, till at last at their request the Doctor took the horns off again. For this affront the Knight swore that he would have the Doctor's blood.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

How the said Knight tried to revenge himself on Doctor Faustus.

Shortly after this the Doctor left the Imperial Court, and on this occasion the Knight whom he had so lately adorned with horns, determined to take the opportunity of revenging himself for the affront, for which purpose he selected a certain number of well accoutred Knights, to intercept and waylay the Professor of the black art.

And when the Doctor had gone half way he saw seven Knights standing in the road before him, he also knew the person who was at their head and saw that he was the Knight, who bore him an ill will, he therefore easily imagined that mischief was intended, and turned aside to a rising ground, but the Knight began to run after him followed by all his companions taking aim to shoot the Doctor, who seeing the irresistible danger immediately made himself invisible and vanished away from their eyes.

The Knight on coming to the hillock paused to see if could again get a sight of the Doctor, when all of a sudden he heard in the wood a great sound of trumpets and presently saw a hundred horsemen rushing out so as to oblige him to take fairly to his heels, and just as he got to the bottom of the hill, behold there stood before him a great crowd of harnessed Knights who appeared also preparing to attack him ; this compell'd him in great haste to turn another way, but on all sides wherever he went he found horsemen so as to oblige him at last at whatever risk to rush into the middle of the nearest troop and ask the reason of this persecution but none gave any answer, till Dr. Faustus himself came forward and demanded haughtily that he should either give himself up as a prisoner, or if not that he should prepare to suffer worse. The Knight all this time thought it was real armed men that surrounded him, little imagining that the whole was a mere enchantment and deception.

Thereupon the Doctor demanded the arms of the Knight and his companions and their horses, and placed them upon other enchanted horses clothed them with other arms and let them away quietly, at which the Knight and his horsemen were very thankful that they had escaped such great danger and cursed the necromancer most heartily.

In a few hours they came to a Village, and went to the Inn but when the Knights rode their horses into a pool of water, behold they all vanished, and the Knights got a thorough ducking so as to oblige them to run home. The principal Knight himself stood before the town hall, and saw his friends going by, without their horses, all wet and dripping from which he easily judged that the Doctor was the author of the whole. But what could he do? had he gone back to the Court, he would have been more laughed at and despised.

The above legends are evidently much exaggerated and distorted, yet possibly they may have some foundation in truth. Some effects like the appearances described in these and the preceding chapters might be produced by a magic lantern or Phantasmagoria, which ignorance and terror would magnify much beyond the reality.

C.

STANZAS.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Thou wert to me, in by-gone days, the soft but steady star,
That pilots thro' the devious maze where pilgrims wander far;
And when misled by error's light my footsteps rambled wide,
Thy gently-guiding lustre bright would o'er my pathway glide!

Thou wert to me, in other morns the mild, yet sheeny ray
That kisses from the fragrant thorns the tears of early day;
And sweet thou wert as summer's moon, yet brilliant as the sun
Ere yet its beams (to perish soon) their daily task have done!

Thou wert to me, a garden bright of precious plants, and there
Were ranged to please the wondering sight exotics rich and fair;
And still for me 'midst winter's sleet would spring some perfume-flower,
And still my dazzled eye would meet a never-fading bower!

But now there is a fatal change!—the guiding star I miss,
And thro' my rent bower's dreary range the angry vipers hiss;
The ray that lit my thorny path hath sunk in darkest gloom,
And fate hath poured in bitter wrath its phial on my doom!

Where hast thou fled? Oh! come to me, and lead me to that land
Whose happy shores are ever sweet, by heavenly zephyrs fanned;
Where health and love and blessedness impregnate every breeze,
And everlasting sunshine rests on the eternal trees!

THE YOUNG FURROOD.

The extreme length of the Poem entitled *The Young Furrood* at page 679, of our last number, compels us to omit the continuation and conclusion, though upwards of thirty pages beyond the portion of the poem already published, is now in type.—Ed.

THE CASTLE OF WOLDEN,

A GUARD ROOM TALE OF THE BLACK BRUNSWICKERS.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

“There is nothing whatsoever Gentlemen, I assure you on the word of a chasseur,” said Captain Rainer, “in the adventures of my life that could amuse you. Ugly as the death’s head on my lap, though often in love, no damsel ever could be persuaded to fall in love with me; as for my exploits they are known to you all; even if my modesty would permit me to narrate them, I have neither invention nor memory, wherefore for lack of a tale of my own, I will read you a tale of my great grandfathers.”

“The summer of ——— passed pleasantly with me although in the command of an obscure outpost I had been left with no other society than that of the peasants of the village; excepting now and then when the duties of the Intendant of the forest called him to the Hunting lodge. The more than ordinary fineness of the weather, the excessive luxuriance of the verdure; the plenteousness of the harvest, and the abundance of every vegetable and animal production which characterized the season, gladdened the hearts of the rustic population and I found happiness in contemplating the felicity of others. The peasants too, with whom in default of more distinguished acquaintance I frequently conversed were a peculiarly quiet, well principled race, not deficient in sense; well informed according to their station, and happy and content with their lot in life, they were untainted with the vices which but too often find their way to the most remote solitudes. My frank demeanor procured me a very flattering degree of popularity amid these simple people, nor had I ever reason to repent the familiarity with which I mingled in their domestic circles. There was very little duty to be done, and when the daily routine had been performed I passed the idle hours, stretched beneath the shade of some old oak, and feasting my eyes upon the surrounding landscape; the bright river rushing from its rocky bed, then lingering on its tranquil course through meadows pranked with flowers, until it dived into the deep forests spreading to the very base of the blue mountains which bounded the distant view. Or I would embark in a cockle shell boat, and float lazily under the overhanging willows, or push my little skiff into the very centre of the stream where its narrow channel, darkened by the shadows of the woody cliff on either side, remained sheltered from the noon-day sun; and thus reposing, some ancient ballad, or the mere pleasure of watching a bird, or an insect, or a fish as they frolicked through the golden day, served to beguile the sultry yet most delicious hours.

In the evening the shepherd's pipe, breathing some soft or merry roundelay, called me to the village green, where all the rustics were assembled to end the day in harmless sport ; and I would listen with delighted ear, or join in the fervent psalm poured out in rich melody from thankful hearts, and the simple service over, I either took my seat by the side of one of the elders of the hamlet, and luxuriated over the tales and traditions connected with every rock and every hill, the treasured lore which these kind hearted people loved so dearly to impart, or led up the dance with some delighted beauty, all smiles and blushes at the honor conferred upon her. My presence gilded every festival, the indigent maiden whose faded topknot menaced the wreck of all her hope of shining mid the throng, was spared the scornful glances of more wealthy competitors by the gift of a new ribbon, the flinty heart of an ambitious father was not unfrequently subdued by the eloquence exerted in favor of youthful love, the splendid coquette was persuaded to bestow her smiles upon modest worth ; and the rustic Philanderer admonished to repair the wrong inflicted upon some too trusting heart.

A small, a very small expenditure either of gold, time or good advice upon my part, dispensed so much of happiness around me, that I marvelled how the rich should ever find retirement irksome or that they could deny themselves the luxury of administering to the comforts and pleasures of their dependants.

When the joyous season of the vintage was over, the delights of summer were succeeded by the amusements of the chase ; the *forst haus* was again tenanted, the wild wood rang with hoof and horn ; and ever foremost in the pursuit, I urged on the dogs and pressed the flying deer with all the ardour of impetuous youth. The sport over for the day, the jovial band of hunters assembled to their evening repast in the oaken hall of the forest lodge, amid the grim trophies of the slain ; and while the pine wood logs burned brightly, renewed the glories of the morning with the *jager's* song, and drank to the boldest horseman, and the fairest maiden, in floods of generous wine.

I was called away from these simple yet animating scenes, by an order to repair to the capital ; change of place could not be displeasing to a soldier who was not bound by any particular tie to quarters however attractive, and I left the sylvan solitude in which I had spent so many happy hours, with gracious recollections of past enjoyment, rather than with any sentiment akin to regret. My route lay through a cheerful country, and as I rode along a wide and fertile plain dotted with villages and exhibiting the patient industry of the husbandman, sowing the lately cropped soil with fresh seed, I

found nothing to disturb the train of thought produced by the scene which I had left. Excepting the diversities of the landscape, the exchange of one lofty range of hills for another of lesser or more towering dimensions, the bends and turns of the river, and the continual shifting of the views on either side; I could have fancied myself still in the close vicinity of my summer quarters: but as I approached the capital, my attention was excited by novel sights and sounds. The country became more thickly inhabited, chateaus and villas arose amid the trees which skirted the broad road on either side; the road itself was thronged with vehicles of every description, and fair faces and elegant head dresses, visible from the carriage windows, were exhibited in quick succession as one gay equipage after another shot rapidly along. Day was closing as I drew near to the place of my destination, and the lofty buildings rising above the dense masses of the city looked black and frowning in the red glow of an autumnal sky. The ramparts and battlements bristling with cannon, were reflected darkly on the river, while innumerable lights played upon the waters, as the lamps from turret and tower threw their long lines of flame over the trembling surface of the liquid mirror. The splash of the frequent oar, the deep challenges of the sentinels upon the walls, and the tolling of bells came with not unpleasant sound upon the ear; bringing cheerful thoughts of social life, that fellowship with my equals from which I had been hitherto estranged, and which though too happy to regret I now welcomed with sincere delight. Pushing onwards I soon reached the drawbridge, rode up the great gate and in a few minutes my horses' hoofs were clattering over the rough pavement, and impeded by carts and carriages, I worked my way through narrow avenues, crowded with pedestrians; resounding with the hum of men and lined with shops tricked out in gaudy finery; their tempting wares displayed by the light of lamps and tapers. Fatigued, though amused by the striking contrast to the rural scene which I had left, I was not sorry to obtain the comparative quiet of the *Ichwarge Bar*, black bear, where I found a summons to a ball at the palace, which augured that my father's services had not been forgotten, a circumstance I had sometimes felt inclined to suspect. My doubts respecting the tenacity of the sovereign's memory, were occasioned by the length of time, from the period at which upon the Count's decease I had accepted a commission in the service of the electorate, in preference to remaining with my mother's family in the north, which had been suffered to elapse without bringing any mark of his approval of my choice. A sense of duty to the country in which the estates lay, granted to my father as the reward of many years of

toils both in the cabinet and in the field, was the principal motive which ruled my conduct, for my prospects were fairer at the court where my maternal relatives held high offices ; and with the foolish vanity of youth I expected that my patriotism would be appreciated and applauded, and consequently felt no small degree of mortification at the disappointment. It was not yet time to make my appearance at the ball, and after dressing and taking some refreshment, I amused myself with gazing through the window at the passing groups in the street below ; so long a period had elapsed since I had been an inhabitant of a populous city, that the passing scene appeared strange as well as new and I could not withdraw my attention from the unwonted objects which struck me on every side. I felt strong interest in the unheeding passengers who were plodding on their way to some unknown theatre of business or pleasure, and my imagination ran wild upon their histories, but accustomed to the quietude of the country, where excepting the chorusses at the *forst haus* nothing was heard save sylvan sounds, after the first novelty had worn off, the incessant noise and bustle around became wearisome. A sensation of loneliness such as I had never felt on the rude hill or in the trackless wood now stole over me. I heard voices accosting each other familiarly in the neighbouring apartments, frequent footsteps passed my door, but I was left to my solitude ; with not one of the numerous persons who traversed the spacious Inn could I claim kindred or acquaintance, and I felt relieved when the carriage arrived which was to convey me to the scene of courtly festivity.

Swiftly whirled along streets lined with the splendid mansions of the great, I arrived at the palace whose outward appearance corresponded with the magnificence within, innumerable lights blazed from its lofty windows, the state equipages of the nobility were drawn up in long lines from the gates ; troopers were galloping about to keep order,* and nothing was wanting to swell the grandeur of the pageant. The courtyard and the entrance halls were filled with the soldiers of the guard, and crowds of servants in their gala dresses, lined the marble stair case and glittering antichambers. The proper authority announced my name to one of the gentlemen in waiting, and he presented me to the lord Chamberlain, a stately personage who stood at the entrance of the principal saloon to receive the company. A fixed smile sate upon the lips of this accomplished courtier, he bowed graciously in reply to my salutation and then as if he thought something more might be required, said, " welcome Count de Harling to the court of which your father was so distinguished an ornament, many hearts will rejoice at the colour you have chosen," and turning away uttered similar common places to the

next person who claimed his attention. One or two of the *Aids-de-Camp* vouchsafed a slight notice, a compliment to the merits of my father, of whom I longed to converse with those who happier than his son, had been on terms of friendship and intimacy with the illustrious statesman whom I had never seen since infancy ; but they shewed no disposition to gratify me in this wish, and having complied with the forms of politeness permitted me to wander about the gorgeous suite of apartments with no better amusement than that of gazing upon the gay throngs, who wholly engrossed with each other, paid little attention to the stranger. My eyes glanced over the lovely forms of beautiful women, decked with all the ornaments which fancy could devise their attractions heightened by the toilette's most refined arts ; but none of this dangerous artillery of female charms was directed against me. I observed the rising blush, the sparkling glance, the downcast look and smothered sigh, betrayed by many of the fair assembly at the approach of some favoured cavalier.—Much too of scorn from the proud lip of beauty, many stolen looks and claspings of the hand, and flashes from eyes beaming with triumph or defiance ; but a mere stranger I possessed no share in the joys or the sorrows agitating the breasts of the circle around me.

The object of no interest, no maiden's lip smiled approval of my suit, no rival's brow contracted into a frown at my admiring gaze ; no timid lover made me the confidante of his passion nor gay coquette singled me out as the mark for the envy of a score of sighing swains.

Accosted only to become the victim of some tedious courtier's loquacity, I listened with chafed ears to the solemn nothings of that shunned race of beings, who are ever on the watch for an auditor fastening greedily upon the unfortunate stranger compelled by courtesy, or the absence of more agreeable companions to lend unwilling attention to their dull harangues.

From this species of martyrdom I was at length relieved by a page who summoned me to the Duke's private cabinet. I followed my conductor through a side door which led into a narrow passage, his steps fell noiselessly over the matted floor, and as I threaded its mazes I could not help contrasting the profound quietude of this secluded avenue, with the glare and glitter of the ball room which I had just quitted : the loudest hursts of the music were only faintly conveyed to its recesses and no other sound penetrated the lonely spot. The passage terminated in a spacious vestibule, and the page directing me to await his return, left me to my own reflections.

I amused myself with examining the decorations of that portion of the palace which appeared to be dedicated to the private

hours and pleasures of the prince. I admired the rich simplicity, the absence of vain show, and the attention to comfort which characterized its embellishments. A mild and gentle light shed from lamps of ground glass pervaded the apartment, a few small and exquisitely painted pictures were disposed upon the walls, tripods of marble or bronze supported groupes of delicately chiselled figures in ivory ; and flowers blooming from costly china vases occupied every niche. The draperies and carpets were of plain silk, and the whole arrangement seemed admirably adapted to soothe the mind weary of the pomp and parade of public life. Here, thought the novice all that could distract or disturb the soul is banished ; this retreat sacred to the enjoyment of friendship, the calm indulgence of elegant pursuits, invites tranquil contemplation, offers solitude and repose. Pursuing the train of ideas awakened by reflections upon the duties, cares and difficulties attendant on the career of the great, I indulged in a reverie which was interrupted by a slight rustling noise in the apartment and looking up, I beheld a young female advancing through one of the numerous doors opening into the surrounding chambers. She made a few paces which brought her to the centre of the vestibule, and then as if bewildered and uncertain where to turn her steps, stood for a moment motionless, too much absorbed in her own wretchedness to mark my observing glance and pitying eye. She was clad in the deepest mourning ; her long black veil thrown back, and mingling with the rich floating tresses of her luxuriant hair, disclosed a fair and beautiful face, whose deadly whiteness, and woe-begone expression, though they might dim, could not totally obscure the matchless charms which nature had lavished there. Her eyes were cast upwards in mute and hopeless anguish, tears coursed each other in torrents down her pale cheeks, her lips quivered in strong emotion ; her breath came in thick convulsive sobs, and her delicate hands hung down helplessly as though she wanted strength to lift them in aid of the internal supplication she was evidently addressing to the only power who would not spurn her prayer.

Such a spectacle could not fail to excite the warmest and tenderest interest in a soul not utterly devoid of human feeling. It was impossible to withdraw my eyes from a creature so lovely and so afflicted, and though I feared that even my sympathizing gaze would add to her distress, I could not appear quite indifferent to the grief of a gentle being apparently so friendless and forlorn, nor forbear the attempt to utter a single word of hope and consolation. An offer of service, ardent yet half checked by the timid fear of offending passed my lips ; the lovely stranger turned her swimming eyes upon me, but before she

could utter a single word in reply, the door through which she had issued opened again, and a coarse looking man, who I longed to annihilate, entered; and roughly chided her for not attending more strictly to his directions; she stepped hastily back, the door closed upon her, and before I had recovered from the consternation which her sudden appearance and as sudden departure occasioned, I was ushered into the presence of my sovereign.

Scarcely permitting myself to conjecture whether the fair mourner, whose grief had so deeply touched me, had been dismissed in tears and anguish from the closed chamber, the impression which the bare supposition of such a circumstance produced, was not very favourable to the person on whom this involuntary suspicion lay.

The Duke sate at a table surrounded by the favourite members of his council. I saw him for the first time in my life, but distinguished him from his companions at a glance, guided by the fidelity of a portrait which my father had sent to me when a child, and which I had often gazed upon with the fervour of boyish loyalty: prizing it as a sort of talisman which united me to the land of my birth and of my paternal ancestors. The Duke's handsome yet austere features were now somewhat touched by age as well as care, and the solicitude to hide the inroads of time was apparent in the studious selection and arrangement of his dress, which was altogether rather finical for the attire of a man whose martial post and dauntless air denoted the warrior. Deeply engaged in perusing a paper, he did not perceive my entrance until some one mentioned my name, and then his iron countenance relaxing into a smile, he extended both arms to raise me as I knelt before him; and quitting his chair, leaned one hand upon my shoulder and gazed upon me for an instant with cordial kindness. "You are like your father young man," he exclaimed with some emotion, "serve me as faithfully and depend upon my favour, think not that although I have permitted you to remain at a distance from my person, I have been unmindful of your interests and the claims you possess as the son of a true and trusted friend; a new commission is now preparing for you, and to-morrow you will receive an appointment to the command of the troops in garrison at the castle of Wolden. The duty may appear irksome to a gay spirit, panting for the pleasures of a dissipated capital in which in all probability you expected to spend the winter; but it is of a confidential nature, and will lead to promotion. Much as I desire to have you near me, I should ill evince my grateful sense of your father's services, were I to permit you to become domesticated in a court which presents too

many incentives to vice of the most dangerous nature, for the best intentioned wholly to withstand. You shall not however be suffered to languish for any grievous period in the fortress which is now your destination, I have the name of Julius de Harling on my list for the first vacant regiment; we may look forward to a hot campaign in the Netherlands shortly, and I doubt not that your conduct in the trust assigned to you, will merit a command seldom bestowed upon so juvenile a soldier." Respectfully and modestly returning thanks for this gracious manifestation of regard, and receiving a paper of instructions relative to my new appointment from the hands of the Duke's secretary, I made my bow and withdrew, internally vexed that a strong and unconquerable prejudice prevented me from feeling the degree of gratitude due to the man who had raised the fallen fortunes of my father's house: who in the remembrance of past services, a recollection generally so evanescent in the breasts of princes, had displayed one rare and estimable trait, and from whose assurance of continued patronage, I might expect to commence my military career under the most brilliant auspices.

Returning to the ball room, I no longer felt mortified and disappointed at the indifference evinced towards me by the fair multitude who danced the joyous hours away. My heart and thoughts were filled with tender reminiscences of that lovely apparition, whose mourning robes, distracted air, and weeping eyes, were the more affecting from their contrast to the gay and brilliant assembly, where, under the same roof, the young and happy laughing at ease, could scarcely teach themselves to believe in its existence. How different were the feelings and the fortunes of those who on this evening were in attendance at the ducal palace. Here beauty attracted crowds of adorers, the wise, the noble and the brave bowed down before her shrine; hung upon her smiles, and anticipated every wish; she had only to issue the most tyrannical or the most capricious command to see it instantly obeyed. A few steps further—the intervention of a single wall, and how striking the reverse. Under the guidance of an insolent menial—alone, unpitied, left to struggle with despair, one of the loveliest of her sex wandered a prey to hopeless anguish: spurned perchance by the flinty hearts to whom her anxious supplications, her agonizing appeals had been addressed.

Taking no interest in a scene where all that met my eye and ear jarred upon my feelings, respect for the Duke alone detained me in an assembly composed of such discordant materials. Throwing myself upon a couch at the farthest possible distance from the gay crowd I looked on with an unobservant gaze, until

my attention was aroused by a groupe whose conversation, as they passed and repassed, was carried on in too loud a tone for me to have any scruple in availing myself of the information it conveyed. "Nay Count" cried one of the party "it would be rank cozenage to accept the wager, *I am assured that Prince Ernest will be here to night* : and I have stranger news, the sentence of banishment pronounced against the Bohemian is revoked ; you shall see him sparkling in the jewels of the order conferred upon him by the Duke's own hands. Marschalk has the credit of this arrangement, but it bears the marks of a woman's policy. The Princess Sophia desires to be upon good terms with her future son-in-law and will purchase his approval of her nuptials at any price." "Trust me," replied the Count, "it will prove a hollow peace ; there are men in the Duke's council who cannot be satisfied nor passive when they see that intruding upstart restored to favour ; there's danger in it, awe and disgrace, and though the genius of a de Harling or the straight-forward policy of Von Verde, no longer guides the reins of government, we shall find people wise enough to see the peril, and sufficiently bold to tell the prince that he cannot insult the nobles with impunity." "Hush ! have a care !" returned the first speaker. "The prince is more anxious to display his power than heedful to acquire popularity at court : he plays a deep game, and we may live to see strange things. Rejoice that you have saved your gallant Roan, for see he comes, and with his usual train, there's not a braggart, a knave, or a jackal missing."

I turned my eyes towards the grand entrance which the prince had just crossed ; he advanced along the room with somewhat of a careless and supercilious air, followed by half a dozen officers, who were all young, attired alike in splendid uniforms, and distinguished by a certain haughtiness of manner which they appeared to have adopted in compliment to their patron. The party attracted all eyes as they made the circle of the room together : conversation of the most interesting nature was suddenly broken off, and the attention of every individual absorbed either in watching their movements or in the attempt to assume an air of indifference which their exertions to render natural made the more conspicuous. The music still played, but the dancers moved languidly, so deeply were they engaged in observing the conduct of the prince, whose deportment was in truth calculated to excite attention and remark. His notice was eagerly sought by a large portion of the assembly, and capriciously bestowed ; he passed numerous male and female aspirants who pressed forwards with anxious zeal to pay their respects ; without youchsafing the slightest return to their welcomes and

obsequies, to others he displayed an affectation of cordiality, making the apartment ring with the loud greeting and the gay laugh: some he passed with a single word, whispered confidentially; and to a few he paid his compliments with studious courtesy. These manifestations of respectful deference, notwithstanding the importance conferred upon them by their exclusiveness, were not invariably successful. Several persons to whom they were addressed made a very frigid return; but the prince, not easily abashed, redoubled his efforts to procure a more flattering reception. The worthies attending in his train, were carefully employed in copying their master. I was much amused to see how quickly they caught the tone, and how strictly they followed the example he gave them. Their eyes were averted and their necks stiffened whenever it was his pleasure to disregard the bows and smiles of those who sought his notice. They swarmed round the favoured person with whom he paused to converse; adding to the hilarity of the greeting by the lively sally and ready burst of merriment. To those honoured with a friendly nod or passing word they gave a respectful or a frank recognition: bowed with grave civility to the favoured number whose good opinion the prince shewed himself anxious to conciliate; and stood in reverential silence before the unyielding person on whom his gracious condescensions were lavished in vain. The rest of the assembly they regarded with insolent indifference, scattering smiles and glances at their caprice and appearing totally disregarding and unconscious of the presence of all who were not so fortunate as to be of their acquaintance.

I had arisen at the entrance of the young heir, and his train of satellites; but retained my place, not being at all inclined to seek the favour so jealously and scantily conferred upon persons whose claims were far superior to mine. It happened however to be the pleasure of the prince to single me out as the object of peculiar attention, he cast his eyes towards the spot where I was standing alone; looked at me for a moment with apparent satisfaction; and advancing midway from the group with whom he had been conversing, dispatched one of his esquires, to make his wishes known: and thus honoured I could only obey the mandate and hasten forward to pay my compliments with the best grace I could assume. I was received with a glow of kindness which would have been highly gratifying had I not observed the arts which the prince stooped to practice whenever he deemed it expedient to win any individual to his party, which he evidently wished to strengthen from the ranks of his father's private and personal friends; but there was no probability of remaining proof against the unaffected cordiality of his manner. He linked my arm within his own, and began instantly to speak in the

most affectionate language of my father. "The good Baron," he exclaimed, "knew how to make allowance for the follies of youth: he was to me a kind, gentle and judicious monitor; his wise and disinterested counsel preserved me from many dangers, and he was ever ready to interpose his friendly offices with one too prone to view my errors with severity: I have lost by his death a guide—a guardian whose value was inestimable, and who I may never hope to replace. It is possible that others may feel an equal degree of affection for my person, but none have it in their power to give me such substantial proof of their regard. He never abused his interest with the Duke, and under the mild dominion of his government we were not goaded to extremities—Julius you have visited this court in most unhappy times. Beware how you make any display of virtue, for *banishment* will be the reward of its exertion. The upright Von Werde—but this is not a scene fitted for the sad seriousness of political discussion, mirth and wine must banish every gloomy thought. We will on this festal night strive at least to masque our bleeding hearts beneath a joyous brow. Come I will present you to the future Duchess, she is young, handsome, and witty withal; and perchance her interest may achieve what I have striven to effect in vain—the better government of this most wretched country." We made our way to the spot where the Princess Sophia was seated, dispensing the sunshine of her smiles upon the crowd who thronged around. The regal style of her beauty well became the jewelled coronet and velvet robe, but the fire of her flashing eye, and the haughty curl of her lip, betrayed qualities which augured ill for the happiness of those whose destinies were under her controul. The scene of distress which I had witnessed in the antichamber, recurred to my mind; she was all powerful yet her mediation had either not been sought; or the petition for its exercise had failed.

The Duke, entering, penetrated the circle which surrounded the chair of the Princess; and advancing through the yielding crowd paid his respects to the illustrious guest with dignity and grace. Pleasure sat smiling on his unruffled countenance; he welcomed his son with a gracious air, appearing at least to be undisturbed by the triumphant looks of the strong party who had gathered themselves behind the prince. My humility checked the suggestion, or I should have thought that there was no small degree of exultation in the glances cast on me as I stood by the side of the heir apparent. This idea however flattering to my consequence, wounded my pride, as it displayed me to my own mind in the character of an easy dupe. Though striving to banish so mortifying a notion I began to account for the extraordinary courtesy extended towards me and the praises lavish-

ed upon my father, in a way which was any thing but soothing; neither my own desert nor the merits of the late Baron de Harling had procured for me the distinction I enjoyed, but in the present distracted state of political affairs, the accession of every individual likely to take an active part, was of value to the contending factions. Impressed with this conviction I bore the glories of the evening without being intoxicated.

Under the guidance of my illustrious patron I had no reason to complain of the reception which awaited me from those who but an hour before had turned away with coldness or disdain. In despite of the free occupation of my thoughts I felt my spirits exhilarated by the gay conversation which I shared in common with my companions, though I sometimes recoiled with a strong feeling of disgust from the bold license assumed by the prince, the reckless freedom of his address to females of rank, who in the sanctuary of his father's palace should have been supposed virtuous, and secured from insult. The wanton and vain glorious display of his power and the shameless nature of the remarks with which he scrupled not to amuse the by-standers amazed while it revolted me. He read my feelings in my countenance and anxious to efface the injurious impression, gracefully apologized for the errors which he was hurried into by forced and agitated spirits. "Heaven knows" he continued "I am a friend to the sex, I love them all for the sake of my Louisa with the exception of those dowdies who usurp the place where she ought to shine." "Who is Louisa" said I. The prince was drawn off by an importunate friend and the Bohemian replied "Louisa Von Werde who will soon be the favoured Sultana; by Jove the princess Sophia must hide her diminished head when this fair star re-appears, and received at court she shall be despite of all the prudes in Christendom." I had heard the father's services applauded, I found that they were to be rewarded by the daughter's seduction and I sickened at the morals of a court. Invited to a select banquet at which the prince presided, the conviction that his mind was naturally coarse and insensible to intellectual pleasures forced itself upon me. My senses were held captive by the incessant flow of gaiety, the lively sallies inspired by the ever brimming wine cup but while I was amused by the wild and fearless indulgence of eccentric humour and extravagant glee there was something disgusting to an uncorrupted heart in the libertine tone of the conversation, the reckless levity and impious jests which characterized the wit, and I left the table elevated in spirits, yet with an unsatisfied mind, fascinated by the brilliant joyousness of the scene, yet gladly exchanging its feverish and exhausting delights for the quiet seclusion of my chamber at the Black Bear.

Upon no one of the occurrences of the evening could I dwell without pain; the warm interest which I had taken in the sorrows of the fair and unknown mourner remained unabated and there was a pensive pleasure mingled with the melancholy which stole over me at the recollection of her griefs: and left a soothing influence upon my mind: but I looked upon all the rest with unmitigated dissatisfaction. The Duke and his son were to me objects of dislike almost amounting to abhorrence. It was in vain that I recalled the numberless manifestations of kindness shown to my father in former times; and the courteous reception which in grateful remembrances of his services I had met with from both. I could not conquer the prejudices springing against them in my breast, the cold, the hollow heartedness which both had evinced to feminine distress filled my soul with horror. I had seen a helpless woman dismissed in tears and agony from the Ducal presence, and I had heard the ruin of another unprotected and orphaned creature calmly spoken of as a thing of course by the confidante of the profligate heir.

I had no pleasure in the contemplation of the duty to which I had been appointed. To be employed in the capital was not my wish, for I saw the impossibility of remaining neutral, while the circle around me were so furiously engaged: and I was anxious to make myself acquainted with the views and merits of the opposing parties before I plunged myself into a troubled sea of politics. Yet while undesirous of a protracted residence at the court; the prospect of commanding the garrison of a state prison was exceedingly disagreeable. I disliked the heavy weight of responsibility which it would entail upon me, a responsibility unrelieved by the soul-stirring and stormy pleasures of doubtful warfare. Neglect would incur disgrace, while there could be no field for exertion, and I should be condemned to a tedious round of observances without the opportunity of acquiring military experience; and though somewhat cheered by the expectation of a speedy campaign, I doubted whether I should be qualified for the command of a regiment, unless I could previously serve in a better school than that afforded by a scanty garrison. I had already wasted a summer in idleness, and weary of inactivity ardently longed to mingle with my fellow aspirants, and learn the art of war under men whose well earned fame filled me with envy and admiration.

I was aroused next morning from my bed by a visit from a grave personage, one of the privy counsellors whom I recollected to have seen at the table in the Duke's cabinet. This gentleman in a long and sufficiently tiresome harangue, lamented the unhappy differences which existed between the members of the reigning family. Prince Ernest, he said, prompted by an unpa-

tural ambition, stimulated by the insidious advice of ill disposed men, would be satisfied with nothing less than the usurpation of all the power and authority into the hands of himself and his unworthy favourites. Particularly wary and choice in his expressions, I could only glean intelligence of a general nature from the guarded conversation of my visitor. Continuing his discourse he advised me to shun with the utmost care, those allurements which would not fail to be held out to induce me to join the party hostile to the sovereign and to the state, whose interests he averred were inseparable.

The name of de Harling he said was of consequence to the prince, while the duke held it to be a sacred duty to guard the heir of his trusted friend from the ruin which would inevitably overtake those who followed the desperate counsels of his son. This dissertation was intended to prepare me for a more sudden removal from the capital than I had anticipated, I was directed to proceed to Wolden with the least possible delay, and as any remonstrance upon my part, would I had reason to believe, be attributed to the successful machinations of Prince Ernest, I deemed it advisable to comply with apparent willingness, tho' in truth the mandate was particularly inconvenient, as I was desirous to devote a few days at least, to the transaction of some business with a person to whose care much valuable property belonging to my father had been entrusted. I ardently desired to question my visitor respecting the lady whose charms and whose griefs had made so deep an impression upon my heart; but a moment's reflection convinced me that I should only betray my own feelings, without eliciting any information from the cold and cautious politician who calculated the effect of every word he uttered. The frankness of my manner disarmed his suspicions, and he left me with the full conviction that I preferred the patronage of the duke to the dangerous friendship of his son: unaware that I only remained aloof, determined not to stand committed with either, until I could satisfy myself whether my country demanded the risque of life, name and fortune in its service.

In the course of two hours I quitted the capital marvelling at the revulsion in my feelings which had taken place during the brief period of my visit. An anxious restless curiosity had succeeded to the calm tranquillity hitherto so undisturbed. The view of the world wherein I was called upon to act a part was any thing but inviting; yet it had unfitted me for retirement, and destroyed the gratification I had experienced in solitary enjoyments: content with cultivating intellectual pleasures, with the pursuits of literature and science, I had looked to nothing beyond the soldier's meed: but now prospects of vast and

undefined extent opened before me; my spirit panted for more active occupations. All the romance of my character was aroused, by the scene I had witnessed in the private apartment of the palace, and had it not been for the distaste which my fastidious delicacy entertained to the orgies of the prince, the assurance that nothing good could spring from so rank a soil; I should have thrown myself at once into the party of the young heir; so strongly was my mind impressed with the conviction that some act of injustice had convulsed the features of the afflicted stranger and caused the tears to flow like winter's rain from eyes so sweet and fair.

There was no beauty of scenery to win me from my pensive thoughts, my first day's journey was particularly uninteresting, on the third an accident delayed me for the space of 48 hours at a miserable port town: on the ensuing morning the road I travelled led through a sterile rocky tract occasionally diversified by broad melancholy forests of pine, whose pillared trunks stretching to an interminable distance presented long gloomy vistas, which seemed to lead to darkness and to death. The toils of the husbandmen were denied to the ungrateful soil, and no token of human labour or human habitation was visible to the eye, fatigued with roaming over a waste uncheered by sights or sounds connected with civilized life. The wild animals partaking the general dreariness were silent, and nothing was heard save the sullen reverberation of the horses' hoofs against the flinty earth. Attended only by my servants I missed the exhilarating songs with which the soldiers were wont to beguile the tedium of a march: and I pushed onwards with speed in the hope of emerging from a scene of such utter desolation. As I advanced however, the country became more wild and savage. I entered a winding ravine destitute of trees, and skirted on either side with lofty piles of frowning rocks; while absorbed by the deep and awful gloom of the place, a hollow rumbling sound resembling distant thunder struck upon my ear: the noise increased, and I was speedily aware of the approach of some heavy vehicle rattling along the hard road. The echoes of the rocks increased the horrid dissonance, as the carriage came thundering on: and being hidden from view by the projecting cliffs, it was close upon me before I could obtain a glimpse of the object which had attracted my attention. It proved to be a cumbersome machine covered with black leather curtains, which though fastened down by sundry straps, creaked and flapped like the wings of some huge bat with every gust of the fitful wind. This shapeless vehicle was drawn by six horses, and surrounded on all sides by a troop of armed men, in whose dark and uncouth habiliments I recognized the ministers of arbitrary power, the black band

employed in guarding prisoners of state. The whole cavalcade passed rapidly through the ravine, appearing and disappearing like some fiendish pageant starting from the realms of woe at the wizard's call. I thought of the legend of the devil's coach, and of that sable equipage which it is said is sometimes sent as a warning of approaching dissolution. Rolling heavily onwards until the sound of its wheels died in the distance, when silence was again restored to the glen, I began to doubt the reality of the spectacle and to fancy that I might have been deceived by a vision of my distempered fancy so swiftly had it escaped from my ken. A few more miles brought me to another obscure post house, which arose on the skirt of an extensive forest, here I was obliged to remain until our wearied animals were rested and refreshed. The place was wild and uncultivated and the few inhabitants who procured a scanty subsistence amid the black bare stones of this sullen waste, were too busily employed in a long range of stables at some distance to give any attention to a person of so little importance as myself; when at length I found the postmaster for a moment disengaged I could not gain any intelligence respecting the forlorn inmate of the strongly guarded carriage which had preceded me, he either knew, or would say nothing, except that the party had stopped for fresh horses and were going forward he supposed to the Castle of Wolden. Unable to employ myself within the smoky precincts of the kitchen, I lounged idly at the door, ostensibly engaged in watching the antics of a kid, but in reality only intent upon the miserable fate of the hapless prisoner journeying under such different auspices to the place of my own destination. An autumnal wind blew freshly and as it whirled the dry leaves which strewed the ground in clouds along the road I perceived that some substance too heavy to be lifted by the breeze remained after the heap which had concealed it had been scattered abroad. A listless curiosity induced me to stop and pick it up and on examination it proved to be a small shagreen case containing a rich ruby stud, surrounded by valuable diamonds and an oval piece of ivory, which had once been decorated with a miniature painting now effaced. On the reverse these few words were carefully transcribed with some sharp instrument: "for the love of mercy the person into whose hands Providence may direct this packet, is conjured to hasten with all speed to the capital and bind a dark red ribbon round the image of our lady which stands in the niche of the Braunsfels hof." A duller imagination than mine would have connected this strange request with the prisoner who had so lately passed the spot where I had found the jewel and the tablet. There was a possibility that I might be abetting treason, but I could not remain inexorable to the plea of the unfortunate: perchance

an innocent life hung upon my decision, and to my vivid fancy there seemed something providential in the destiny of a packet consigned in a happy moment to the wind of heaven. Had not an accident detained me on the road, I should have preceded the carriage and thus a coincidence of favourable circumstances appeared to have occurred for the very purpose of ensuring the success of the petition. My resolution was immediately taken, having, in the hurry of my departure from the metropolis, neglected to write to the banker to whose care my father's most valuable effects had been consigned, to direct that a small cabinet containing family papers should be forwarded to me at Wolden, I sat down and made the request the subject of a letter to which I added a postscript, directing my agent to fulfil a vow I had made to the virgin, by tying an ell of crimson ribbon round the arms of her image in the place described, and presenting a sum of money to the convent of Poor Friars under her immediate protection.

Having seen one of my servants retrace his steps towards the capital, I mounted and pursued my journey. Entering a deep pine forest through which the road stretched for many miles, the landscape seemed to frown with fiercer gloom. The wind moaned dismally through the trees, the owl shrieked and the long gaunt howl of the wolf was heard in the distance. The overhanging branches above my head were in many places too thick to admit more than a dim twilight, even during the brightness of a summer day, and in the closing gloom of an autumnal evening the road became miserably dark and dreary.

At length emerging into a narrow valley I saw the Castle of Wolden perched frowningly on the summit of a rocky eminence the black masses of its towers appearing to shoot into the clouds which clothed the ark above with sombre drapery. The lofty hill on which the castle stood was thickly planted with trees and leaving the valley I found myself again toiling through a dense wood. The sound of carriage wheels a second time disturbed the solitary echoes, the light of torches gleamed through the foliage, and the same black vehicle which had passed me in the morning came clattering along, looking in the ruddy glare like some infernal machine encompassed by demons : the swart dingy figures of the guard conveying the idea of a fiendish company rather than of human beings. I shuddered involuntarily as the hearse-like equipage and its grim appendages crossed my path and urging on my jaded horse gained at last the portal of the castle, answered the challenge of the sentinels, and after a tedious delay was admitted.

Cheerless as my journey had been, its termination was if possible more dreary ; a weight fell upon my heart, and my spirits were oppressed as I gazed upon the strong walls which seemed to shut me from the living world. One of the wardens, a gaunt looking wretch, conducted me with jealous caution through a second postern, and passing a vaulted arch we reached the court yard. The guard of the garrison had mustered in haste the clash of their arms startling the echoes of the sullen walls and affording a welcome relief to the dull silence of that mournful place. My wandering eyes fell with pleasure on the jovial countenances of the troopers ; passing along the lines I greeted these honest fellows with the frank good humour which finds a ready passport to the soldier's heart. A loud cheer which made the towers ring and discomposed the sour features of my guide answered my brief address, and dismissing the men to their guardroom, I crossed the quadrangle and entering a low portal, found myself in an arched passage. The clink of my spurs and even the faint footfalls of the attendant who crept along with the stealthy pace of a cat resounded through the dismal avenue ; we at last reached a vestibule constructed with strength and solidity similar to the rest of the building, and here I found the Castellan waiting to receive me.

Dependant upon this person for the only society the fortress could afford. I scanned my destined companion with an anxious eye ; but was compelled to turn from the scrutiny with no vivid expectation of pleasurable converse during the long days we might be doomed to spend together. Somewhat advanced beyond the middle age, he might not unaptly have been termed a giant in ruins, his tall athletic figure exhibited tokens of decay : his limbs seemed to have been relaxed and loosened from their joints, and now performed their functions with difficulty and pain. There was nothing peculiarly disagreeable in his countenance, the features were hard, coarse and altogether deficient in expression ; yet the total absence of all visible emotion did not in this particular instance betray a vacant mind. It appeared as though he had gazed upon the walls around him until he had acquired the rigidity of stone ; his voice came rumbling from his throat with a hollow portentous sound, and his manners without being absolutely repulsive, were so cold and ceremonious, that deeming it impossible to thaw the ice of his reserve, I gladly retired from the restraint of his presence to my own apartment. Lighted by a cheerful fire it offered a less dreary aspect than I had dared anticipate from the sombre gloom characterizing that portion of the castle I had previously traversed. A book beguiled the time until I was summoned to supper, the meal passed merely in silence ; the Castellan displayed no curiosity to learn the floating events of the day

appearing indeed to think that nothing worthy of note could pass beyond the castle gates, and joining to this apathy a provoking degree of incommunicativeness respecting all that related to the interior; conversation necessarily flagged. I could learn nothing whatsoever concerning the prisoner or prisoners who might be inmates of the fortress and had I not received ocular proof of the fact, that one person at least suffered confinement within these gloomy walls, I should have been led to doubt whether at this particular period any individual was subjected to the pains and penalties of captivity.

Not choosing to speak with freedom to a person so chary of his words, I confined my remarks to the viands upon the table; and after the exchange of the commonest courtesies, again gladly took refuge in the solitude of my chamber.

Fatigued by the exertions of the day I soon sunk into profound repose, and the next morning under the influence of a bright sky and a cheerful sun the castle and its environs were seen to great advantage. Daylight revealed the magnificence of the surrounding landscape, which divested of all its horrors surprised and delighted me by its grandeur. The fortress of Wolden rose on the loftiest point of a long rocky chain of dwarf mountains. The views from the towers and battlements though wild and savage were picturesque and romantic, presenting on three sides clusters of rugged hills, where the eye ranged through narrow defiles, sequestered glens, and pine crowned heights; now thrown into shade, and now gleaming in the sun's rays. On the fourth, the ground fell almost precipitously to a valley whose depths the dazzled sight failed to penetrate. On the opposite side a pine forest stretched over a wide extent of country, and the barrenness of the landscape beyond, softened and concealed by the distance was lost and melted in the meeting horizon. The arid tract clothed in a silvery mist, appearing like an ocean boundary. Above the castle's towers nothing was to be seen save the majestic cupola of heaven; the eagle's soaring wing alone brushed that dingy height, and the eye glancing upwards lost in the boundless fields of air all trace of earthly things. Disturbed from my contemplations by the not unwelcome bustle in the courtyard below, I saw the soldiers hastening to parade and again felt my spirits raised by the jocund hilarity of these light hearted fellows. I joined them as they fell into the ranks, glad to be brought into contact with men upon whom the solemnity of the surrounding scene had produced no saddening effect; but the duties of the morning were soon over, the accoutrements inspected, the evolutions performed, and the guard relieved, the troopers filed out of the gate to exercise their horses, and again the castle was left to its bleak solitude.

While wandering about upon the ramparts or exploring the quadrangles below, I felt a considerable degree of annoyance from a suspicion which forced itself upon my mind, that the Castellan or one of his sable attendants forever on the watch employed themselves in tracking my footsteps ; the idea was the more disagreeable as I in reality entertained a wish to penetrate the secrets of the isolated prison ; but affecting more indifference than I felt, I strolled out upon the mountain paths and in the sublimity of the scenery endeavoured to find a new and less painful subject for meditation.

The beauties of nature can only be appreciated and enjoyed by a heart at rest, my thoughts travelled back to the capital or dwelled pensively upon the unfortunate inmates of those prison walls, which overtopping the highest hills were visible from every point. Listless and weary I returned to the castle, and wore out the lagging hours in melancholy reveries. My days were spent in the dulllest species of monotony, diversified only by walks and rides, my book or my pencil.

The country around was too thinly peopled to offer any objects of interest of a more animated description than its dark woods, steep hills and rock strewn vallies. These were tenanted by the rudest order of peasants ; the monks of a neighbouring monastery shewed no disposition to emerge from their sheltered retreat in a glen below ; and I lacked an excuse for intruding upon their hospitality. Baffled in every attempt to discover who and what were the persons so strongly secured and so cautiously concealed in the deepest recesses of the guarded fortress ; still the hope of penetrating these secrets alone rendered the duty to which I had been appointed at all supportable. My careless demeanor at length threw the Castellan off his guard, and with my book in my hand I was permitted to roam at pleasure through the long avenues and silent courts which intersected the building but from the closest inspection I could gain little information. That one person at least must be incarcerated within these massy walls I felt assured, from the circumstances of having encountered the carriage which could only have been employed in the conveyance of a state prisoner : and by vigilant watching I succeeded in my desire to discover the precise spot of his confinement. My servant had returned from the capital bringing the cabinet which had been the ostensible cause of his journey. I ascertained that my directions respecting the image of the virgin had been obeyed, and in the absence of all other objects of interest or amusement, and sympathizing every day more deeply in the sorrows of the unknown prisoner, I anxiously sought an opportunity of assuring him that his earnest appeal had not been overlooked nor disregarded.

To accomplish this design I amused myself with composing a ballad so allusive to the circumstance that its meaning could not be mistaken ; and adapting the words to a popular air I sang them as I passed as near as the nature of the building would admit, to a grated aperture, which I had reason to suppose afforded light and air to passages leading to the apartments where the prisoners were confined ; and where they might be permitted to take exercise. Several days were passed away before I could by the utmost stretch of imagination form any conjecture respecting the effect of my communication upon the forlorn inmate of these gloomy precincts.

The suspense increased my anxiety, every feeling of my heart was completely absorbed in the intense interest inspired by that unfortunate person ; it was in vain that I attempted to divest my mind from its painful contemplations by a perusal of the family papers contained in the cabinet : a study which at any other time would have sufficiently engrossed my attention ; for altho' the letters preserved in it were not depositories either of secrets or information of particular importance, they threw considerable light upon the character of my father, and shocked me not a little by the hollow heartedness, the contempt of truth and justice which they revealed. I had always clung to the hope that my relatives had exaggerated the faults of a man whose alliance with a daughter of their house had displeased them ; and whose conduct to his wife, whatever blame might have been in strict justice attached to her, tended to increase their prejudices, and to make them regret more deeply a union which they had never approved. The documents now before me compelled me to admit that they had only too much reason to accuse him of an unprincipled selfishness which pursued its own gratification at the expense of every estimable feeling ; and I shuddered over the trifling indications of a base and venal mind which met me at every page, affording alas, & sure testimony that he never scrupled at any time to sacrifice the noblest feelings, the holiest attributes of man, at the shrine of a barbarous policy.

My father's marriage with the daughter of a foreign ambassador had been any thing but happy ; his country formed an invincible objection to her relations, and their continued hostility widened a breach occasioned by the Baron's devotion to politics, to the neglect of a high spirited, and perchance unreasonable woman. The climate of ——— disagreed with my mother, who returning a few years after my birth to the bosom of her family, a separation took place which neither party ever appeared to regret. She could not be prevailed upon to part with her only child and my father in compliance with her wishes permitted me to be educated in a foreign country ; a concession which elicited

no gratitude, since it was attributed to a dearth of natural affection. Even as a boy I was struck by the injustice of these animadversions, and though as I advanced towards manhood a painful conviction that I was not in reality an object of very deep attachment to my father impressed itself upon my mind ; I was ever ready to devise excuses for his apparent disregard, nor could all the attempts made by my mother and her relations eradicate the affection which I felt for the parent from whom I had been estranged almost from my birth. He died before I was sufficiently master of my own actions to make any attempt to prove the nature of my feelings towards him ; but the moment I was emancipated from the controul of my guardians, I evinced my respect for his memory by entering into the military service of the state at whose councils he had assisted for so many years.

The knowledge which I now obtained of the crooked measures which characterized his political system disgusted me with a government carried on I had every reason to believe upon the same principles, and I felt more pity than ever for the captive who in all probability was at this moment suffering from the despotism which my own father had so long and so successfully laboured to establish.

Filled with just indignation at the baseness and tyranny which had developed themselves in connection with the administration of public affairs ; I threw down the papers and rushed to the spot where the unfortunate being languished, who perchance upon bare suspicion only, had been doomed to a cruel and unmerited punishment. I had so often watched the grating without aim or object beyond the wish to acquaint the unhappy prisoner with the fulfilment of his request, that I had no expectation of being more successful than usual in my attempt to acquire more definite information concerning him : but while gazing upon the grated aperture my eyes caught for the first time a shade flitting behind the bars ; in another moment a small white arm flashed thro' them and something was thrown out which fortunately alighting on a spot which I was able to reach, I hurried to the place, and found it to be a gold clasp attached to a cestus of black velvet. Amazed, horror-struck, yet filled, with a secret joy I exclaimed " Just heaven ! it is a woman !" and transported beyond all limits of discretion threw out my arms in the vain desire to tear down the walls which divided me from the object of my tenderest compassion. I soon became conscious of the extreme folly of the action, and repressing the strong emotion which agitated my frame, resorted to the old expedient ; and by chanting the burthen of some wild song endeavoured to assure the unhappy lady ; whoever she might be, that her token had reached its destination.

When secure in the privacy of my own apartment, I eagerly examined the girdle in the hope that feminine ingenuity had devised some mode of communicating the intelligence which I so anxiously desired to learn, but I was disappointed, there was nothing about the embroidery which could be tortured into the slightest meaning, and I was obliged to conclude that an unexpected opportunity having occurred she had seized the fortunate moment to assure me that she was aware of the strong interest with which her fate had inspired me, and would gladly accept the services thus tacitly offered. Full of this idea I redoubled my attempts to approach the place of her confinement. I spent whole days in the re-examination of the accessible portion of this castle, but I was continually baffled and tho' by stumbling upon one of the wardens conveying prisoners to the interior of this gloomy quarter I discovered that she was not the only prisoner, I perceived that to gain access to these apartments, must be perfectly impracticable, unless I could possess myself of the keys.

To increase my difficulties, the Castellan, who had hitherto left me as much to myself as I could reasonably desire, began to favour me with an extraordinary portion of his company, intruding upon my rambles at seasonable and unseasonable hours. I likewise perceived that the myrmidons of the prison were doubly alert, and that I could now scarcely turn an angle of the wall without encountering one of these unwelcome personages. I deemed it prudent to refrain from all notice of this new system of affairs, and therefore continued to perambulate as usual, tho' with a less scrutinizing eye than heretofore : my walking propensities nearly proved fatal to the Castellan ; unaccustomed to expose his debilitated frame to the bleak mountain air a very few promenades during some particularly cutting easterly winds sufficed to confine him to his chamber with a severe rheumatic fever.

The condition to which he was reduced gave me considerable uneasiness ; I feared that I had somewhat wantonly endangered the poor man's life and I so urgently entreated that he would not trifle with so serious an illness that he was at length persuaded to avail himself of the medical aid of a monk belonging to the adjacent convent, who was celebrated all over the country for his skill in pharmacy.

The arrival of father Rupert formed a new epoch in my existence, he was a small spare alert man with a marvellously intelligent countenance, and an activity of body which seemed to bid defiance to the weight of years. He was looked upon as little less than a saint by the community around ; his unaffected piety the charity he extended to every species of distress, and the number and extraordinary nature of his cures were regarded with equal

gratitude and admiration. Even the saturnine visages of the jailers relented as they advanced to ask the good man's blessing ; and all concurred in expressing their veneration of a person who had declined a high appointment offered to him, that of prior of his convent, in order that he might be at liberty to attend to the wants of the poor and the diseased.

I appreciated all the advantages to be derived from such a companion at a single glance ; but taught lessons in circumspection very foreign to my nature, did not rush into his society with the eagerness which my long estrangement from congenial spirits would have prompted. We were however very soon upon friendly terms, he was too much a man of the world not to penetrate very early into the depths of a character so flimsily disguised, and too frank not to give ready confidence to a person as candid and ingenuous as himself. The Castellan's illness promised to be of long duration, and having secured an apartment which the monk pronounced to be inaccessible to eavesdroppers ; we indulged freely in the utterance of every sentiment. My ignorance of the politics of the capital, and the domestic history of its rulers surprised my companion, and he did not hesitate to gratify my curiosity upon subjects with which he seemed intimately acquainted. In early life Father Rupert had mixed in courts and camps and he still took a lively interest in the passing events of the day : from his narrations I found a clue to much that had puzzled and perplexed me. " Heaven only knows," he exclaimed " what is to become of this unhappy country should the dissensions of the nobles plunge it into civil war ; ruin must await the contest between a father and a son whom no filial piety restrains from seizing rights alleged to be illegally withheld. The Duke is now reaping the bitter fruits of his ambition, he was himself near the throne, but not near enough to claim it : and in the eyes of many persons he is now looked upon as an usurper.

Our late Sovereign, the noble Ottacâr of pious memory, left an only daughter. The states general convoked upon the occasion gave her the choice in marriage between two kinsmen, and she preferred the youngest the poorest, and the most remote — never did the christian world' gaze upon a braver soldier, a more chivalrous knight, a truer gentleman than Adolph of Schaltenberg. Raised to the highest eminence in the council, he desired nothing more than to be allowed to defend his country's honour in the field : he left the cares of government to statesmen better experienced and more ambitious, and content with the post of danger and honour, coveted no greater share of power and patronage than that accorded to subjects holding equal rank in the service of the crown. Were I to indulge in the garrulity of age how could I dilate upon the virtues of my beloved master, I knew

him well, for I was the trusted servant of his father : I had watched over his youth, attended on his manhood, and would gladly have sacrificed my own life to save one far dearer. I did my best, fought by his side until we were both overpowered by a host of armed banditti, and I fell senseless over the still breathing body of the noblest and bravest of men. No longer able to defend him, he was butchered as he lay disabled on the ground : while appearing to be already dead the ruffians forebore to waste their blows upon his unwilling survivor—dead—yes from that fatal hour I became dead to the world. Too insignificant to avenge the slaughter of my beloved master, I withdrew disgusted with mankind to a monastery, devoting myself in a more humble sphere to relieve the wants and soothe the sorrows of my fellows.

“ The melancholy event which I have related” continued the monk, “ took place in the centre of a thick forest, whither, accompanied by a few attendants only as he was wont to travel, Count Adolph journeyed towards the capital. As it was known that a band of outlaws infested the neighbouring mountains, the murder was imputed to their weapons. Few if any persons could it was supposed, at that period have taken any interest in the death of a man who evinced so little desire to intermeddle with state affairs ; but I confess I entertained suspicions at the time that the assassins were hired to perform their bloody work : subsequent events have confirmed rather than weakened this impression, and the saints pardon me if I am wrong, but I think I could name the aiders and abettors of this frightful homicide. Soon afterwards the Duchess brought a dead child into the world, and now the politicians began to talk of the expedience of selecting a second husband for their widowed princess : and many aspirants were named for the hand of the fair mourner. It was at this period that your father’s diplomatic talents began to display themselves, he espoused the interests of Arminius the suitor formerly rejected in Adolph’s favour, and the success of this candidate was mainly attributed to the master spirit who not only negotiated a marriage attended by some difficulties, but persuaded the states general to associate the bridegroom in the sovereignty of the realm, and to confer upon him the title of Duke. Prince Ernest is the only fruit of this, it should seem inauspicious union ; the death of his mother gives him in the opinion of many a claim to the throne, his partizans contending that the states exceeded the authority vested in their hands in giving the sceptre away from the rightful heir. Hence the collision of parties at the present hour : the anxiety of Arminius to strengthen himself by an alliance with the imperial family, and the exertions prince Ernest is daily making to stir up the commons in the support of his claims.”

These communications were painfully interesting to me, for though delicacy withheld the monk from commenting with severity upon my father's conduct, it was easy to perceive that his bold arbitrary measures had been deeply injurious to his country's welfare. The subject was distressing, and I gladly turned from it to another not less important, since it had occupied my whole heart ; I spoke of the unhappy prisoner. I believe, returned the monk that many victims to the savage policy of Arminius have during his reign perished miserably within these walls, and I have reason to suspect that a disgraced and banished minister whose arrest upon the confines of the Duchy remains a state secret, is imprisoned here. I related all my vain endeavours to reach the apartment allotted to the person for whom I felt so anxious an interest. "Monks," replied Father Rupert, "and magicians were often in former times considered to be one and the same thing ; and the secrets imparted at confession frequently arm us with almost necromantic power, which power, if it does not involve the forfeiture of our oath we are at liberty to employ at discretion. I can, and will afford you the means of visiting the deepest dungeon this castle contains, if for the sake of benefitting the unfortunate occupant, you are willing to incur all the hazards which a connexion with the poor and the oppressed may entail." I expressed my readiness to brave danger, disgrace and death, in the cause, and entreated that he would put me to a speedy trial. "I go," returned my companion "to administer an opiate to the unhappy patient whose most dreadful sufferings are occasioned by an irritation upon the nerves which aggravates and increases his bodily pain. I can only hope to cure the complication of disorders which threaten to overwhelm a broken constitution by procuring long, deep and heavy slumbers, in which the mind shall have no power to struggle against the salutary influence of medicine ; when I have plunged him into profound repose I will return to guide you thro' the labyrinthine mazes of this awful place. True to his promise Father Rupert conducted me through a passage before unknown, opening by a sliding pannel from the stair head, which after several turnings and windings ascents and descents, conducted me much to my amazement into the chamber where the sick man slept. There was something fearful in the sight of this relique of mortality as he lay stretched upon a low couch as on a bier, the red flame of pine-wood fire flinging lurid rays on the portentous features which had so often struck me as belonging to some huge stone effigy of Scandinavian gods.

The spring of an iron chest yielding at a touch, and taking out a massive key the monk removed another concealed door sliding behind the pannels, and unshading his lamps we descended a

narrow stair, traversed several other passages and at length emerging into an arched gallery of considerable width, I perceived that I was very near the haven of my wishes. This avenue ran round three sides of an enclosed square, the air was freely circulated thro' iron gratings opening from each vault, and the place appearing admirably adapted for the purpose of affording air and exercise to the prisoners, I doubted not that from hence had issued the golden clasp which had raised such tumultuous emotions in my breast. On the side of the building opposite to the place whence we entered, were two doors, one at either end, I approached the first with a beating heart. The necessity of removing sundry bolts and bars occasioned some delay ; at length the heavy portal revolved slowly upon its hinges, and stepping forward with all the eager enthusiasm of youth, I found myself confronted by the beautiful incognita of the palace, paler, thinner and even sadder, but as lovely and interesting as ever. A tall elderly man had just risen in alarm at the unwonted intrusion from an easy chair, and was advancing though with less alacrity to meet us. " The Baron von Werde " exclaimed Father Rupert, " sorry am I to see your excellency's services so ill requited. " " Grieve not for me good father " replied the captive " but if you possess the power and the will to perform an act of loyalty and justice, save the young prince, the heir of this fair duchy from imprisonment leading perchance to a bloodier doom. " " Holy St. Britten-gen ! " cried the monk, " is it come to this ! could a father proceed to such extremities against his son ? but I have nothing to do with the quarrel. I served and loved a noble master Adolph of Schaltenberg, thou wert his friend and to thee Von Werde alone. " " In the name then of thy beloved master ! " interrupted the prisoner, " I adjure thee, to preserve his orphan child, by him—by Adolph, the Duchess left an heir to the throne. I discovered the secret of his existence, the fact of his having been born alive, and the dungeon is the penalty : he also shares my dreary abode and may not be long permitted to stand in the way of his enemies. " Father Rupert overpowered by conflicting emotions sank upon the ground, I left him to the Baron's care for I thought only of the fair form again presented to my anxious eyes. This then was Louisa Von Werde, a name that Ernest and his infamous companions had dared to couple with dishonour even at the moment in which she clung so nobly by her father in his distresses. Approaching her I ventured to say that it had been my happy fortune to follow in her track to Wolden, and to fulfil the injunctions briefly detailed upon the document she had left upon the road. " And thereby saved the life of an only beloved brother, " replied Louisa her sweet eyes swimming in tears of joy. Father Rupert was impatient to pay homage to his master's son, with

whom Von Werde had contrived to communicate, having now the means of egress we repaired to the adjoining suite of apartments. We found them tenanted by a young man of noble aspect. His story was brief and interested me less at the moment of relation than it ought to have done, but I confess my weakness, I entertained a sudden and violent jealousy of a man whose fortunes appeared to be bound up with those of Louisa Von Werde. Both involved in the same calamity, both sharing the same prison how could love fail to spring up in hearts sighing for some relief to sorrow. But as I gazed upon this interesting pair my fears subsided, it was evident that they had never met before, and while with true feminine delicacy she kept close to her father's side, gratitude for my services seemed the preponderating sentiment, and one which I rightly deemed would have been lost in the pleasure of gazing on her lover, if the correspondence they had carried on had produced aught akin to tender emotion in her breast. We gathered from the prince's narrative, that he had been educated obscurely but with liberality ! passionately attached to a military life neither persuasion nor force could compel him to embrace a less honourable and active profession : he fled from his home and under an assumed name entered as a private soldier in young Von Werde's regiment. His courage and good conduct soon caused him to be distinguished in his corps, and having been frequently the object of public commendation from his officers, he became known to the Colonel, who, himself an enthusiast in his profession felt a generous desire to reward the young soldier's merits with a commission. For this purpose it was necessary to obtain a certificate of baptism, Von Werde kindly offered to accompany him to the residence of his reputed parents in the hope that his influence and persuasion would reconcile them to the change in their son's destination. He found the supposed father in a dying state, and from the confessions of a soul wrung with remorse learned the secret of the prince's birth. By a singular coincidence it happened that the elder Von Werde at this precise period became acquainted with the existence of the true heir to the throne. Aware that the Baron's integrity could not be purchased at any price, the Duke on the instant that he discovered the strange inadvertence, by which he had himself put this upright Minister in possession of a most fatal and dangerous secret, caused him to be immediately arrested. This act was followed by his condemnation to banishment upon a vague charge of treachery, and he was sent under a strong guard to the borders of the Duchy ; he was from thence conveyed with the utmost privacy to the fortress of Wolden. In the interim Colonel Von Werde's correspondence with his father fell into the Duke's hands, who thus enabled to trace his victims, lost no time in se-

curing his person : the younger Von Werde escaped almost by a miracle, and was preserved by the heroic conduct of his sister, who baffled the most pertinacious examinations, withstood the most fearful menaces, and finally devoted herself to a prison rather than betray the trifling amount of her knowledge, for she had been kept in ignorance of all that could involve her in the danger attending the confidants of the prince, and knew only that her brother was in the capital, and threatened with the same fate which had befallen her parent. The danger of conversing either personally or by letter, was so great that the brother and sister were obliged to correspond by means of signals, though even this method, in consequence of the restraint upon the actions of both was subject to much interruption.

A red ribbon bound round the image of the virgin ; the fearful intimation that all communication between them must end, would Louisa felt assured expedite her brother's departure from a city, and a realm where destruction awaited the detection of his asylum.

Several hours were spent in mutual explanations, but prudence demanding that our visit to the prison should not be unreasonably protracted, we took our leave with the promise of a speedy return. Father Rupert led the way thro' a different avenue from that which we had traversed in our approach : opening the grating in one of the vaults of the corridor beforementioned, we found ourselves in a small quadrangle, which communicated with a burial ground attached to the chapel of the Castle. Alas how many unfortunates had found untimely graves within that gloomy cemetery. The height of the surrounding walls had injured the appearance without stunting the growth of the vegetation which spread its dark luxuriance over the uneven surface of the ground. A huge crop of gigantic docks and tall nettles, waved their warm banners above those frequent mounds, indicating the last resting places of the victims to the numberless spears of death, quickened here perchance by the hand of violence. The wind sighed heavily as it swept over the rank grass of this unweeded soil, and methought its wailing had never sounded so ominous before. We entered the chapel by a low postern gate, it was dreary like the rest of the edifice and filled with dark mementos of misery and death.

We employed the period intervening between our visit to the prisoners on the following night in arranging a plan for their deliverance. Father Rupert engaged to procure relays of horses at the several stages, and I supplied him with ample funds to defray the expenses of these and other preparations. It was agreed that the flight of the whole party should take place on the 3d ensuing night, and we entertained a hope that 12 hours would elapse before the discovery of our evasion could be made.

Every thing being in readiness at the appointed time, and every precaution taken which human vigilance could suggest, accompanied by Father Rupert, I took the way to the prison by the path best suited to the furtherance of our design, namely, that leading through the chapel. On entering the burial ground we were unexpectedly greeted by the sight of three open graves, horror struck, we for a moment entertained the fearful apprehension that our plans were discovered ; but a slight consideration removed our fears upon that point. Had our connexion with the prisoners been suspected our persons would have been secured, for it was not probable that the civil authorities would have left any thing to chance in a matter of such importance. Passing hastily into the quadrangle beyond, fearful confirmation of the measures intended against the captives met our eyes. A scaffold with all its grisly appendages, the mound of sand, the block, the coffins, and the headsman's axe occupied the centre : but all was silent and lonely, the preparations had been made apparently in the early part of the day, and we had arrived just in time to defeat their object. A sickening sensation crept through my heart, had it been too late ? had we appeared only to be spectators of the heedless corpses of our friends lying on those blood stained boards ?—Louisa too, a young innocent female was to be included in this barbarous execution ; the third and smallest coffin placed the intended outrage beyond all doubt—the idea was too horrid for endurance, a rush of joy came to my relief as the almost utter impossibility of failure presented its consolatory assurance. From an unwillingness to involve my honest soldiers in the dangers which might attend my schemes, I had forborne to associate them in the enterprize, but in order to guard against any accident I had contrived that they should all be ready to attend my slightest summons. Every avenue leading from their quarters to the chapel had been unbarred, and a chain of sentinels stationed from the principal gate of that edifice to the guard room. One blast from my bugle would bring the whole garrison to my assistance, and to this extremity I resolved to proceed should we meet with interruption. We found our friends awaiting our appointment and in perfect ignorance of the doom impending over their heads. We had scarcely reached the grated entrance before the noise of falling chains at the opposite end of the corridor announced the approach of the Castellán's myrmidons, in the performance of the horrid duties assigned to them, and entering the quadrangle we found it already tenanted by the executioner and his swart assistants. This was no time for hesitation, I sounded my bugle, the signal was repeated by a burst of trumpets, my brave carbineers rushed in ; and the court yard illuminated by the blaze of torches and the flashing of broad swords, presented an

animated spectacle. In point of numbers the opposing parties were nearly equal, for the first fruit of the tumult had brought all the retainers of the castle armed to the spot: but these mercenaries were no match for my high hearted soldiery, their weapons were speedily knocked out of their hands, and the fall of one or two paralyzed the rest, a momentary diversion was however effected by the unexpected appearance of the Castellan himself. As if awakened by that astounding trump from the marble sleep of the tomb, he rushed into our presence, the coverlet which he had snatched in haste from his bed, hanging like grave clothes around his gigantic uncouth limbs, his haggard countenance livid and corpse-like: and wielding a ponderous iron bar, which in arms that had lost their vigour, missed its intended blow, and beat the empty air, he neither looked, nor moved like a denizen of earth. The master mind prevailing over bodily weakness, tho' he failed to achieve his object, he rendered the engagement for a moment doubtful, there was something preternatural in so ghastly a vision, and animated by the sight of those bold though unavailing efforts, the strife was renewed. After another and more desperate struggle, a volley of the well directed carbines making fearful havoc amongst the instruments of despotism, the remainder were easily overpowered. The interruption occasioned by this engagement obliged us to alter our plans, and to include the garrison in our flight, who having engaged, in what during the existence of the present dynasty would be called treason, could not remain in the castle or be left to shift for themselves. The surrender of the Warders enabled us to make very promising arrangements, we loaded sumpter horses with provisions for the whole party; and having so secured our prisoners as to prevent them from rousing the country by firing cannon or ringing alarm bells, we left the state of the castle to be discovered by some chance passenger and mounting our horses traversed the forest and took our way by paths known to Father Rapert to the frontier.

The concurrence of so many fortunate events lightened the toils of our journey. Louisa bore up courageously against fatigue, and every nerve was strained to gain the refuge of the neighbouring realm before the intelligence of the insurrection at Wolden could be conveyed to the capital. We carefully avoided the towns and larger villages, but were surprised at the facility with which we effected our retreat, consternation seemed to pervade the whole country, and the minds of men in a state of suspense as to which party, that of the Duke or the Prince they should support, the villagers whom we encountered readily surrendered their horses to our demands, all appearing under the influence of some vague terror which deadened and benumbed their faculties. Rumours of disorders and revolutions in the capital

reached even our ears, though it may well be supposed that we abstained from all questions upon political subjects. In one place we heard a report of the death of Prince Ernest, in the next that of the Duke ; and when at length we crossed the boundary and allowed ourselves breathing time, we learned from indisputable authority that both had perished. Poisoned by each other's hands at a banquet given in honour of their reconciliation.

The unhappy Duke convinced by miserable experience of his son's determined purpose of deposing him, revealed the secret of his rival's existence. Ernest staggered by the undeniable proofs adduced to convince a doubting mind ; and unprepared to rise in arms on this sudden emergence, engaged to relinquish all his ambitious schemes, upon condition that the death warrant of his brother and of the Von Werdes should be put into his hands : hesitating not to sacrifice a woman, and the woman he had professed to love, who in an unjust imprisonment had been made acquainted with a fatal secret. The Duke was compelled to consent to this inhuman requisition, and Ernest lost no time in dispatching the sanguinary mandate to Wolden.

But each party distrusted the other, the prince could not persuade himself to forego the advantage which his rival's death had conferred : yet no longer able to retain the bold tone he had formerly assumed against a faction now much stronger than his own, he resolved to gain by secret murder that which he could not effect by open violence. The Duke upon the point of contracting a second marriage, which would in all probability secure a long succession of princes to the throne, was anxious to get rid of an unnatural son, who, he could not doubt would at the first favourable opportunity advance his own superior claims. If Prince Ernest were out of the way he might be made to bear the whole odium of the cruel deed committed at Wolden in the event of that dark transaction being made public. The habitual excesses in which his profligate son indulged would account naturally for the suddenness of his decease, and he resolved to make an effort to secure himself upon the throne by compassing the murder of a rebellious heir. Each effected his purpose, and the father and son were carried out lifeless from the feast.

I have little more to say,—the subsequent events of my life, tho' to me replete with bliss, would appear barren and trifling after such stirring scenes. I received the hand of my beloved, soon after the establishment of the rightful heir upon the throne of his ancestors. Our country is prosperous, happy and at peace. Father Rupert still lives to contemplate the work in which he took so active a part, but the Castellan did not long survive his last effort in the usurper's service : on his death-bed he confessed that he had been employed by Arminius to murder his more fortunate kinsmen.

THE LAST FIGHT OF ARTHUR.

King Arthur, now, and Launcelot,
 Are combatting in France,
 Their arrows answer shot with shot,
 And lance is breaking lance :
 The King fights for Queen Guenever,
 Whom Launcelot has ta'en ;
 And Launcelot is waging war
 Against his Suzerain :

When suddenly arrive the news
 That, Modred on the coast
 Of peaceful Britain has let loose
 The banners of his host ;
 Whereat, King Arthur instantly
 Quits France and leaves undone
 His strife, to cross the foaming sea,
 And combat with his Son.*

At midnight, Gauvaine's grimly Ghost
 Stood by King Arthur's bed,
 And, warning cried, " 'Gainst Modred's host
 " Let not thy troops be led,
 " For long-repentant Launcelot
 " Is hasting with his men
 " To give thee aid, and thou must not
 " Attack the foe till then."

King Arthur when the vision fled,
 Determined to comply
 With what Sir Gauvaine's spectre said
 And wait for his ally :
 He asked a parley ; and each side
 Agreed to keep it true ;
 And, with some Knights, the Princes ride
 To this fixed rendezvous.

Each Prince suspicious was of each,
 And told his troops, a sword
 Drawn-forth was to be held a breach
 Of truce and plighted word :
 That if on either side, they viewed
 A single faulchion freed,
 To count it as a sign of feud,
 And charge with stormy speed.

Modred stood in the double relation to Arthur of Nephew and Son.

As on they ride, it so befel
 An adder stung a Knight
 Who drew his flashing sword to quell
 The reptile :—at which sight,
 The armies join without delay :
 Wild slaughter stains the heath :—
 Modred is killed amidst the fray :—
 And Arthur bleeds to death !

King Arthur gives Excalibar,
 His sword, into the hands
 Of his Butler, Sir Bediver,
 With sharply-urged commands,
 To fling the faulchion—in the stream,
 Which rippling ran beside ;
 But he delayed, as it would seem,
 To cast it in the tide.

At length he flung it ; and a hand
 Rose from the waters blue,
 Flourished three times King Arthur's brand,
 And vanished from his view !
 But soon, a barge, with weeping Maids,
 Drew near, and touched the strand,
 And Arthur in it left the glades,
 Of his dear native land.

But Bediver, ere all had gone,
 Heard these sad Fairies sing
 That, Morgne from Tunis Avalon
 Had sped to fetch the King,
 Altho' Sir Bediver's delay
 In flinging Arthur's sword
 Might check the cure this gentle Fay
 Was anxious to afford.

And in sweet Tunis Avalon
 King Arthur stays awhile,
 Until, the fated, period gone,
 He'll quit the Apple-Isle*,
 To mount the British throne again,
 And drive her conquering foes
 Into the deep and greedy main
 And give his land repose !

S. V. V.

* Is, in Welch, the Isle of Apples.

STANZAS.

I.

When spring in all her youthful radiance drest
 Comes bounding forth,—old winter's virgin child,—
 With the pure snow still shining on her vest,
 And deck'd with violets and the primrose mild;
 Her hair begemmed with buds of hawthorn dear,
 Mixed with the hollyberry's glowing red,
 As if she feared to hail the youthful year,
 Still doubting half if yet the old had fled;

II.

Then all is hope and joy!—young pleasure flings
 Her rosy smiles upon the beaming earth,
 And the rejoicing world in rapture sings
 Praises to him who gave her beauties birth.
 But lo! the chill comes on—a cold, cold blast
 Nips the fair buds which spring's young forehead bind,
 They hang their shining fronts, and fast—and fast
 Droop in the rigour of the-freezing wind.

III.

They wither and they shrink—they droop and die,
 No trace remains of all their joy and sweetness,
 Save in *her* memory, whose dark blue eye
 Smiled on their brilliancy and weeps their fleetness;
 And such—even such is youth, whose coronet
 Shines out so pearly bright in love and joy,
 O'er the round cheek all mirth, and eye unwet
 But-by the fancied sorrows of the boy.

IV.

Love lends his smiling blossoms to the wreath,
 Beauty around his brow her sweets is twining,
 Hope draws her exquisitely fragrant breath
 O'er the bright buds which in that wreath are shining:
 But sorrows come around him—poverty
 With all its train of cold and biting grief
 Blows like the snow-storm of the Northern sky,
 Nor e'en can hope afford him then relief.

V.

His chaplet withers—slowly, slowly shrinking
 Beneath the deadly chill that blast brings on;
 The wearer scarce perceives its beauties sinking
 Till all their bloom and fragrancy are gone.

'And then comes all that cold and silent sorrow—
 \ That feeling which can never be defined,
 Which from despair itself no weight can borrow,
 And sinks in settled misery on the mind !
 He speaks not of his grief—the flowers he wore
 Where'er he turns still droop before his eyes,—
 Fall'n—withered—shrunk alas ! to bloom no more—
 And so he sinks in sorrow—and so dies !

J. P.

AN EVIL OMEN AVERTED!

TO NUMBER TWELVE OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

DEAR NUMBER,—I look upon you, from this moment of my commencing an article for your pages yet unborn, to be the luckiest of Numbers of the *genus* periodical, *species* Magazine, *class* Calcutta. As Adam was said by Milton, (no Irishman, neither) to have been “the goodliest man of men since born his sons”—that is, the handsomest of all his children ! so I declare you to be the most sublime and fortunate of all the eleven Numbers, your precursors ; for this simple reason, namely, that to *your* lot hath it fallen to introduce *me*, as the tenth Nine, to the egregious notice of one of the acutest and most abstruse of earthly publics. A great many of the “*minores*,” shall now hide their diminished rays, and the warning voice shall cry aloud to them thus :—

Your harps, O ! ye Scribblers, surrender,
 Your brains ye no longer need delve ;
 All hail to the first of December,
 The birthday of great NUMBER TWELVE !

and there shall be much rejoicing in the printing house, and loud pœans from diabolic lungs ! What the coup d'essai of your new contributor is to be, no reader need trouble himself to enquire, *before* he readeth this prefatory lucubration ; nor *after* he hath done so, because ~~they~~ he will be right upon the article itself, and to enquire at that period what the article *is*, would, in truth, be especially superfluous, and therefore, as I have said, he needeth not trouble himself about asking any queries. A good deal astounded it is his destiny to be, when his eyes shall fall upon the heading of the subsequent pœsie ; for when shall the deepest and most discursive reader have met with a similar instance of such daring intrepidity as that committed by me, the undersigned, in having presented two such cutting offerings to two such lady-loves, in the very teeth of prophecy, and fate ;—of Giles Scroggins and of Molly Brown ? The thing must be exte-

nuated before I can trust the eager reader to cut open any more of your pages, oh, dearest of Number Twelves ! more especially for the sake of the reader-*ess*—"fairest of created creatures"—who could not well avoid a dangerous hystericism if she unguardedly alighted on a gift so ominous to the love which fills her bosom to intensity. I *did* venture to present the two weapons mentioned in my lay, to two angelicals, the cutting of whose affections it was almost madness in me to have put upon such a cast. The man who makes unto a woman the voluntary gift of a knife or scissors, deserves, certainly—all he may get in return ; but should he prove so clever, bold, or fortunate, as to be successful in averting the ominous curse proverbially attached to them, why *then* he deserves to have wreathed around his brow the laurel torn from the unworthy temples of the *Scroggins* aforesaid, whose attempt could do no more than *deserve* success, while mine had the very plenipotency to *command* it. That Giles Scroggins totally mistook the nature of the prophecy, and was ignorant of the antidote to its baneful effect, the researches of learned commentators have long put past a doubt ; and the complete discovery of the counter charm was reserved, my excellent Number, for the humble individual who now addresses you. The reader who does not remember the particulars of the case, will find them minutely recorded in Friar Bacon's Archaiology, *in voce* "Molly Brown"; but the following summary of the facts may perhaps save all, but the very inquisitive, the trouble of a reference. Giles Scroggins, or as he was sometimes called "the Giles," and in one monkish legend even "Sir Giles the Scroggins," was a Baron-knight in the time of the famous crusade—Richardo duce, et auspice Richardo ; and having, among other acts of stupendous armipotency, slain a Saracen, large and ugly enough to have been mistaken for Mahound himself, but the day before, by the lion-hearted Richard (*vide* Goldboduc's private Correspondence, folio edition, A. D 1376) he proceeded to take possession of the spolia opima, and, among the rest, of a very shining pair of Scissors which were apparent in the enemy's girdle. At that period Scissors were not, in Europe ; and when the pious Sir Giles witnessed them opening out into the form of a *cross*, he looked upon it as neither more nor less (*more*, indeed, it could not well be) than a miracle, and a sure prognostic of the capture of Jerusalem by his valiant arm. Alas ! it omened a *cross* of a very different nature, viz. a cross in love, for on the now terrific Giles returning, like an oyster, into Englonde, he straightway fell into love of the lady Mollia Brown, whose peerless beauty was said, in the quaint but expressive language of the earlier Troubadours, to have

rendered her “ the fairest wench in all the town ;”— the word *town* signifying, in those teutonic periods, any space between the two poles which the poet chose to mean. On the celebrated scissors having been bruited abroad in the territory of Englonde, and the marvellous history attached to their capture, it was prophesied by a renowned wizard, who abode in a cave in the great forest of Birnam, that their *meeting* should one day be fatal to the Giles ; and so indeed it proved, alas ! to be ; for his lady-love did insist on having them as a troth plight, and one day as she dallied with them in her hand, her mind was roused to jealousy by an account which her lover was giving of aauteous Saracen dame whom he had rescued from the pangs of a wicked Enchanter, and in a paroxysm of cruel rage she drove their united points into the bridge of Sir Giles his nose, and did thence tear it open in her temperament even to the apex ; which so destroyed the amorous feeling of the valiant crusader, that incontinent he departed forth of her presence, and hid his disfiguration in the gloominess of a monastery. Even to the present day the fatality hath attended the gift of a pair of scissors unto woman from man ; and also of a penknife as being usually double bladed ; but as it now works its mischief figuratively, by leading, or tending, to some occurrence which cooleth the affection which before the gift subsisted, the grand antidote, which I was the first to discover and shadow forth, is, by an ingenious contrivance, to give them other employment, so that they may wage war upon all the worser passions of our nature, and thus have some more benevolent and utile occupation than that of cutting true love into twain. As I have found it answer most especially well, I gladly yield its benefit, dearest TWELVE, to you ; nothing doubting that the celebrity which your name will attach to it, shall render it the means of being a greater preservative of virtuous love than ever the olden omen was a destroyer of that passion.

LINES

Sent to two Ladies, with a small Penknife for one, and a pair of diminutive Scissars for the other.

They say that love and friendship both,
Are cut in two by knives and scissars,
And I must own I should be loath,
(If I believ'd such idle quizzers)

To arm you doubly thus, the ties
Of young regard, like ours, to sever ;
Did I not read in both your eyes
Assurance they will last for ever.

If people cut such bonds in two,
With gifts like these—how they abuse them !
But that it mayn't be so with you,
I'll teach you, fair ones, how to use them.

Take, charming Laura, thou the knife,
(For sage experience alleges
That giddy hands make dangers rife
When playing with tools possessed of edges)

And that wild girl, upon whose brow
Of joy, sadateness never lingers,
May take the scissors which, I trow,
Will nicely fit her tiny fingers.

And then should Jealousy essay,
(In shape of some designing minion.)
To fritter my deserts away,
And rob me of your good opinion ;

Let Laura use the little blade,
To slit the monster's evil tongue ;
And thus will he be fairly paid,
For what at me he basely flung.

If meagre Envy's sleepless eye,
Should turn its with'ring scowl on me ;
And of thy smiles to cheat me try,
Then, Adeline, I'll trust to thee :—

With thy small scissar's bee-sting point,
Transfix that lurid eye, and say,
" Arount thee ? odious witch, arount !"
And Envy will not dare to stay.

If HARRY, with his dagger'd hand,
And murky frown, should form a part,
Of that dark, peace-destroying band,
Let Laura stab him to the heart.

Should whisp'ring SCANDAL dare to ope,
In tale malign, her poisonous lip, it
Will be a grateful task, I hope,
For Adeline at once to clip it.

And should SUSPICION throw his net,
 (Made up of all the doubts he hatches)
 Haste, Laura, and your penknife get !—
 Cut every mesh before he catch us !

If ANGER comes, with flashing cheek,
 And taunting speech and rising blood ;
 Thou, Adeline, the scissors seek,
 And nip his passion in the bud.

If sly DETRACTION meanly praise,
 For *buts* and *ifs* to pave the way ;
 Her trenchant blade let Laura raise,
 And balk the serpent of his prey.

Should brazen FALSEHOOD taint my name,
 Her scissors Adeline must ply ;
 And, e'er it blight my honest fame,
 To pieces cut the baneful lie.

But if, to set us by the ears,
 Accursed DISCORD should endeavour ;
 Then out at once with blade and shears,
 And crush the devilish hag for ever !

HALCRO.

SONNET.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

Misanthrope ! seek not solitude,—for there
 Thy rugged heart will soften into love ;—
 There is a magic in the mountain air,
 There is a spell in forest, glen, and grove
 That doth with tender potency remove
 Dark hate's embittered feelings from the mind :—
 Would'st thou retain thy nature, seek mankind,
 And midst the peopled city's gaudy glare,
 In man's deep baseness food for hatred find !—
 Oh ! 'midst the quiet rapture of green woods,
 When the soft moonlight's yellow mist invests
 Greengirdled mountains, and their fringed crests,
 The heart, attuned to gentlest feelings, floods
 With love for the whole earth, and all its breathing guests !

“OWER TRUE A TALE.”

“ Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
 “ Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
 “ The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing ;
 “ What virtue breeds iniquity devours :
 “ We have no good that we can say is ours.”

Shakspeare.

Every town has its maniac, every village its ideot, every county its Tom fool, its Crazy Jane, and its “ *Nina pazzo per amore* ;” and the small bleak, sea-washed hamlet, near which my boyhood was passed, was not wanting in this canmark of mortality. About two miles from the aforesaid village amongst the wild heaths and wilder woods of a savage, yet beautiful district lived Annie Ross. She was a light-hearted country damsel whose chief beauty was the healthy glow that rosed her cheeks whose intermingling and surrounding white was of the softest and the fairest. Blue eyes were hers, radiant, with laughing good humour, a wealth of light silky hair, almost flaxen ; guiltless of papillotte and curling irons, yet falling over breast and brow, in many a braid and curl, not the less beautiful that they were natural.—Her figure was what God had made it light, active and symmetrical without the aid of stays or stomacher, of bones or bustle and arrayed in the tight compact boddice of the Highland costume it was proportioned so as to render it deserving the envy of many a titled dame, to whose brows the ducal tiara may not have brought the smiles of felicity. Annie was moreover a good girl, the darling of her father’s heart, the pride of her mother and the favorite of the whole Glen. She could sew, spin, knit and turn her little hands to all the trivial but necessary avocations of her cottage home ; there was not a neater dairy than that over which she presided in all the Shire, her milk was the richest, her butter the brightest, her poultry the plumpest on all the hillside ; and in the rural enjoyments of her domestic life she excelled all her companions : these were her *accomplishments*. It is true she could read her bible and her ballad-book and she was mistress of a rich uncultivated voice, in which she warbled forth the old Gaelic melodies of her country so sweetly that I have often fancied as I watched her at sunset milking her cows, that they yielded forth their frothy luxuries with an almost fascinated delight, whilst they sucked in the delicious strains she poured out ; seeming in their extacy to bend their beautiful placid countenances towards her as she patted their brindled sides and pressed their swelling udders. Lovers were not wanting to our Highland

lass; the rich old Drover who could boast of a flourishing farm, a well stocked mailing, and a house with *butts* and *beans* almost as numerous, if they were not quite so large, as those of the Laird's Hall—whose well filled store-rooms were crowded with girdels of meal, and granaries of malt, had long tried his powers of persuasion on Annie, but in vain. Nor were other suitors slow in following his example, but all were rejected for Allan Cameron, the foxhunter.

A blithe lass was Annie Ross on the first day of the year 1810. In a few days more she was to become the wedded wife of him for whom she had refused the coffers of the Drover, the braw kirtles of the Chapman from Glasgow, and the cosie bothy of Jock Jack, the rich weaver. A blithe lass was she on the first day of the new year, but a blithe lass was she ten days thereafter, as, at the first outpeep of the grey wintry dawn, she stole from her sleepless pillow to take a last virgin look of her father's garden, while yet her steps were unnoted by her gay 'bridemaids, and her form unseen by the still slumbering inmates of the cottage. Oh! how beautiful, in the solemn stillness of that early hour, appeared the scene before her, as she stepped forth slowly and softly, from her low casement upon the crisp, yet firm and deep sheet of snow, that in its bridal whiteness covered over with a mysterious drapery the whole face of nature! A severe frost of some days duration had imparted a bright glossy strength to the foamwhite snow—that most beautiful incarnation of the water-spirit, and as it scarcely cracked beneath the light tread of the bride, she looked in her pure morning array, as though she were the Geni-queen of some frozen land whose eternal winters are peopled by supernatural beings that love the snowflake better than the sunshine, the iceberg than the Iris! Yet warm with every kindly feeling, ardent with a thousand almost bodiless hopes, was the innocent heart of that gentle girl, as she glided along in a mood where happiness strangely blended with many a nameless anxiety, many an undefined feeling, such as will ever nestle in the bosom of the young unwedded maiden whose virgin reign is about to close! It was not without a sort of pain that she gazed around her on bush and tree, on bower and brake, as she said to herself—"Annie Ross shall visit ye no more—it will be Annie Cameron."

She had reached a sheltered nook in which a straw shed had been constructed for the protection of her father's stock of bees. Close to where they were comfortably hived her feet struck against some obstacle, and she fell. "Hech, sirs!" said she, "but this is no' a good sign for a bride!"—and raising herself on her knees, she perceived with a cold shudder of horror that her garments were sprinkled with drops of blood. The superstition of the

Highlanders, and their belief in omens are well known, and Annie, with all her happy exemption from care, was as superstitious a lassy as ever hung rowan-tree twig round heifers' neck.—At her foot lay a dead Hare—freshly dead for it was still warm, and its side showed the fatal success of the sportsman. The poor creature had evidently reached this quiet lair but to die!—Annie patted its soft furzy side as though it were still a thing of life and was returning with a heavier heart than she had set out, when as she was tripping by a straggling hedge of holly and hawthorn which divided the garden from the road, she heard the tread of footsteps on the other side, and fearful of being herself heard, she stole on with a still gentler step. Presently she came to a part of the hedge where the bushes were not so thickly set, and as she stooped and crouched beneath the boughs, a bright-winged bird, the Snow-bunting, which visits the wild glens of Scotland when the winter is at its heaviest, fluttered over her head, and roosted on a branch which jutted out high above her path.

The footsteps on the opposite side approached, halted.—There was a rustling, and Annie was in great alarm that she would be discovered in her bed-array on this her bridal morn by some unlucky intruder, who, over and above being a stranger, might turn out to be "*a bad foot*!" Crouching she sat for a brief space, when all continuing quiet, she determined to have recourse to a swift flight.

She sprung from the spot at the very same moment when the Snow-bunting flew from its perch over head; there was a shot fired, a wild reiterated scream, a plunge thro' the thorny fence, and oh! God! a sadder sight never stained Scottish soil on a winter's day than met the gaze of Allan Cameron as, with musket in hand, he burst his way through the thick branches, beneath which lay, weltering in her blood, the form of his Annie!

She had fainted, but her first wild cries had gathered round her some of her kindred. It was a dreadful sight, and it is best to hurry over the sad scene. She was not dead,—but the musket had been loaded with ball, and her right breast was entirely shot away!!

... Who shall attempt to describe the utter agony of the bridegroom? the father's silent grief? the mother's stupified despair? the bridemaids' noisy lamentations? All were as nothing to the desperation of poor Allan Cameron! There was a physician not far off—his known skill was anxiously applied and Annie was restored to health, but lost to reason for ever!

Annie was the maniac of my native glen, and a happy, harmless, gleeful creature she was. Not a trace remained on her me-

mory of the dreadful accident that had deprived her for ever of reason. Allan's name was often on her lips, but always cheerfully uttered, and indeed it is not probable that she ever knew the hand that aimed the blow was his.

He, poor lad ! became a soldier, and fell at Waterloo. She is still alive, wandering from cottage to cottage, weaving garlands of wild flowers, and singing snatches of ancient ditties, for to no domestic task will she now apply. Her favourite haunt is the heath, on which she will remain for hours carolling and talking to herself, whilst the sheep browse around her, heedless of so innocent a companion !

Secunderabad, Sept. 1830.

R. C. C.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

AIR "AH CHE SOFFRIR MI RESTA".

Are there other pangs to bear
Now my hope of love is fled,
Now, except a stern despair,
All within my heart is dead ?
Now my passions, hopes and fears :
Thoughts, which from affection stream,
Looks of love suffused with tears,
Must be, must be, a dream.

Never, never more in me
Can a woman's dewy eye
Call up tears of sympathy,
Or wake the obtrusive sigh.
There's a talisman, which shields
Me from beauty's fatal beam :—
'Tis the vision memory yields,
My ever present dream.

Can I read in other eyes
Sympathy so fond, so true,
Can I feel for other sighs
Sadness sweet, which once I knew ?
Less of ecstasy is there,
Cold in love and faith they seem ;
And I better brook despair
Than to resign my dream,

W. E.

STANZAS.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

" It was the time of Roses,
 " We plucked them as we pass'd !"

Hood.

'Twas summer, in those happy times
 'Twas summer all day long ;
 Each sound that left the laughing lips
 Was syllabled in song :
 For love, when first it leaves the skies
 On human hearts to light,
 With music fills both lips and eyes,—
 Life's bloom before its blight !

Oh ! every scene was flowery then
 The world a garden vast ;
 " It was the time of roses,
 " We plucked them as we pass'd !"
 And oh ! the hand that grasped at them
 Nor feared, nor felt the thorn ;
 There was no darkness in the night,
 No shadow on the morn !

The world was then no world to us,
 Nor held it worldly things ;
 'Twas peace and rapture every where,
 Rich autumn and fair springs :—
 The human heart had no cold spot
 Where colder thoughts could lurk,—
 The human breast suspected nought,
 Nor knew doubt's deadly work !

Bright looks, sweet words, delightful hopes,—
 Affections like to last !—

" It was the time of roses,
 " We plucked them as we pass'd !"—
 But dreamers wake from sweetest dreams,
 And summer fades away —
 Ice freezes first the freshest streams,
 And roses will decay !

And love's first light is far too bright
 To shine for ever on ;—
 A cloud—another.—more, still more,—
 And all its splendour's gone !
 Now love is dead, and hearts are shut,
 And hope is overcast ;—
 We have no time of roses.—
 It flourished,—but 'tis past !

ON DUELLING.

" ——— Thracum est : tollite barbarum "

" Morem. — " Hor. B. 1. Ode. 27. .

Either the frequent occurrence of this practice in the present age, or the irresistible force of advancing intellect, has of late brought the subject of Duelling glaringly to the notice of the Public, in India as well as in England. Meetings have been held in the Metropolis of a kingdom, notorious for this crime : and the expressions of their disapprobation and of their desire to check it have been echoed by almost all the Public prints in the dominions of Great Britain. We groan under the tyranny of an acknowledged absurdity, yet we want the resolution necessary to shake it off : we reprobate the system, and practise it ourselves upon the first opportunity.

What then is the origin, what the nature, of this deadly thralldom ? what means of bursting these self-imposed chains are available ? what would be the consequences ?

The first point has, I believe, been long settled by the researches of the most able Historians. The judicial combat was introduced into Europe by men as barbarous as the practice they admired : into France, by the Burgundians*, a people so besotted that they held their chief responsible for the regularity of the seasons† ; and into England, by the Saxons, a nation of pirates and fishermen, who are said to have sacrificed to the Gods a tythe of their human spoil ‡ !

It is from such savages that we derive our misnamed " affairs of honour ; " we persist in following their brutal example in defiance of civilization and common sense. Most authors concur in this, but they do not allow us to be as *ignorant* as those nations ; we it is maintained, understand the absurdity of an appeal to God by arms, and fight only when our passions are engaged. It must however be incomprehensible to many, how, when the Charybdis of judicial combat became apparent, men did not contrive to avoid the Scylla of duelling ; and, it is likely to remain unexplained, as long as we derive our modern encounters *solely* from their mode of deciding judicial questions, brought into fashion by two rival Sovereigns. Yet such is the opinion of Montesquieu, Robertson, Hallam, Russel, &c. but the penetration of Gibbon discovers a much closer connexion between the customs of the middle ages and of modern times in

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. 6. p. 344.

† Do. ——— ——— ——— vol. 4. p. 282.

‡ Sidonius Apollinaris (of the 5th century) Bishop of Clermont, letters of ———.

this respect : then, as now, men fought from inclination, or[†] as he expresses himself “the judicial combat was fought on the same principle and in the same spirit as a private duel.” He afterwards adduces the remarks of the renovator of the Assise of Jerusalem (the count of Jaffa) as arguing that the single combat was derived “rather from a principle of honour than of superstition,” and though Mr. Hallam quotes the same code for an opposite purpose, yet upon the whole I consider Mr. Gibbon’s theory decidedly the best*.

Rescued then from the imputation of folly, we are liable to that of guilt : we are as revengeful and unforgiving as our ancestors, and enlightened as we are by the precepts of Christianity, we gratify those passions precisely in the same way. It is much more natural to attribute the mischief to the evil principle of the human heart, incidental to our nature, than to imagine that, as men grow wiser, they should discard the lesser, and cherish the greater evil ; or that all the chivalry of Europe should commence honourably cutting each other’s throats, because Francis 1st and Charles 5th shewed a disposition to set them the example †.

Whatever may have been the causes, which led to the prevalence of this “diabolical madness” as it has been called, all men, especially the higher orders, seemed till now contented to support it : at length it is likely to be viewed in it’s proper light and the murder of our bosom friend shall no longer be held a venial offence. Let every man join the cry now raised against the system and there is little doubt that some other may be substituted.

If satire or argument could have any effect, the cause of duelling must have perished long ago : besides the animadversions of less popular writers, the Gentlemen of the Pistol received such a castigation from the pens of our Essayists at the commencement of the last century, that it is wonderful how they ever recovered themselves : but the duellist is proof against reason and against ridicule :

“Satire, or sense, alas ! can Scorus feel ?” — Pope.

Will any advocate of the system turn over the pages of the Tatler, the Spectator, the Guardian, the World, &c. &c. without feeling ashamed of his clients ? How will his self-importance diminish, when he finds duelling, publicly stigmatised as an “illegiti-

* It would be impossible, without digressing into irrelative matter at too great length, to enumerate the various arguments of Messrs. Hallam, Gibbon, and others ; or my reasons for following the author of the Decline and Fall. If any have the curiosity, they may refer to Hallam’s middle ages, vol. I. pages 81, 82, — Gibbon, vol. XI. pages 94, 95, 96, as well as to all writers on the feudal system.

† *Passion.*

mate 'species of Knight Errantry' which leads us to kill monsters in the human form, because there are none left in the shape of Giants, or Dragons!

The contradictory politeness and defiance mixed together in our forms of requiring "*satisfaction*," puts the author of one of the papers in the *Tatler*, in mind of Peter's order in the *Tail of the Tub*: "if you neglect to do all this, damn you, and your generation for ever; and so we bid you heartily farewell." Nothing indeed can be more extravagant, than to desire a man to blow out *your* brains, in order that *he* may learn better manners! or to be boiling with anxiety to grant a meeting to a scoundrel, with whom you would be ashamed to be seen on any other occasion! Swift says, that these differences very rarely occur between men of sense, and he sees no great harm, if two worthless fellows send each other out of the world: but another writer, more sensible of the importance of these quarrels, gives notice to the public of the formation of a Court of Honour, and informs them that he has already discussed several weighty points for the use of the Institution: such as, "how far a man may brandish his cane in telling a story without insulting his hearer;"—"What degree of contradiction amounts to a lie;"—"Whether a man of Honour may take a blow from his wife," with many other such. Nor is the picture in the least overdrawn; the gravity of history confirms the levity of satire, and Dr. Russel, the author of the history of modern Europe, asserts, that, "a disdainful look, a haughty stride sufficed to provoke a quarrel."

The first scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is a satire upon, as much as it is an exposition of the manners of that age:

Abram.—"Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?"

Sampson.—"I do bite my thumb, Sir."

Abram.—"Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?"

Sampson.—"No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir."

And then, to it they go, as if they had good grounds for fighting.

Perhaps even this slight notice of the ridicule, which has been thrown upon Duelling, may be deemed superfluous since it has already utterly failed in effect: we will not therefore dwell upon the more serious remonstrances of those, who have condemned the practice, on the score of religion. The effect has been as trifling. Sir Richard Steele, who had been engaged in duels in his youth, attacks them with every species of rhetoric. "A Christian, and a Gentleman," says he, "are made inconsistent appellations of the same person: you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder, in

"resentment of an affront..... A coward has often fought;
"a coward has often conquered."

Were there grounds for hoping, that either ridicule, or remonstrance could prevent duelling, there is scarcely a work of any celebrity, from which extracts might not be made : but it is in vain—The christian admits the guilt, the man of reason does not deny the folly, but neither dares to encounter the contempt of mankind ! So long as that contempt is the consequence of a reluctance to fight, every man will have his hand upon his sword. It is contrary to the experience of ages to think otherwise ; a few enthusiasts might work themselves up to a life of religion, and degradation, but the mass of mankind will never lay aside the practice of duelling, until the example of a vast number of brave and sensible men abolishes the disgrace of abstaining from it.

The idea, indeed, of men abstaining *entirely* from duelling, is Eutopian, it is not desirable, that rudeness should be substituted for politeness, or that every man 6 feet high should be at liberty to box the ears of all gentlemen, measuring only 5 feet XI inches, and under. Duelling, hateful as it is, has certainly refined society, and above all, has made coxcombs careful of female reputation. it is not therefore, the *use*, but the *abuse* of duelling, which is so justly detestable : wives become widows, children become orphans, for offences so trifling, that it very frequently requires the utmost effort of our memory to recollect what actually took place !—The grand object we ought *primarily* to aim at, is the establishment of some influence, which might put a stop to unnecessary meetings, if it could not abolish the practice altogether.

"*Multa potentibus, desunt multa.*"

Before we consider the means, by which so desirable an end may be obtained, let us turn our attention to that mainspring of duelling, female influence. It is wonderful, and incomprehensible, how often the most important events of this world are brought about by the application of this power : petticoat interest, and petticoat government are expressions with which we are all familiar ; we speak of them in joke, whilst in reality we labour under a yoke, most grievously oppressive. That admirable paper in No. 9. of the Calcutta Magazine, entitled "Who is it that governs?" (it would do credit to any periodical in the world) shews in a strong light the secret influence of the gentler sex ; and it is not to be doubted, that the *memory* of some might communicate as singular results, as the *imagination* of others.

A King of Spain,* I forget which, who attributed every event good or evil to this principle was one day conversing with his Minister, when a noise from without, attracted their attention, and it shortly was reported, that a man employed in repairing the front of the Palace had fallen from the scaffolding, and broken his leg. "Poor fellow!" said the King "and who was she?"

"A labourer, please your Majesty, has fallen from the scaffold."

"Very well," replied the King, a little impatiently "but *who was she?*"

"Your Majesty will have the kindness to understand—."

"*Who was she? Who was she?*" reiterated his most Catholic Majesty. The terrified Minister ran out to enquire and ascertained that the man had missed his footing, whilst looking after his sweetheart, a very pretty young woman, who, by the merest accident in the world, was passing that way.

I shall have occasion presently to advert more particularly to a curious history of this female principle; there's something almost mysterious about it; but at present, it's effect forms the subject of our consideration, and in nothing is that effect more pernicious, than in the encouragement it affords to Duelling: true it is that the gentleness of woman softens society; but it is only whilst she is present: in her absence, two of her most devoted admirers will shoot each other through the heart for thinking alike! The pretensions of a rival are reckoned good cause of quarrel, and as long as women *will* admire so blindly what they are pleased to consider courage, so long will men avail themselves of opportunities of gratifying those fancies at the risk of their own lives.

Far be it from me to deprive a truly brave man of his most precious guerdon, the smile of woman: but let him, and them beware lest the laurels be plucked from the brow of a Hero, to decorate the front of a Bravo, or an Assassin.

It was mighty well in days of yore, that ladies, whose reputation was, or was not, worth preserving, should select an admirer of great skill, strength and courage; for the result of a combat settled at once the question of their chastity. Now a days, no lady would be thought virtuous, because her paramour was a *dead shot*: nor indeed, do I see the advantage of preserving any longer this connection between the Brave and the Fair, unless it be for the sake of ladies of a certain description, and their

* If this should be an old story, I must plead in apology, 1st, it's aptness, 2ndly, the absence of a copy of Mr. Joseph Millar's valuable work from my Library. I never heard it, but once.

professed favourites who on different occasions are reciprocally useful to each other.*

If the fair sex did but understand their own power; if they would join heartily in an effort to check this unchristian practice; if they would smile upon the brave, and not upon the bravo; if they would honor with their approbation not those who *do*, but those who *do not* engage in affairs of honour, I have no doubt they would eventually succeed, and that (in spite of the History of this female influence which follows) the practice of Duelling would be banished from society; if not altogether, at least it would only be resorted to in extreme cases.

AN IDEA OF THE FEMALE PRINCIPLE.†

According to the account of a learned friend, this female influence is of Satanic origin, and the evil it occasions, as above-mentioned in the shape of Duelling, is one of His Infernal Majesty's most happy hits. A tone of levity is however ill suited to a Theory which depends upon the Holy Bible for support. The first effect of this female influence was produced by the joint exertions of the *woman*, and the *devil*: that effect was the fall of man. The *sinning woman* was the grand instrument of man's fall, or of the ruin of God's noblest work; and, *knowing the fact*, it requires no great effort of the imagination to understand, how this *evil female principle*, the source of the highest conceivable delight to a savage, became an object of idolatrous veneration to the ancient Pagans. They, being the devil's creatures and led by him, worshipped *that*, which was most adverse to God's holy spirit: viz. that which caused man's fall, which had ruined God's noblest work.

But when men had once seized the idea, they divided it, they personified it, they dressed it in a thousand different forms, it's character remaining uniformly the same. It is the "*Ashtaroth*" of the 2nd Chapter of Judges; Ashtaroth and Baal were the moon and the sun: the moon invariably a female: in the prosecution of this idea I referred to that Chapter in Mantz' Bible, and was not a little interested at finding various expressions accidental, or not, connecting disobedience to the True God with

* See this subject in the Tatler.

† The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this "Idea" as well as for most of the following particulars, is well known to the literary world, as a Scholar, and a Philosopher. Yet, tho' I duly appreciate his great abilities, I refrain from mentioning his name: not being desirous of committing this speculation, especially after it has passed through *my* hands, to the mercy of those,

"Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own
 "But catch the spreading notion of the Town:
 "Who judge of author's names, not works, and then,
 "Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men."

the worship of the female principle. In the same Chapter, it is said, that the children of Israel "*knew not the Lord*" upon which the commentator Dr. Graves remarks, that the "temptation to *intermarry* was too great for their *carnal* minds—the beauty of the *women* of Canaan, and the *voluptuousness* of their *impure* rites led them away."

It would be endless to follow this train of thought, for the scriptures abound in passages which bear upon it: we have not space however, to be more explicit and the subject itself is a digression.

Jeremiah, I cannot help mentioning, in Ch. 41. verse 17. records the obstinacy of the Jews, to which they were urged by their *women*, in worshipping the "*Queen of Heaven*." Isis,* Vesta, Diana, &c. amongst the Egyptians and Romans, and Kali, Bowanee and others, whose rites are most filthy, amongst the modern Hindoos, are nothing but various names for this pervading female principle.

†At a later period we see the same object worshipped in the person of the Virgin Mary and the thousand female Saints of the Roman Calendar; but in the age of Chivalry which followed, this adoration blazed forth with a vigour commensurate with the extension of the power of Antichrist; and every Knight chose some lady to be the object of his idolatry, as essentially as ever Priest, or Anchorite selected a Patron Saint. The most common phrases were, and still are Goddess.‡ Idol, Angel and so on: they fought under the auspices of a lady's favour, with the same devotion and enthusiasm, which had marked the struggles for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre; and they wound a meretricious scarf of silk round the arm, that, in the preceding age, would have been strengthened by the emblem of the blood-red cross.§

The very point too for which the most craven would have laid down his life, was the chastity of his lady-love—his Venus—his Isis—his Kali! the slightest reflection upon her virtue

* Isis was the Venus of Cyprus; the Cybele of the Phrygians, a goddess worshipped with peculiar licentiousness; the Ceres of Eleusis; Rhea, Bona Dea, &c. &c.—hundreds might be named.

† This transition from Heathenism to Christianity is abrupt at first sight; but it is to be borne in mind, that, according to the Bible as interpreted by many sound divines, Paganism and Popery are equally inimical to God.

‡ "When the passion of love is at it's height, it arrays the beloved object in every possible perfection: makes it an idol; places it in Heaven."—Rousseau.

§ This mysterious connection between religion (false religion I should say) and sensuality, this worship of the female principle, is singularly exemplified by a Toast often drank at modern Bacchanalian orgies. "*The Kirk of Scotland*"

I refer the reader to the "*Lay of the bloody vest*" in the *Tales of the Crusaders*:

Go, tell my true Knight, Church and Chamber shall show.
If I value the blood on this garment, or no.

was sufficient cause for a deadly encounter and the female principle which had driven Adam from paradise, plunged his posterity into the *honorable* practice of Duelling.

Since the reformation we have, in England at least neglected the worship of the Virgin Mary, but we are not one whit behind our ancestors, or our neighbours, in our adoration of the female principle. Who would allow, that we are less devoted to the ladies in England, than they are in Paris, or at Rome? at the former of which places, by the bye, they lately worshipped the Goddess of Nature, a *female* divinity, and made some strides towards a community of women.

I have endeavoured to be as short as possible and trust that perspicuity has not been sacrificed to conciseness: the interesting nature of the subject, and the novelty (to me) of the reflections it suggested, might have furnished matter for a volume, but I will conclude, without either condemning, or defending the speculation, by applying to it the Italian proverb,

“ *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* ”

It remains to be considered by what means Duelling may be checked without involving society in worse evils, than those incidental to the present system. That the practice might be abolished at once by a legal enactment, like that of Pharamond in the Spectator, there cannot be a doubt: but what is the penalty to be? A British legislature already engaged in modifying the sanguinary complexion of our code, would scarcely consent to make it a capital crime, and many think that the Pillory would have more terrors for the duellist, than the gallows; that disgrace would be a more powerful preventive, than death! Transportation and fines are laid aside as quite inefficient and inadequate to the case: I should therefore reply to that opinion that the Pillory itself would be no punishment, unless the crime, for which such sentence had been awarded, were considered disgraceful; and if Duelling were once considered disgraceful, there would be no occasion for any penalty at all.

The alternative appears dreadful enough—Death invariably inflicted, not as in Forgery cases, *only* when a Jury could be forced to find a verdict, would in a very short time check the evil. What the consequences would be is a question, which would require greater space than I can afford to answer properly; but there is no probability of the occurrence of such a state of things, nor is it the remedy I would suggest; first, on account of its severity, and secondly, because the evils, which would accrue to society from its operation, would be incalculably greater, than those from which it now suffers. The revival of the practice of carrying arms, the superiority of brutal strength, the helpless con-

dition of females, mental suffering from the constant insults men would be subject to, assassination, hereditary feuds, &c. &c., are amongst the grievous consequences, that would ensue from the abolition of Duelling, without some alteration in the present feelings of mankind; it is towards such alteration that the efforts of those, who view this stupid practice in its proper light, ought to be directed.

The agency of the Fair Sex would be all-powerful, but there are, I fear, so many difficulties opposing the full development of their powers, that they can never be expected to take the lead; or even supposing a sufficient degree of independence, the habits of women are, or ought to be, so retired, that their interference would at first appear disagreeable.

To men, therefore, possessed of those qualifications, which the world with, or without reason admires, to men of rank, either by birth or situation, to men of years and experience, to men of courage tried, not in the ditches of Chalk Farm, or under the shade of a great tree, but in such fields as Waterloo and Bhurt-pore; to such men does it belong to set the example of discountenancing this abominable custom.

It would be great presumption in any single individual to pronounce upon the measures which a society of such men should adopt: it would depend upon their numbers, their influence, their characters; and it would be a task of difficulty and delicacy to win over the public to regard their resolutions with deference; but there are one or two steps to be taken at once, which would, without militating against the prejudices of a single individual go far towards the extinction of Duelling.

First then, the contradictory and unfeeling system, that obtains in our army, should be put a stop to instantly. No words are competent to express the injustice, the absurdity, which condemns a military man to ruin and disgrace, whether he does fight a duel or whether he does not. The subject, tho' old, is of the greatest importance, as the conduct of military men, in affairs of honour, is supposed to guide the rest of society; and it must appear incomprehensible to every reasoning being, *why* in the present age, a system is pursued in, which, *like* Duelling, is unnatural, cruel, unjust, and absurd, to an excess: but which, *unlike* Duelling, is injurious throughout, hated by the whole country, from the Prince to the peasant, and which might be put an end to, with the utmost ease, to the satisfaction of all, without entailing one single evil upon society!

Is it not monstrous—I appeal to the army itself—is it not *disgusting*, that such a state of things should exist? a state of things, which confounds the guilty with the innocent, the brave

man with the coward; and which would disgrace the most uncivilized community, that ever cumbered the face of God's earth!

The removal of this nuisance I hold to be an indispensable preliminary to the abolition of Duelling: it is *therefore*, that it merits such strong disapprobation, and *therefore*, that every individual supporting it, deserves to be held up to public indignation.

The case of Lieutenant Lambrecht, so much discussed in the public prints, from which source alone this opinion is formed, was one of peculiar harshness and severity: it was also unjust, as he had not even acted illegally: in no part of the articles of war is an Officer prohibited from *accepting* a challenge, tho' he is to be cashiered if he *sends* one. It is right to state however, that all the military men, whom I have consulted, disapprove this narrow interpretation of the law, and consider themselves equally amenable, whether they fight a Duel as a challenger, or a challengee: so much the worse for them! the greater the uncertainty, the greater will be the tyranny of the law.

Be this as it may; whether the spirit, and the letter of the articles of war be at variance, or not, Lieutenant Lambrecht has suffered unmerited ruin and disgrace *for* fighting; and Captain Spiller, of the 5th B. N. I. was cashiered last March, at Bombay, *for not* fighting. Nay, I injure Captain Spiller,* he was most ready to fight, but his judges condemned the delay of a few short days, before he set at defiance the laws of his God and his King! before he surrendered all title to the character of a real christian, or a good soldier!

It was with sorrow, with heartfelt sorrow, that I read the account of this Court Martial, published in the Bengal Government Gazette of the 4th October, 1830:† it proves to what a pitch of infatuation, even sensible men may be carried by the force of habit; and with the exception of the prisoner himself, I sincerely join in a sentiment expressed in the narration, that “no thing is discoverable in the conduct of any individual connected with the transaction, which can be marked by approbation.”

We must not anticipate; and, perhaps a few observations on a subject so interesting to all military men may not be deemed irrelevant.—The charge against Captain Spiller was divided into three parts;

“*First*.—For delaying to resent an insult for six days.”

“*Secondly*.—For misrepresenting the case to others.”‡

* Captain Spiller is not known to the author, even by sight.

† This is the only available source of information: if it be a partial, or a garbled statement, I am not responsible for the correctness of my conclusions.

‡ There is something dark here about money transactions; but as it appears, desirable that the point should not be mooted, I shall leave it alone; believing, that in so doing I consult the wishes of all parties concerned.

"*Thirdly.*—For having, by such conduct, justly exposed himself, &c." *i. e.* for the *consequences* of the former charges!

Captain Spiller was found guilty on the first, and acquitted on the 2nd Count. As for the third, it is not a distinct charge, or rather, it is no charge at all. You would not accuse a man, *first* with having feloniously stolen a bay gelding, and *secondly* with having by such conduct justly exposed himself to the appellation of a sad rogue! Certainly not—What then was the meaning of this additional and needless charge? I wish to avoid giving offence to a single individual, but the case is a bad one from beginning to end.

The Court adjudged the Prisoner to be dismissed the service, because such conduct was "*in breach of the Articles of War:*" it was *not* in breach of the Articles of War; so far from it, Captain Spiller's conduct was in strict conformity with them, until he *did* send the challenge, and that every man may judge for himself here follow Articles 2 and 5 of Section 7.

"*Article 2.*—No Officer, &c. shall presume to give, or send a challenge to any other Officer, &c. to fight a duel, upon pain, if a Commissioned Officer of being cashiered: if a non-Commissioned Officer, &c. &c."

"*Article 5.*—Whatsoever Officer, &c. shall upbraid another for refusing a challenge, shall himself be punished as a challenger: and we hereby acquit, and discharge all Officers, &c. of any disgrace or opinion of disadvantage, which might arise from their having refused to accept of challenges, as they will only have acted in obedience to our orders, and done their duty as good Soldiers who subject themselves to discipline."

It may be answered, that there is nothing in these two articles prohibiting a Military man from calling out a *Civilian*; or from upbraiding another Military man for not *sending* a challenge: thus Captain Spiller was at liberty to call upon the gentleman who affronted him, without acting in breach of Article 2, and the rest of the army were at liberty to upbraid Captain Spiller without offending against article 5. We may readily conclude, that so narrow a view of the case was not entertained by the Bombay Court Martial, as also that so very strict an interpretation of the words of the law never formed the grounds of any Military decision hitherto recorded. It moreover involves, amongst many others the following absurdity; viz. that you *may* upbraid a man for not doing what is forbidden; but you *may not* upbraid a man for not doing what is not forbidden!

Rejecting then these quibbles and taking the meaning of Sec. 7, to be that which the army put upon it, let us enquire into the legal grounds of the Court's judgment: here they are;

"Article 30. Section 16. Whatsoever commissioned officer shall be convicted before a General Court Martial, of behaving in a scandalous and infamous manner, such as, is unbecoming the character of an officer, and a gentleman, shall be discharged from our service: Provided, however, that in every charge preferred against an officer for such scandalous or unbecoming behaviour, the fact, or facts whereon the same is grounded shall be clearly specified." Is it scandalous and infamous to attend to the Articles of War?

The concluding "provision" of this article evinces His Majesty's anxiety to limit the discretionary authority of Courts Martial in determining what is scandalous and infamous: the facts are to be stated that others may judge. It is submitted that this discretionary power can have no existence, when the case has been already provided for by the articles: or if that is not granted, read the following extract from the oath administered to all Members of General Courts Martial. "And I swear, that I will duly administer justice, &c. &c. and if any doubt shall arise *which is not explained by the said articles*, then, according to my conscience, the best of my understanding, and the custom of war in the like cases:" but if the Articles of War explain the point, then, I suppose, "*conscience*" and "*understanding*" and "*custom*" have nothing at all to do with it.

Now when Capt. Spiller omitted to send a challenge the point had been clearly settled already by Art. 2 Sec. 7. which directs the line of conduct which he pursued, as has been seen. The Court however consider it "scandalous and infamous" and sentence him to be cashiered!

If you pay any attention to the Articles of War, your behaviour is "scandalous and infamous, or unbecoming the character of a gentleman," and you shall be cashiered!

Capt. Spiller tho' replaced, has been dismissed the service for not sending a challenge quick enough! He might be brought to a Court martial to-morrow with much greater reason for sending a challenge at all!!

The others features of the case are as distorted as those already contemplated. A number of gentlemen declare that Captain Spiller's demand of satisfaction could not be granted "after what had passed" *i. e.* as far as I can make out after the natural term of 6 days had passed! Allow me to ask, if 6 days delay were sufficient cause for not considering the one party a gentleman, what must be the position of the other who on very slight provocation used on a race-course such language that it could not be printed and for which an apology to society was most properly and publicly offered. No gentleman ought to be expected to notice such

language as this must have been, any more than to consider his honour affected by the vulgarity of some stable-boy or butcher.

And who is the man that has been made the victim of this mass of confusion and prejudice ? Is he some notorious bad character ? Has he failed in the hour of danger ? Has he repeatedly incurred the displeasure of his official superiors ? I know him not ! I know not a name in the Gazette save one ; but I trust to the evidence of those, who condemned him, of the President of the Court martial, and of the Commander-in-chief ; by their account, Capt. Wm. Spiller of the 5th B. N. I. had “ warmly interested “ the members of the court martial by his *gallantry so frequently displayed* and by the high and apparently* merited character, he had hitherto borne. He is an officer distinguished “ through a career of long and arduous service by zeal, activity “ and *valour*, and one who has received in high employment signal marks of the confidence and approbation of Government.”

Such are the results which flow from the extraordinary system observed in our army relative to what are falsely called “ affairs of honor,” the removal of which has been stated to be an indispensable preliminary to the abolition of duelling in general, this point carried, the only reasonable hope appears to me to rest upon the efforts of such a society as has already been alluded to : the establishment of this club, or whatever it might be called is the

Second step which should be taken. If all commanding officers would exert themselves to carry into effect the wishes of their sovereign, expressed in the Articles of War,† the end in view would be gained ; for then a number of men respectable from birth, situation, experience, character &c. would have formed virtually a society for the suppression of duelling, and I would venture to predict that the practice could not stand long against the exertions of such a set of men. There would then be no absurdity in cashiering an officer for fighting, however, harsh it might be ; and the strict discipline of the army would lessen many of the evils formerly enumerated as likely under such circumstances to affect men living under general laws.

But on the other hand, if this sect. 7 is to be considered a dead letter, if like the order against playing marbles at the universities or like political integrity, it is nothing but a bye word and a mockery ; then, since the influence of Colonels could not be applied in the efficient manner explained in the last sentence, the Club, or Society having formed themselves in the first instance, should nominate the commanding officer of each corps to act as

* Shame on the word !

† Particularly in Article 5, Section 7, already quoted : by which it is said to be not the duty of a good soldier to fight a duel.

their deputy : they should offer themselves to the public as a court of honor for the adjustment of such differences as admitted of any arrangement, and they should claim jurisdiction precisely in the same manner and upon the same principles as the jockey club do. The commanding officer, or perhaps any officer, not below the rank of Captain, chosen by ballot should communicate with the Court, or Club, if he thought it necessary ; but in ordinary cases (and of their nature he should be sole Judge) his decision should be sufficient. He should declare what atonement was necessary and from whom ; and he should be at liberty in cases where adjustment appeared impossible to leave the parties to themselves, with or without such remarks as might be suitable ; but in no case should he give publicity to this last opinion, without having procured the approval of the Court itself. It is superfluous to add that any officer who fought in opposition to the decision of an arbitrator, or it might even be who fought without referring his case at all, should incur the severest penalty of the obsolete law ; which it is to be remembered, still remains unrepealed.

We ought not to be startled by the apparent crudity of this proposition : it requires no more from us than we profess every day. If a man, one degree removed from a Gladiator gets into trouble, what does he do ? Consults his friend and places the affair in his hands : the reason is obvious, his adviser is supposed to be unprejudiced. But it does not follow that this friend is always as unprejudiced, or as good a judge of these matters, as he ought to be, and therefore all that is desired is, that men shall refer their disputes to those who are certainly unprejudiced and certainly competent, rather than to those who, however, friendly are possibly neither the one, nor the other.

It cannot, I think, be doubted, that all men would immediately follow the example of the army in acknowledging this Court of honour : tho' the *Botany Bay* affair must tend more to the encouragement of Duelling than any occurrence that ever yet came to my knowledge, yet many circumstances in other parts of the world justify the presumption, that men are becoming averse to unnecessary duelling. How many men go out from fear of the world ! all such would inevitably refer their differences with confidence and pleasure to a Court of Honour, and would most assuredly abide by their decision.

There is undoubtedly one great objection to this plan, but it *does* appear to me the *only* one ; if so, it is to be considered whether the remedy be on this single account worse than the disease : The duels, which, however rare, might take place after a reference to such a Court, would be in a manner legalized, and sanctioned. This is the amount of the evil, and in my

humble opinion far, far lighter, than the incubus which now broods so heavily over us.

Let the trial be made—it may succeed, and even if it does not, it will have been a virtuous and Christian attempt: but if no men of influence and religion will set the example, they must be prepared for the consequences, with the consolation that they might have been prevented. As long as a reluctance to fight is considered disgraceful, so long will Duelling flourish; for however averse any individual may be, he is forced to shew his alacrity to shoot his companions, on the principle that “the best mode of preserving peace is to be always ready for war.” *A gentleman as society is now constituted, must be a Duellist*: no one has the firmness singly to brave the contempt of the whole, and each might echo the sentiment of Erasmus, when comparing himself with Luther, he candidly admits, that “every man has not the courage to make a martyr.”*

I do not pretend to offer this plan as a specific, nor should I be surprised if some even attempted to turn it into ridicule; of such I have only to request, that before they reject *my* remedy, they will have the goodness to suggest a better. Something ought to be done if the generally received opinion be correct, that the evil is increasing in spite of our detestation of it. Would to God, that these few pages, might urge to active exertion those who possess both the will and the power to do good! or if there be presumption in that hope, I shall be amply recompensed for the few hours of reflection they have cost me, if *one* pang of agony and suspense shall, through their intervention, be spared to the feeling heart of woman; or if *one* tear the less be shed by a fond parent over the danger, or fate of an affectionate son: or, above all, if *ONE* human Being shall be saved from appearing before the judgment seat of his Creator, with the guilt of murder upon his soul.

MARCIUS.

* *Jartin's life of Erasmus.*

Note. The case of Captain Maitland and Mr. Reddie, related in the Bengal Hurkaru of the 13th October from an English Paper is one more instance of the folly of Duelling. Well may the Editor of the Spectator designate it a case “complex in absurdity,” well may he consider “affairs of honour identical with the silliest puerilities.” For my part I rejoice in such extravagancies—they strengthen the cause.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

عاشق زارم مرا با سغرو پیا ایمان چکار

'Tis the same to me the light divine,
And the flame upon the Guebres' shrine,
So passion tost am I :
For by thy side, or far away,
'Tis for thy love alone I pray,
For that alone I sigh.

On thy lovely lip my life depends,
Thy breath my soul from this world sends :
Why should it linger—why ?
But wish, it gone, the spacious earth
Has not a thing of scorn or worth,
A hope, which does not die.

Dead to the world for the love of thee
There is not a pang in death for me,
A ray of hope in life :
Disrobed of all, midst lords I stand,
Nor raise my voice, nor wave my hand,
In scorned ambition's strife.

'Tis enough that thou must sway my fate,
Sweet shrine, on which I for ever wait,
And gaze in ecstasy ;
For see the crowds, which round thee move,
All frantic in their furious love :
— And where, and where am I ?

Wherever it is my doom to rove,
In the gloom below, in the light above,
My portion is despair :
Then what to me is sad in hell,
Or bright where black-eyed hours dwell
Unless my love be there.

O Hafiz sing of a lover's pain
With sweeter notes, in a warmer strain ;—
'Tis vain—all words are weak ;
For near my love or far away
Nought else can charm me or can sway :—
Oh that the heart could speak !

LINES.

*An imitation of a passage in the Shahnamah on the death of Furood,
the Half Brother of Ky Kosroo, slain in battle by order of Toos,
the Leader of Ky Kosroo's Army.*

Toos said, " 'Tis evil fate alone
" That causes man to sigh and groan."—
He bade a regal tomb be built
On the high peak where Furood's blood was spilt;
A golden throne inside found place
His sword, thereby, his mail, belt, mace;
They wash'd with camphire, musk, and wine,
The body of the youth divine;
Embalm'd his head, and sadly spread
Rosewater on the valiant dead!—
They plac'd and left him in his tomb;
Alas, the lion heart! alas, the tiar'd plume!
On either side of him who died
Untimely in his hour of pride,
*Zerasp and Rew, the knights he slew.
Were stretch'd in funeral splendor too;
While down the hoary beard of Toos
Repentant tears of grief ran loose!

Such all must be at last, tho' long
We live! The stoutest of the throng,
The old, the young, the weak, the strong,
All must rock before death's shock,¹
He is the wolf, and we the flock!
The heart of stone, the breast of steel,
Tremble death's cold grasp to feel;
Leaflet and bough, torn and tost low,
Before the breath are flung of death!
Whether in joy we live, or pain,
None may a long space remain
In this life, transitory, vain,
And since we know life's bubble soon must burst,
Oh, let us count those happiest who go first!

28th May, 1829.

S. V. V.

* Zerasp son of Toos and Rew his son-in-law, whom Toos sent to attack Furood.

LIFE OF DR. FAUSTUS.

PART THIRD, CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

How Satan gave notice to Dr. Faustus of the end of his Life.

The hour glass was now nearly run out, and the four and twenty years of Dr. Faustus, that is, the end and completion of his bond was now at hand. On this account, Satan took an opportunity of appearing to him in the same shape as that in which he had entered into the bond with him, shewed him his obligation and hand writing in which he had with his own blood made over his soul and body, with information that on the next night he would carry away his forfeit, for which he desired the Doctor to be prepared.

How much affected the Doctor was by this piece of intelligence is easy to be imagined, repentance, remorse, fear, terror, anxiety and distress, all rushed upon him at once, he wander'd up and down, bemoaned himself and his dreadful situation, and wept, sobb'd, groaned, and cried and lamented the whole night.

In this lamentable situation there appeared to him his former spirit Mephistophiles at midnight who spoke to him in a friendly way and comforted him thus, My dear Faustus, do not be so down-cast at being obliged to go hence, consider that if thou wert even to get thy life again, yet it would not be long before thou shouldst be called to judgment, thou must at last die, be the time long or short, even were it a hundred years and though thou art now past all hope, yet I beseech thee to have a good heart, and bid thee heartily farewell.

When the Doctor saw that it could not be altered, and that the devil insisted on his forfeiture and would not be deceived, but would certainly carry him away the next night, he rose up early in the morning, walk'd a little way out of town for about two hours, and after returning to his house directed his former friends to be called once more as he had something of the utmost consequence to impart.

When they came, the Doctor received them courteously and requested that they would walk out a little with him, as he had some time to spare.

His friends readily agreed and they went out together and held various scientific discourses, and on their return the Doctor prepared an excellent dinner, sat down cheerfully among them and they enjoyed themselves very heartily till evening when they all, except the Doctor, prepared for their return.

But the Doctor very civilly entreated that they would for this once stay in their host's house for the night, as it was too late to

go home and he had something farther particular to say. To this, as they could do no otherwise, they agreed.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

Of Dr. Faustus' last request to his Friends.

The Doctor then proceeded as follows,—you will now my dear friends go to rest and sleep secure and not allow yourselves to be disturbed, whatever noise and uproar you may hear in the house, and be neither alarmed nor terrified, for no mischief shall befall you provided you do not attempt to rise out of bed ; but this would I beg of you as a last request that wherever you find my body you will cause it to be properly interr'd. Farewell my dear friends and take example by my destruction, good night, what must be, shall be.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Of the horrible and awful Death of Dr. Faustus.

After their wishing each other good night, the guests one after the other advanced to the Doctor, and spoke in great consternation, Dear Doctor we heartily wish you a very good night, and since you expect nothing else than that the devil will this night carry you away, so we entreat you to take very good care of yourself.

To this the Doctor weeping replied, Ah my dear friends it is all over with me ! and with these words he sank back in a swoon on the nearest chair, and so terrified them that they all ran to his assistance.

In this state of terror they heard in the house a great disturbance and uproar, at which they were the more terrified and said to each other, let us go from hence lest some evil befall us, let us go to bed, and this they did. But though they had done so, not one of them could sleep for fear of what might be the end of the Doctor.

The moment the clock struck twelve, there rose a furious wind that raged and stormed as if it would tear up the house from its foundations. Who could now be in greater terror than these Students, they wished themselves ten miles off, and leaped from their beds in great fright, as they immediately heard in the Doctor's bedroom a fearful hissing and blowing, as if ten thousand snakes were collected there, and their terror rose to a yet greater height at hearing a dashing and crashing within and the poor Doctor cry Murder ! once and no more. Instantly the wind sank and all was still.

Scarce had the day dawned and day light filled the rooms when the Students all got up and went in terror to the Doctor's

room to see what had happened, but they had hardly opened the door when they saw with horror his brains sticking on the wall, his teeth lying on the ground, and the most evident marks of the devil having dashed him from one wall to the other.

It may easily be believed how much the young gentlemen were terrified at this sight, more especially as after seeking for the body through the whole house they could not find it, at last after a long search they perceived it lying at a distance from the house, horribly mangled, for there was not one limb whole but all smashed and broken, the head torn off and the brains dashed out. They carried it with great awe to the house and began to deliberate what farther to do.

In the afternoon the priest attended to bury him, but just as his body was let down into the ground, the wind got up with so much violence as if to drive every thing to destruction, and the body vanished in a moment so that not a trace of it was ever seen again.

This whole account, as was acutely conjectured by an intimate friend of mine, may refer to some accident in Faustus' chemical experiments. Could he have been blown up in an attempt to make gunpowder which was then beginning to be known?

We have thus seen the lamentable end of the renowned Dr. Faustus, and I here close my extracts from this original picture of the manners and opinions of a semi-barbarous age. When we reflect that the truth of the story consists simply in this, that Faustus was the genius to whom the world is indebted for the inestimable discovery of the art of printing, and that the whole of his conjurations which in the preceding Chapters have assumed so formidable a character were probably nothing more than a few trifling pranks with a magic-lantern and magnifying glass, it cannot but be a matter of interest to every one who sympathizes in the feelings of human nature, to enquire how such a vast superstructure of fiction and exaggeration should have been raised from materials so slender.

To say that it arose from the ignorance and superstition of the age is indeed a summary answer but it may be doubted whether it be equally satisfactory, for it still remains to enquire whence that ignorance and superstition arose, and how they were directed to this particular channel. To me it appears that these wanderings of the imagination proceed from our utter inability to conceive how the operations of nature can be carried on without the perpetual intervention of an immaterial Power. To explain by an example. However far we may carry our suppositions or theories respecting the cause of gravity or any of the other laws of the universe they are only successive steps of a ladder which soon terminates. We always arrive at a point where it is absolutely necessary to suppose the interference of a Power totally distinct from matter. Let our preceding succession be as long as we please, still in this we must end at last, or else our theory is manifestly imperfect, and the whole business of genuine Philosophy is to determine the exact point where this introduction of immaterial agency must take place. A conviction of this truth is perpetually kept alive in the mind of a reflecting man, but in the great mass of mankind it is apt to become deadened. The regularity of the operations in the works of the creation renders us insensible to their origin, we pass them over by merely considering that such is the nature of things, and thus what is in truth the strongest of all arguments for the unremitted vigilance of an overruling Power, becomes the cause of our neglecting the consideration of such a Being altogether. But when our attention is arrested by any unusual appearance, for which we are unable to assign those reasons which appear satisfactory in other cases, then the conviction of the necessity of the presence of an immaterial

Power returns in all its force, and as men seldom stop at the just point when their passions are their guides, we hurry beyond the mark, and fancy the interference of innumerable immaterial beings where before we were unwilling to allow of one.

I think it but justice to add that I was favoured with the use of the Life of Dr. Faustus, from which my Extracts have been made, by the liberality of the College of Fort William.

MASONIC STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO T. E. D. P. A DEAR BROTHER NOW NO MORE.

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

I will look for thee, when the morning flings
Its first faint flush on the skylark's wings ;
When the breeze blows cool o'er the fevered cheek,
Where the sleepless night, hath left its streak ;
When the shrill reveillee rings merrily,
Friend of my heart, I will look for thee !

II.

When the night-owl seeks its cobwebb'd cell
In the mosque where the bat and the vampire dwell ;
When the lazy vulture flaps his wing
On the old gray stone by the jungle-spring ;—
When the flowers give out their scents to the bee,
Friend of my heart, I will look for thee !

III.

And when pale eve, like a wimpled nun,
With dark grey hood comes slowly on ;—
When the sun is crimsoning over the west,
And the gale blows fresh over the tank's clear breast ;—
When the gay and the giddy abroad we see,
Friend of my heart, I will look for thee !

IV.

And yet once more, when the twilight-grey
Leaves sombre night to hold her sway ;—
When the stars, like gems in sport flung down
On some funeral pall from a monarch's crown,
Spangle the heavens, all gloriously,
Friend of my heart, I will look for thee !

V.

Oh ! then do I gaze, in that lonely hour,
With many a hope, from my dreary tower ;
When thought exerts its influence most,—
When the world and the worldly to memory are lost,—
When love is no vision, nor friendship a dream,
I will look for thee, by the moon's soft gleam !

VI.

For then, when the many are sunken deep
 In noisy revel, or dreamless sleep,—
 We meet, and talk of a thousand things,
 Born in our hearts' most secret springs,
 And our converse turn to themes that ne'er
 Shall fall again on a mortal's ear!

VII.

Oh! there are secrets, sweet yet dread.
 Symbols and signs of the living and dead,—
 That knit us in heart by a mystic chain
 Holy and pure as the virgin vein
 Of untouched gold, in a hidden mine,
 That hath never been kist by the bold sunshine!

VIII.

And in those hours, when the solemn night
 Is dark around us, we pray for "light;"—
 And muse on the mysteries deep that brood
 O'er the sacred rites of our "Brotherhood;"
 Whilst our hearts own the sweet and peaceful spell
 That binds us together, so wisely and well!

Secunderabad.

 THE CITY OF PALACES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

SIR,—With sentiments of surprise and disappointment, we find that the serious and impartial notice of some features of this our City of Palaces, which you deemed worthy of a place in the last number of your 'monthly,' should have been supposed by some of the most enlightened of our brother citizens, an exposition—not of our honest opinions, but of the faults and blemishes of the objects treated of. However strange it may appear, we are, there cannot be a doubt, supposed to have had in view the condemnation and ridicule of all, animate and inanimate, involved in our critique: for one reviewer 'takes it to be a satirical description'; while another 'believes it to be irony'—that is, in both instances, a mock eulogium of what in our hearts we despise.

Now we respectfully maintain that these assumptions are altogether gratuitous, from premises not warranting them: and we must be allowed to say, that with the objects before them to compare with the picture, there also, it does seem rather a per-

verse predetermination to withhold approval than any thing founded on a principle of fair criticism, that has thus impugned our sincerity, and with it, what is of infinitely more importance, the excellence of those works which have obtained so much of honorable distinction—to themselves individually, and as collectively composing it, to our City. By your own note of disavowal at the conclusion of the article, we are half afraid that you too, Sir, have your misgivings: and altogether acknowledging as we do that ‘none are so blind as those who won’t see,’ we have come to the resolution of assuring you, and others who have mistaken us, of our sincere admiration (in the true sense of the word) of all and every thing we vainly supposed we were holding forth to the same universal feeling. We were decidedly wrong not to give our name; because there seems a probability that, with reference to it, a good deal of the prevailing scepticism might have been removed.

It was, as hinted in our former communication, our purpose to proceed to a further analysis of the objects inviting it, scattered in all directions around us: but we are evidently unfit for what our vanity had led us to attempt; and while we regret this on the selfish score of wounded pride, we lament it as discouraging others from coming forward to exhibit what only requires to be seen and understood to be duly appreciated. Who shall now call attention to the innumerable bright conceptions and classical associations that on all sides court our consideration? Who shall sound the praises of the soaring genius which raised that pile—the very glory even of Chowringhee—with its crowning entablature adapting its proportions alike to the pilasters rising from the basement, and to the columns of the centre floor, only half their altitude? Who shall tell of the fluted antæ of Loudon-Buildings; of the now erecting Ghant, and of other edifices of that ‘Strand’ we are so vain of? Who shall record that which is so plainly told by the all-but-speaking statue of Warren Hastings—the gifted, the persecuted Hastings! Little did we dream, till this was sculptured, that the original was abject in mien, vulgar in person, and fantastic in attire! Who amongst us was aware, before, that the Eastern costume of this great and much abused man, and that of the ministerial Natives of his confidence, was a common blanket, of a fold and texture to ensure warmth in Siberia? Shame upon his accusers, who arrayed him in purple and fine linen, and depicted him as the spoiler and the prodigal! Could no more appropriate site be found for this precious memorial, than the narrow vestibule of the Town-Hall? But we are wandering

* The Muffin is clearly the gentleman of the trio: and he is a very proper person—in spite of his foot.

from our purpose ; and shall again be misunderstood and misrepresented as the revilers instead of the eulogists of the objects we so proudly dwell upon. You at least, we trust, are at last assured we have painted according to our impressions, in faithful colours. Referring your readers to any of our family for the probable truth of what we have advanced,

We remain, with fixed regard,

Your's at command,

EYES AND OPPORTUNITY.

HENRY THE GREAT.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

I'd have thee be a man, if possible,
And keep thy temper, for a brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

Otway.

[The following scene is supposed to take place, between the Emperor Henry the 4th and a faithful adherent, a few days before the former's abject submission to Pope Gregory the 7th during the winter of 1076 7.]

SCENE—INTERIOR OF A CASTLE AT TRIBUR.

Henry and Cologne discovered.

Henry.—Whilst others flattered aye my wayward youth,
Thou stood'st betwixt me and my mad career.
And, with thy wisdom, sought'st to change its course,
Thou canst not, therefore, wonder that I seek
That wary counsel, which thy length of days,
Hallowed by strict observance and a ken
Into the heart and purposes of Man—
His aim and end—enable thee to give.

Cologne.—The experience I have gained, my Lord, is yours—
My services—such as they are—I pledge.
And not less willingly I would stake my life,
To ward off dangers that assail your peace.

H.—See'st thou, Cologne, the straits to which I'm driven?

C.—Full well, yet soon I trust my liege will be
No more at variance with the Pop^e and Heaven.

H.—What! dost thou deem his power derived from Heaven?

C.—I know not, liege; but be of this assured,
It recks not whether so derived or not—
Since all men follow him. Some no doubt from zeal,
Firmly believing that his power's from God,
And some from fear or open hate to you,
But most, (and among these are found the Prelates
Who, at your hands, investiture received
By ring and crozier, and whose lands are held,

As fiefs ecclesiastic, of the empire)
 In hopes of liberty they'll ne'er obtain,
 For he will place his foot upon their necks
 And higher raise himself by their debasement.

H.—Then let me know the counsel you propose;
 Whether to Augsburg thou would'st have me go,
 There, like a criminal, to await the trial
 This haughty Priest prepareth for his hege?
 Or call to arms the few, the faithful few,
 Who still remain obedient to my will.

C.—Neither, my Lord, I'd have you o'er the Alps,
 With all convenient expedition, haste
 Unto the castle of Canossa, where
 The Pontiff with your cousin, holds his state.
 Where, they arrived, you straight must make your peace,
 Whatever terms his Holiness require,
 How hard soe'er the exactions he demand.

H.—(*Calmly.*) “*Whatever terms his Holiness require,
 How hard soe'er the exactions he demand.*”

(*Furiously.*) This to thy sovereign! this to us! Begone
 Lest in our rage we dash thee 'gainst the wall,
 Or with a traitor's blood our sword defile.

C.—Have patience, gracious liege and hear me out.

H.—Patience! have I *not* patience, righteous Heaven?
 Dost thou not live? What! thinkest thou, old man,
 Thy treachery less merits that vile name,
 Because 'tis whispered in thy monarch's ear,
 Than theirs who in the field their swords uplift
 Against his throne, his honour and his life?
 No: blacker, bloodier, baser far his guilt;
 Who, under friendship's semblance, seeks to instil
 Into a trusting heart such damned advice—
 Begone, nor blast me with thy presence more.

C.—Oh! may you ne'er find reason to lament
 This hasty treatment of a faithful friend, p
 For such, my liege, I've ever been. I go—
 May heaven avert the storm which hangs above;
 And all its angels guard, my sov'reign's life!

H.—Nay, stay, Cologne, thou shalt not leave me yet;
 I've always found thee faithful, E'en when those,
 Who had for years upon my bounty fed,
 And of whose life the tenure seemed to hang
 Upon the smile I graciously bestowed,
 Shrunk, like base slaves, from me and my mischance,
 Thou, long neglected, freely sought at me out.

C.—Then, hear me, monarch, and with calmness hear,
 You do not know the man with whom you deal,
 But I have known him long, and marked him well,

Though every change of his much-chequered life,
 And all his springs of action are to me
 Clear as the image in the unruffled lake.
 Ambition is his life—the air he breathes,
 And he hath that which makes ambition power,—
 The genius that from out events can snatch
 The hour or minute when kind Fortune smiles,
 And turn it to advantage. These are qualities
 We have to fear, and fearing, guard against;—
 Nor less the keen and penetrating wit—
 The austerity of life which good men love—
 The undaunted courage which no dangers fright—
 The firmness which no obstacles can bend—
 The headlong fury where his passions lead—

H.—(Interrupting.) In this enumeration of his parts,
 I do not see the mark at which thou aim'st—
 So tell me, whither tendeth thy discourse?

*C.—*It points to dangers, not to be overcome—
 Since those, who should be friendly, have proved false—
 But which by caution you may yet avoid.

*H.—*How, though I dread to hear it, tell me, how?

*C.—*Why as the traveller on Sahara's plains,
 When he perceives the desert-wind approach,
 Whose breath is mortal; on the earth he falls
 And there remains until its fury's spent—
 He rises then unscathed?

*H.—*Had he not done so,
 But boldly stood, and dared its coming wrath?

*C.—*Certain annihilation were his doom.

*H.—*Oh! were my fury like this tempest's breath,
 To sweep rebellious vassals from the earth—
 Thus haughty Pontiff soon—but words are idle—
 Proceed, Cologne.

*C.—*Your peace with Rome once made,
 And absolution from the Pope obtained,
 Those who from holy zeal appear in arms,
 Will straight again to their allegiance turn.
 Deserted by his power, the Saxon Nobles,
 Who first the standard of rebellion raised,
 And called the willing Pontiff to their aid,
 Homage will gladly at your feet perform.

*H.—*Heavens! We will take such vengeance on their heads,
 As e'en shall make our own submission sweet.

*C.—*Your Majesty will ne'er determine so—
 Oppressed and trampled on they rose in arms
 To claim the rights which nature gave to Man—
 Nay, frown not thus—it is my love that speaks,
 In slaying them you slay your choicest friends,
 In their destruction lies your own, my liege.

H.—Speak plainly, if thou'lt have me comprehend—
For I am no interpreter of dreams.

C.—Grant them their rights, you win them to your love
And place a barrier 'twixt the Pope and you,
Which neither fraud nor courage can surmount.

H.—Thy aim I now perceive—but passion guides,
And, wizard-like, doth fool me to its will.

C.—Think you, my lord, his active mind can rest
Till the whole christian world lie at his feet.
Acknowledging his power supreme o'er all?
And can this be, and not excite the hate
And bitter jealousy of those, who view
Their long-established greatness yield to his?
Already e'en the clergy vent complaints,
Seeing that he would rend them from their wives,
And force upon them vows of celibacy.
Such will his haughty bearing give offence
To those proud Nobles who advance his power,
Which they believe by their exertions gained;
Whilst he forsooth regards them as the tools
That he employed to carve his greatness out.
Think of these things, and think of them as seeds
From which your humbled power will shoot afresh,
Like shrubs the stronger for the pruner's knife.

H.—Thanks, thanks, Cologne; now do I see thy drift,
And I this night will t'wards the Apennines;
Let all things for the journey be prepared,
And none partakers made of our intent. [*Exit Cologne.*]
Yes, I must bend and make my peace with Rome
The Pope's supremacy must be allowed—
And absolution gained, e'en though the half
Of my dominions swell his bloated pride
Meanwhile, my hate, like a Volcano hidder,
Beneath a soil with richest verdure clothed—
Where nature midst her sweet profusion reigns—
Shall lie concealed behind a mask of smiles,
Humility shall take the place of scorn,
And "meek-eyed mercy" triumph o'er revenge,
Till opportunity, who sits at watch,
With eyes that look a thousand ways at once,
And ears that catch the faintest breath of sound,
Point with unerring finger to the hour,
When wrongs, a monarch's wrongs, shall vengeance find.
I come, proud priest, in all humility
Myself to humble 'fore the church and thee;
The sun, that rises bright, in clouds may set—
And I may catch thee at advantage yet.

W. W.

